WEEK ENDING DEC. 15, 1928

5c

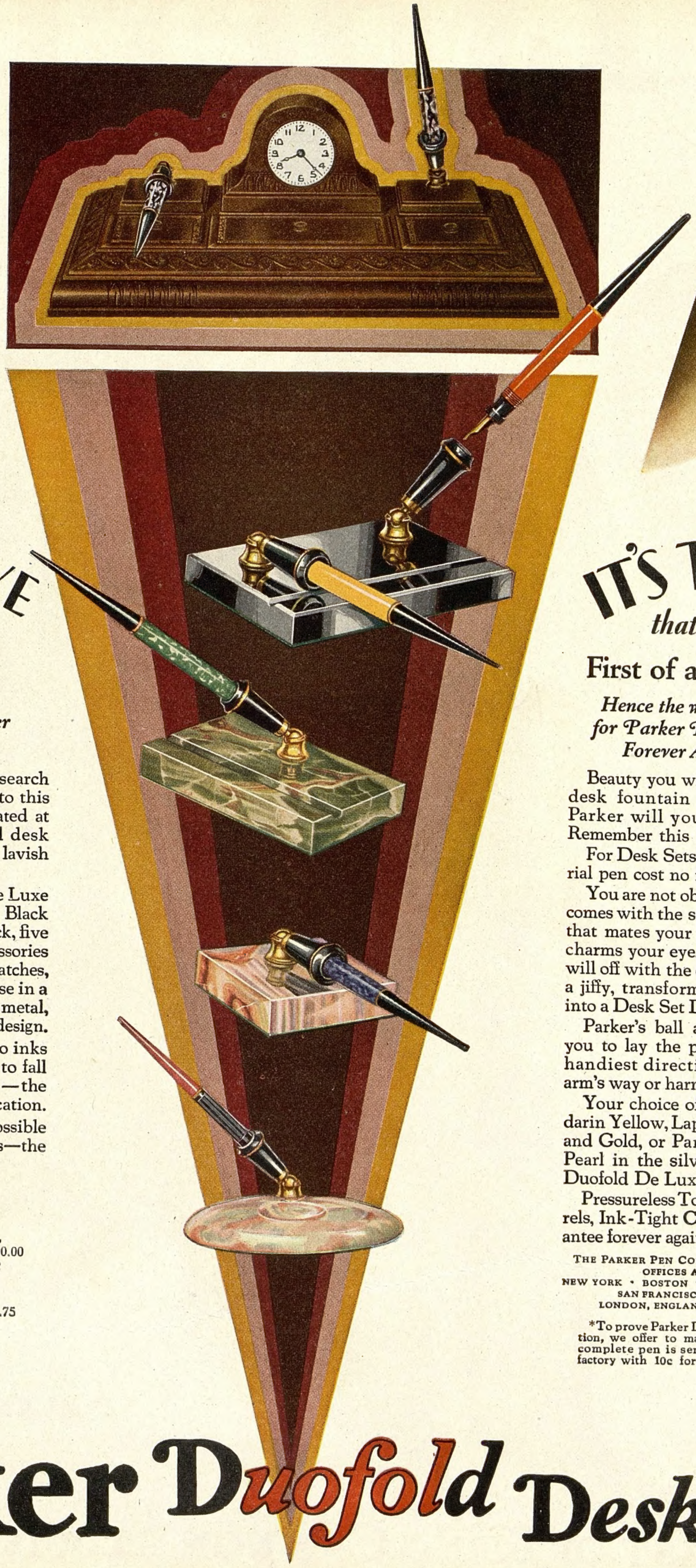
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Sunday Afternoon

THE LAST OF KENO CANNON *by* LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Stories and articles by MAITLAND ~ KROPOTKIN ~ KELLAND ~ ST. JOHNS ~ GREEN



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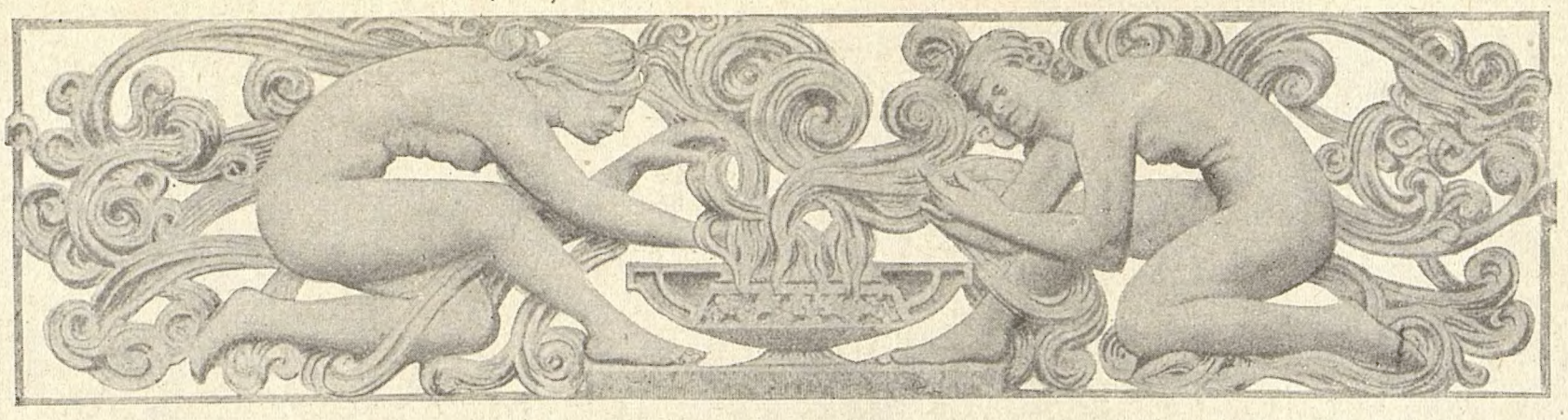

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DEC. 15, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 50

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

ANTISEPTICS, BIRTH CONTROL, AND WAR

Armistice Day this year found Americans attending many meetings at which the speakers said "Let us have no more war." Secretary Kellogg addressed one of these, dilating upon the virtues of his multilateral treaty, and other gentlemen of importance offered similar sentiments elsewhere.

At the same time President Coolidge made a very sane speech before the American Legion, in which he stated our earnest desire for no more war, but urged that in the meantime we should be careful about lending money to other nations and should keep up our armaments.

He pointed out that disarmament is not a sure way to stop war, and neither is armament—that both Germany and France were well armed, and still war came.

When you come down to fundamentals, war is caused by pressure—pressure for more markets, or just pressure of population—among ambitious peoples.

The invention of antiseptic methods in surgery has greatly increased the population of the world in the last century. It is estimated that there are now three times as many people in the world as lived here in 1800.

Among more sophisticated people the practice of birth control is increasing. Others, not so well informed, (the Chinese for instance) practice infanticide, particularly on girls. But neither of these counterbalances keeps pace with the growth of human population. The earth keeps getting more crowded.

In the face of this, we propose no more war. Well, this means a number of things.

It means that Germany shall forever remain dismembered, forever cut off by the Polish corridor, forever without colonies, as specified by the Treaty of Versailles.

It means that China shall be forever content to have extra-territorial agents within its boundaries, and shall forever agree to a tariff levied not for its own benefit but for the benefit of white people.

It means that Russia—and although we do not agree with the tenets of soviet Russia, yet we must see the ridiculous position in which Russia is put by the Treaty of Versailles—shall be forever satisfied to be cut off from the Baltic Sea by the artificial states of Latvia and Esthonia.

It means that the Tyrolese must always be under the sway of Italy and must never speak their language again.

It means that all the wrongs caused by the settlement of the last war must continue forever, with the pressure of population continually growing greater.

Well, however we deplore war, we know that these things will not continue forever. Germany will try to take back its nationals—the Ruhr, the Saar, and part of Lorraine. China will be more restless, not more quiescent. Other nations, as they find it possible, will assert themselves.

How can it be otherwise?

If we want to do away with war, we have got to do away with antiseptics or institute birth control. Then, with the growth of population stopped, we must, in addition, make all the peoples of the world agree to accept boundaries as they are.

A large undertaking for any statesmen—even the statesmen of today. We doubt if they can manage it.

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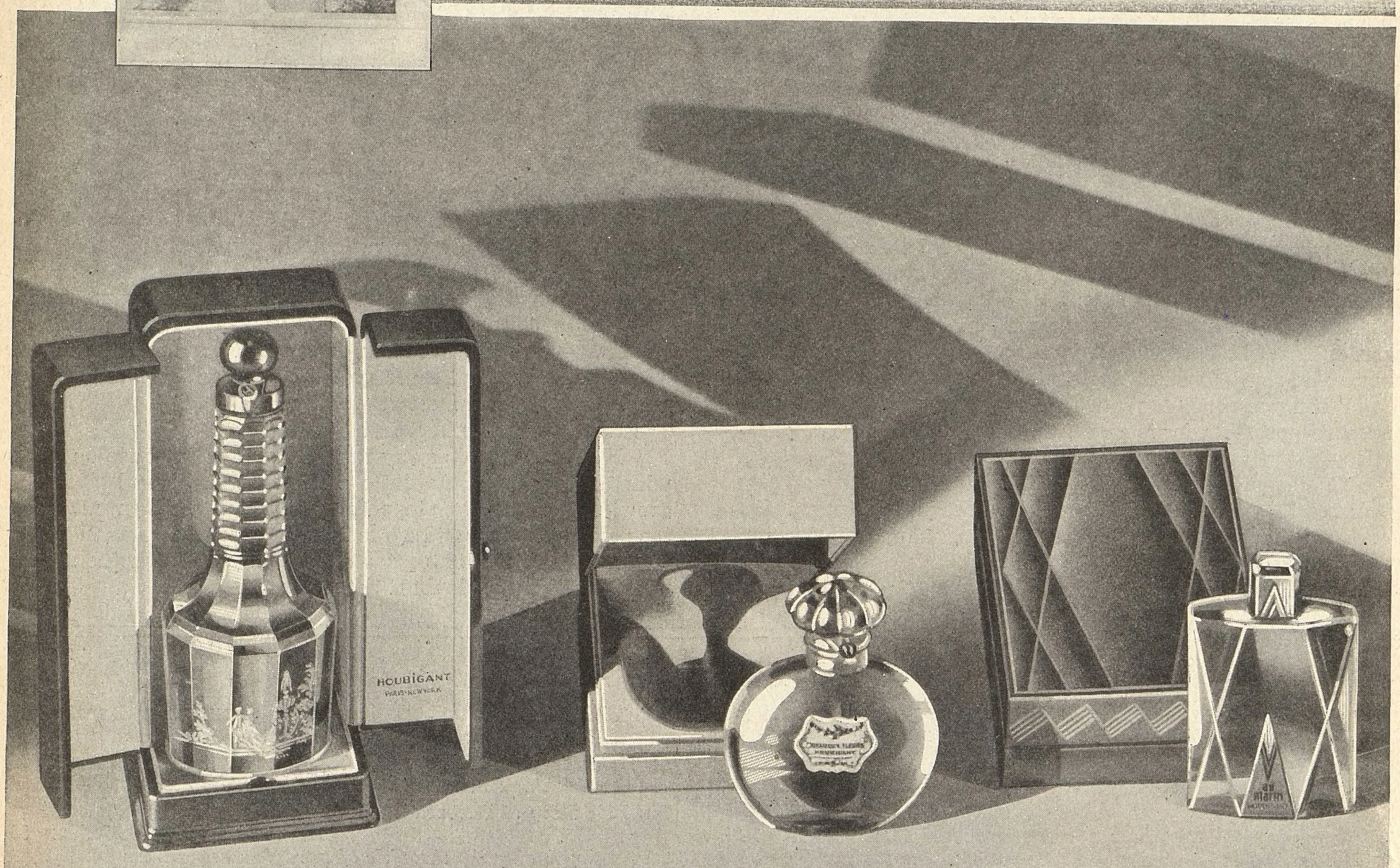
Gifts . . . of which



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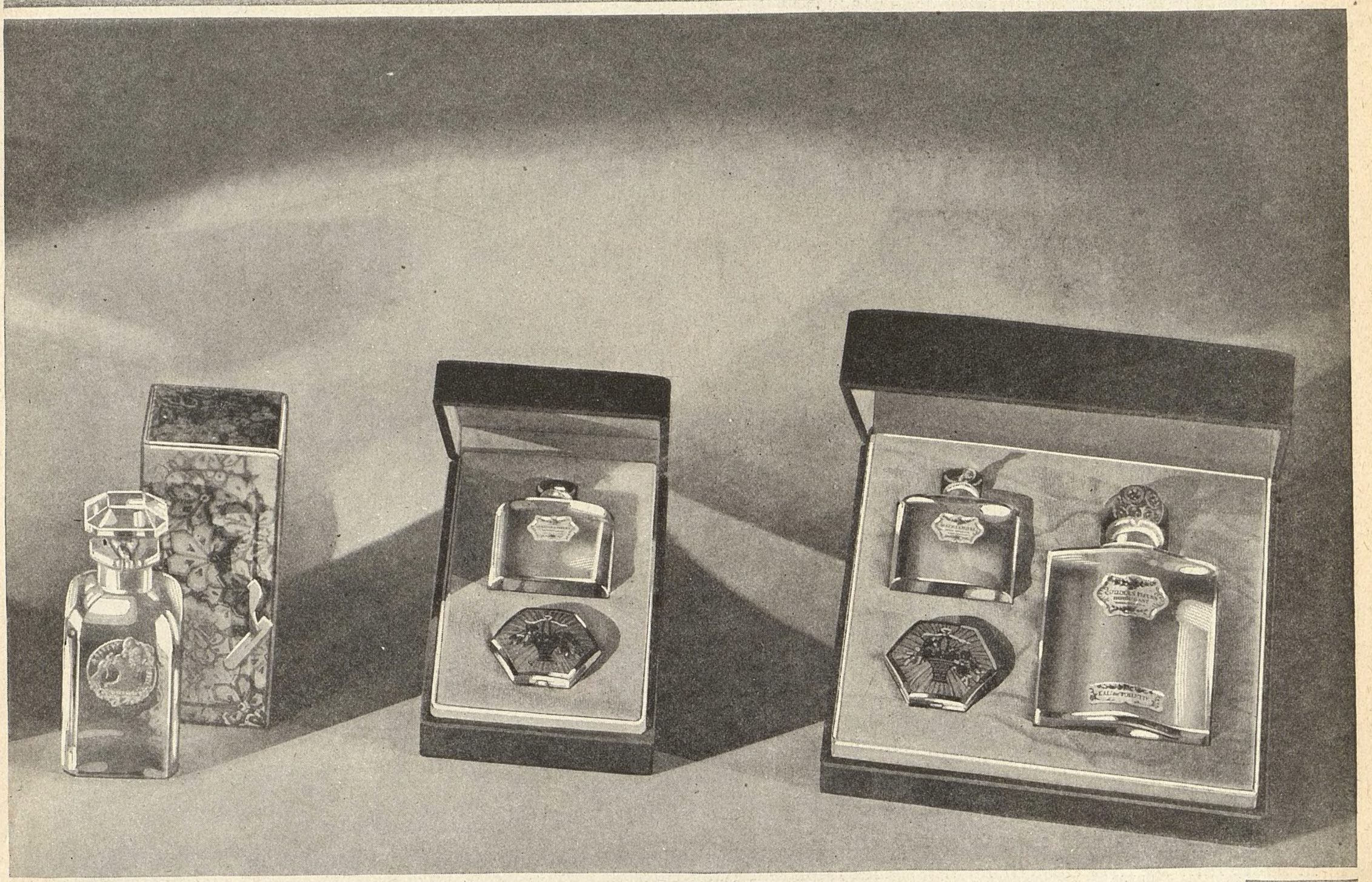
the memory lingers on



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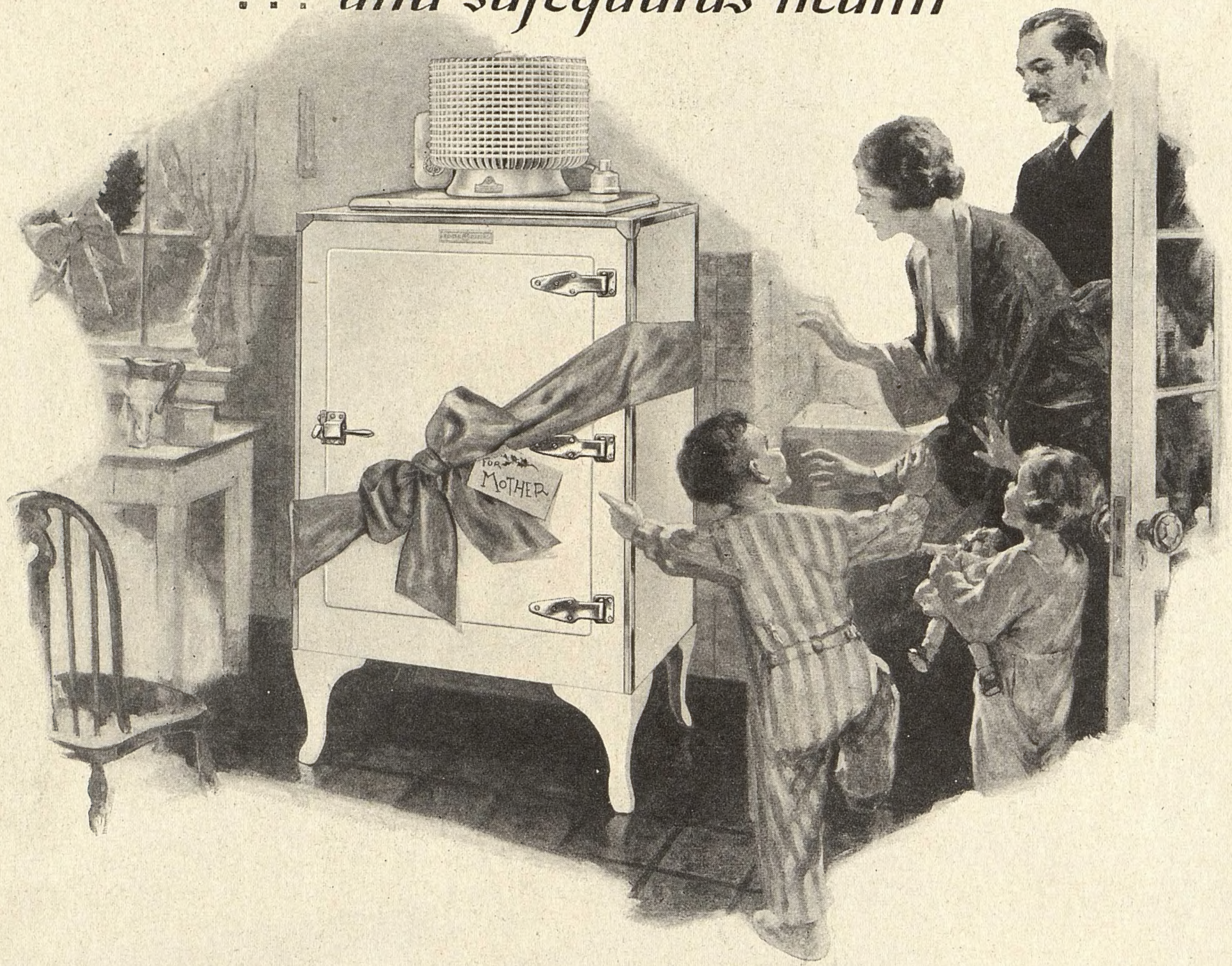
. . . and safeguards health



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The Last of Keno Cannon

A Story of Love and a Strange Adventure

By
Louis Joseph Vance

Pictures by Kenneth Camp

In Four Parts—Part One

THE dusk of that blue dawn was still bleak when Jimmy Shayne, craving breakfast, essayed to follow his nose but found the fairway blocked by Friend Author who, at pause in a daydream and the entrance to Pine Tree Inn, was leveling over Jimmy's sanguine head a gaze so intent that the assistant director involuntarily turned to see for himself.

To his vision, however, nothing more gosh-awful fascinating appeared than the familiar view: a far-flung sweep of valley bosoming an impossibly blue lake, its eastern wall rearing up rugged heads into a sky as azure; whereby Jimmy was moved to reproduce the drone of a desert rat:

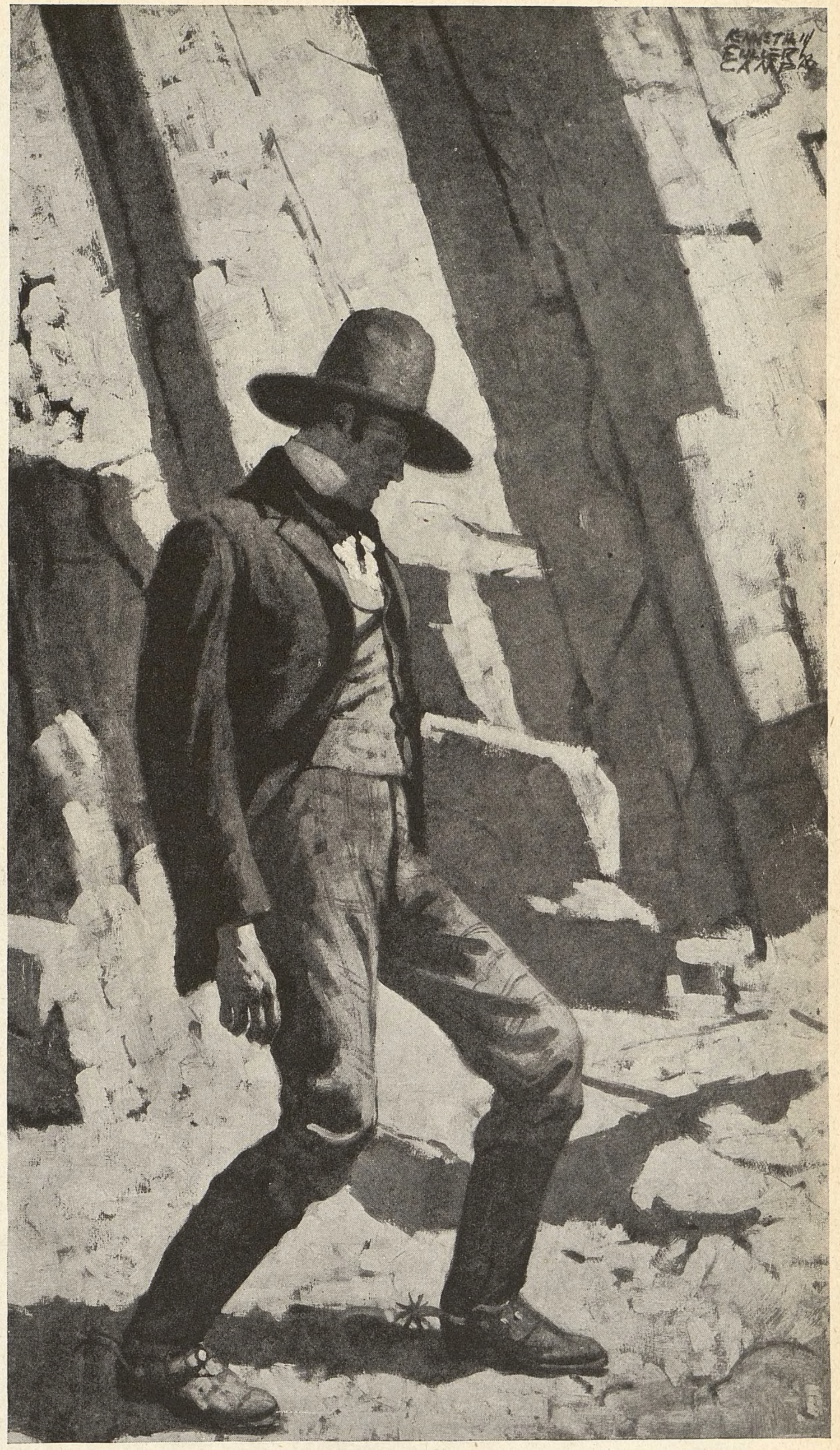
"Thar's gold in them hills over yonder, stranger," he intoned; and seeing his public inattentive did a double shuffle in the dust. ". . . gold in them hills," he cued himself when sure he was no longer playing to empty benches; and the drawl of the old-timer took an eerie pitch —"but Death lurks in the valley between!"

"Does it?" the audience woke up to respond, with a polite grin.

"Et's true ez Gospel, stranger. Many's th' pard o' mine whose pore bones lies a-bleachin' along the trail into them ha'nted hills—"

"Shut up, Jimmy," an amiable new voice enjoined. "Friend Author's having troubles enough with his own ghost story. Hop in to chow now, and make it speedy; you've got to herd this outfit over to Big Flats and get all set for shooting by eight-thirty."

David Barry, star of the unit and his own director, linked arms with Homer Liveright, chronic best seller, and marched him indoors, picking up at the same time a thread of argument that had been dropped the previous midnight. The long dining room of log walls washed by dusky blushes from the fireplace was thronged already with movie artisans in overalls and artists male and female after their kind: bush bearded adventurers bronzed and hale, striplings long of hair and scrawny as to their necks, stockmen and cowboys from the vanishing ranges, riding lassies pert and trig, dance hall sirens, and assorted character women.



He found himself lurching away, driven to impossible exertions by foreboding that, should he fail to find a way out of his purgatory, he must die.

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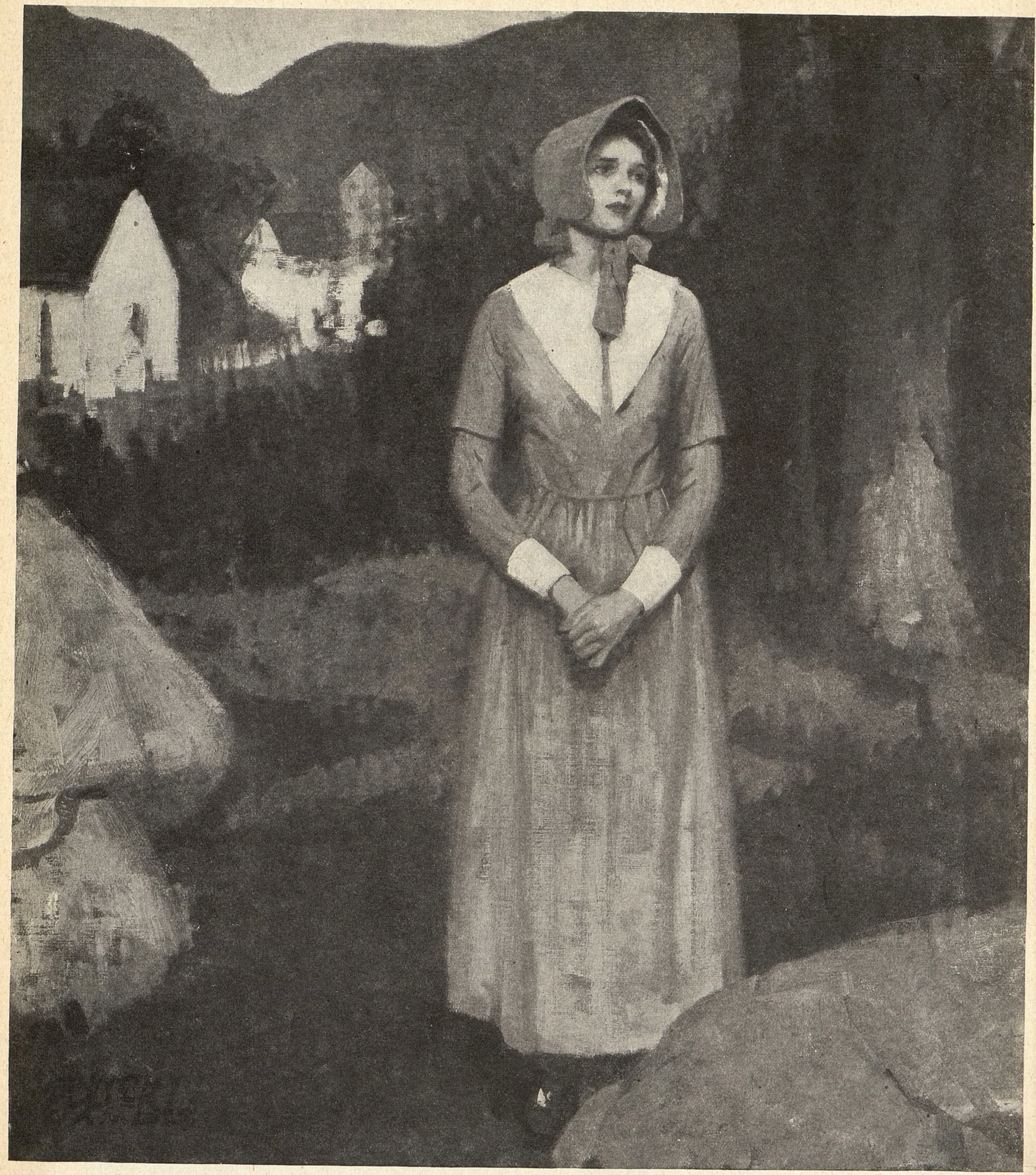

" You're not serious," he stammered— " I mean about these people killing me—"

[THE LAST OF KENO CANNON Continued from page nine]

" No, no, no! " the actor-director was all but plaintively contending when Jimmy took the chair at his elbow. " Don't run away with the wrong idea, Homer. It's only I did sort of hope this production would work up into something a little different. If you knew how sick I am of seeing Me flicker through Situation Number Ninety-three with Twist X-Five and Finish G! "

" But, Dave! The first time we met you told me you were mad about my story, and never till last night did you give me any reason to suspect you meant ' at ' instead of ' about.' "

" There you go! I've told you a dozen times it was your title, The Last of Keno Cannon, that sold me; though when I read the story, I knew my hunch had been sound: it was a knockout. But, by heck, the scenario's another ' out ' entirely—a washout."

" Sorry, old boy. I told Moritz I was green at the game, begged him to

" Nay, friend! Is it meet that we should speak of murder lightly? "

assign an experienced continuity hand to work with me on the treatment—"

" It ain't your treatment, poor dear, it's what happened after it got out of your hands—what the studio System did to it—the System that's organized for the sole purpose of seeing that the moving picture industry never outgrows its besotted infancy."

" Well," Liveright helplessly commented, " hanged if I understand it. You know what they paid me for Keno Cannon. If all they wanted was a run-of-the-mine Western . . . Oh, let's get back to the aching question: what in thunder can we do to shore up this ramshackle scenario? "

" I give it up," Barry confessed, worrying the sideburns he had grown for the rôle of Keno Cannon. " I've rung the changes on the outdoor drahmah till there ain't any left. I'm always the same; just a great big hearted boob boy, God forbid! And Molly McGlynn—why, the poor kid's played eight pictures with me now without once getting out of that sick blonde wig the System wished on her just because her hair is brown and bobbed. Great Grief! If we could only dig up something new —even if it didn't permit me to display my marrrrvelous horsemanship loping east in the second reel and galloping west in the sixth."

" I SEE no excuse for any of that in my picture. Of course, Keno Cannon is a figure of history, and in his time everybody rode. But horsebacking wasn't what he was famous for; and the heroine of my novel isn't a blonde, either."

" Maybe she wasn't in print," Barry glumly retorted. " In celluloid she will be."

" But why? Even if you have tanned your hide a fetching Cordovan, brown haired maids have been loved by dark men ever since time began, and loved 'em right back again—"

" Not in the slippery daguerreotypes they haven't," Jimmy Shayne chipped in. " A brunette's a vamp and a blonde's a she-ro, and anybody that's ever sat in the dark, squeezing somebody's hand and blinking at a screen, knows it. Anyway, the hay colored mane's established in the scenes we've shot already. It would mean six days of retakes to change it. Say, is that straight, Mr. Liveright, about this Keno Cannon being a historical character? You didn't go and make him up right out of your own head? "

" No brat of mine! God made him, I only borrowed his legend. Keno was as real as the days of '49 and the Vigilantes; and these very hills were his happy hunting ground. He ranged them for years, as picturesque a blackleg as ever riffled a stacked deck."

" And was his finish like in the book? "

" No; that, so far as I know, is my own invention. The scoundrel vanished of a sudden and—' the rest is silence.' For all we know," the novelist mused, " Keno's are among the bones that, you tell me, lie bleaching down there where ' Death lurks in the valley between.' "

" Gosh! I should think it would feel sort of funny to be acting out a dead man's life all over again, in the very tracks he made and died in. Say, Chief, will fifty airedales be enough for the sawmill stuff? I ought to be phoning in for them today."

" Plenty; but for the love of Pete try to make the casting office realize this hoss op'ry is laid in western North America, not Asia Minor."

" Priceless! " Liveright crowed. " Every day adds a new gem to my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A NEW GIFT enters the Christmas lists

the new Readyset ROYAL

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pillow. The earth beneath felt soft and cool, his hands fumbled in tufts of lush grass, there was a croon of running water in the air. The hand that left his forehead for a moment returned to it a-drip with delicious wetness.

He made, with inarticulate noises of amazement, to lift upon an elbow; but the woman gently restrained him and laid a hushing finger to her lips.

"Be still, poor man," a voice said, so sweet and clear that he confused it at first with the tune of the singing rill. "Rest yet a little longer. There is no present danger. Be sure all will be well."

He obeyed, but in a widening stare. Whose was this face that hung over him like a very smile of heaven? How had he won to this haven of shadowy peace? Where . . .

That surge of questions went unspoken, the finger softly sealed his lips that had lately signed on her own a warning, the woman affirmed her wish by moving her head in a quiet but decided shake. Barry gave his one wag of utter bewilderment and turned it on her knee. No pain came of that movement, neither was he sensible now of aching joints and sinews: so much for the magic way of water, the blessed medicine of sleep . . .

For he perceived he must have slept a little; not long, since darkness had not yet shut down. The valley dreamed on in a translucent afterglow that was not so much prelude to night as day with its glare all strained away and lightly stained with lilac.

The glade opened, through a rustic frame, on a village street. Barry, without stirring, could see all the way to its end, but not without quickening pulses, not without desire kindling in eyes that use of years had trained to see like a camera finder.

What a location for the major sequences of Keno Cannon! A street so perfect in composition and construction it might have been built to Barry's order by a technical director, himself a consummate artist, commanding a crew of master craftsmen plus carte blanche in production cost; a set minutely true to days now half a century old, with its straggle of quaint frame dwellings within white picket fences, old-fashioned stores, a prim clapboarded meetinghouse that lacked a steeple, antiquated horse blocks and hitching posts, town pump and watering trough, plank sidewalks to an unpaved road in whose dust hound dogs sprawled as carelessly as though they had never heard the yawp of a sporting flivver . . .

And glory be! Not a solitary damn' telegraph pole in sight.

How in the name of wonder had Hollywood's location hounds managed to overlook this jewel?

THE shock was too much for any good picture man to take lying down. Barry forgot how pleasant he had reckoned his lot on waking, and sat up, all afire. But immediately his heart misgave him: this was, too, too complete to be a natural location, but beyond one whit of reasonable doubt another director's set, secretly planted back here in the wilderness for use in some tremendous mystery picture whose backers were resigned to spend without stint.

Fifty thousand dollars were an inside figure for its sea-level cost; to duplicate it amid these tameless hills would eat up that much more than the whole appropriation for The Last of Keno Cannon.

Involuntarily he swung back with the point-blank question:

"Whose set is this?"

The blue eyes dilated, the hand faltered that made anew to point the necessity for caution, those parting lips were speechless. Barry shook a testy head and held her in an openly appraising stare till all at once he tumbled—and was ready to laugh at his stupidity.

Why, of course! This heavenly vision was one of the cast of the mystery picture—and if anything less than its star, then the director was blind and a fool to boot. What else would such loveliness be doing there in the back hills, clad in that bewitching costume of a Quaker maiden?

"Whose set is this? Who's making this picture?"

The girl continued mute in seeming embarrassment—sworn to secrecy, no doubt. Or did she flatter herself she could cheat Dave Barry into taking her—with those eyes!—for a hopeless numskull?

"I suppose you speak English, don't you?"

Far from resenting the impertinence, the minx was laughing at him! Dimpling with quiet mirth at his expense!

"Yes," his question was honored with a pretty nod by way of indemnity—"and now I see thee does, too. At first I was not sure!"

Quaker speech, right in tune with her attire! Now Barry knew why he had been unable, reminiscent though her type was, to place this girl in the celestial regions of the screen where she by sheer right of looks belonged: obviously a recent draft from the legitimate; only an actress of the first order could possibly get so perfectly in character. A hypothesis which accounted, too, for the fact that she wore, in a strict sense, no make-up; being still too camera-green to know she would need it for all of a face that glowed with health, lips that, rougeless, were as richly red as wintergreen berries, and eyes whose luxurious fringes owed nothing to mascaro.

"Won't you please be good enough to tell me who owns this location?"

"This land?" All her amusement ebbed away as she pondered her reply; the light that played in the blue eyes was quenched by waves of sadness. O admirable acting!

"If thee would know the truth, friend, my grandfather does own it all. The land was his till the men of evil came and took it by theft and force; and though they claim and hold it to this day, its title has never passed to them by law. All hereabouts is his."

"I beg your pardon," Barry uttered a shade stiffly, and proceeded to get his feet under him. "Sorry," he said, "if I've seemed too inquisitive. I'll take good care not to make *that* mistake twice! And I hope you'll accept my thanks. I haven't any idea how I got here, but I'm sure of one thing—I'm heavily in debt to you for kindness."

Either the girl didn't or wouldn't see the hand he was ready with. She rose unassisted, in swift and utter grace.

"I fear I do not understand thee, friend," she said with dignity unaffected. "To minister to those in distress is a duty none may disregard. When I first did see thee digging there"—with a nod toward the dry watercourse whose nearness to the grove was now apparent—"I did think thee a wild man, Spaniard or Mormon unbeliever. But then I saw thee weep, and was afraid no more and went to comfort thee and, when thee did entreat me with strange questions, did answer thee fairly as soon as ever thee meaning became clear.

"So now, seeing thee can have no more need of me, I will go home to my grandfather; and thee, too, friend, must go thee way as soon as it be dark. Let not the men of evil find thee here on the morrow or death shall be thee portion. Yonder is thee path, back whence thee did come. This way is mine."

A sedate sign of her head dismissed the man; she was moving off toward the village street.

"Oh, I say!" he remonstrated. "Half a minute, please. I don't get this."

But he looked in vain for one glimmer of mischief in the countenance she consented to turn back. "You're not serious," he stammered—"I mean about these people, whoever they are, killing me—"

"Nay, friend! Is it meet that we should speak of murder lightly?"

"Oh, come now!" But the laugh Barry forced had a quaver—as though his heart were taking stock in this farrago! "Why should anybody want to murder me?"

"They do fear thee, friend, and every stranger. They walk in trembling, fearful of their own shadows that are not so black as their hearts' wickedness. They would kill thee lest thee bear away the tale of their evil deeds and retribution follow. What they took by violence they must hold by violence till it shall please God to send the punishments their violence has invited."

Another speech like that and he would be cuckoo too. "Just a minute," Barry pleaded. "Let's get this straight. These 'men of evil,' as you call them . . ." But this was delivering himself up, bound hand and foot, to an impudent young tease! "No, but seriously, I do wish you'd tell me who is the boss of this outfit and where can I find him?"

"'Boss'?" was echoed as by one who had never heard that word. "'Outfit'? What can thee mean, friend?"

"I mean . . . Oh, won't you be reasonable and understand I'm in the game the same as yourself? Would I be wearing these duds if I wasn't?"

A lift of two hands with palms out exposed the walking anachronism Barry was in his Keno Cannon make-up, and a grin disparaged the inference that anybody would dream of hiking through the hills so disguised who wasn't a slave of the lamps.

"I'VE got a job in hand now this street would be ideal for; and I wouldn't be worth my salt if I didn't try to get the bird who owns it to let me rent it. Won't you be nice and help me?"

"I would be glad indeed to please thee, friend," she responded, shaking a head as baffled as it was charming. "But, in truth, thee does speak a tongue strange to my ears at times. If I do not understand thee meaning, how shall I be instructed as to my answer?"

No getting round it, she had him licked. A mental circuit closed with a click all but audible. The man started slightly, offered a sign of apology, and with odd intensity studied this pretty creature. If only they would let Molly act without that wig, even this breathing miracle would have little on her. The two were the same type. Now suppose he could manage to wangle this prize into the Morningstar corral: Ike Moritz ought to be grateful enough to listen to reason and give Molly a show . . .

"All right," he cried with a gay salute of surrender, "you win—and no hard feelings. But just one more question, if you don't mind: who are you? And are you tied up to a long term contract?"

He lost another minute probing those enigmatic eyes, and gave it up with a broken shrug.

"Oh, well! Have it your own way. I'm sorry I—"

"Hush! Oh, hush!"

All at once the girl, in a paroxysm of dismay, clinging while one of her hands sought to hush his lips, was throwing all her weight against Barry's instinctive resistance and actually forcing him back into the skirts of a thicket which stood like a hedge between the glade and the road. Though he hadn't till then suspected the proximity of any road, the hoofbeats of two horses at a hand-gallop placed it for him now unmistakably.

"The men of evil!" was breathed so guardedly that he could hardly hear without bending his face close to one whose loveliness was suddenly blanched and drawn. "Not a word, for thee life!"

Follow Barry in next week's installment, as he tries to solve the mystery of his bewildering adventure.

Making the Air SAFE fo

A Record of Progress Towa

By LIEUT. LESTI

Pilot of the U. S. A

SAFETY First—the slogan of traffic on earth and sea—is also the maxim of the air.

Scientists and engineers toil incessantly to make the air safe for humanity. I dare say that the midnight oil consumed in nonstop research exceeds the volume of lubricants used in important nonstop flights. The work to make airplane travel as safe and sure as travel by rail or steamer goes on night and day—rain or shine.

Airplane speeds are useless—even detrimental—unless they are coupled with safety. Mere flashy spectacularity has no place in modern aviation. Performance, endurance, stability, are the factors that count.

Flaws and faults in airplanes and motors are, in the language of the pilot, known as "bugs." Only comparatively recently have these "bugs" been placed under the microscope of organized scientific research. The outcome has been the elimination of most of the species. Some, to be sure, are still left, but they are somewhat unimportant and on the point of extinction.

Efficient performance of planes under ordinary conditions is becoming less and less dependent upon the skill possessed by pilots. The amazing progress made in increasing the inherent airworthiness of aircraft, the reliability of motors, and the accuracy of navigation equipment, has changed the relationship of plane and pilot with respect to the ratio of efficiency demanded of either in flight.

Ten years ago the efficiency performance required in flying was, roughly speaking, 75 per cent ability on the part of the pilot and 25 per cent stability on the part of his plane.

Today the airplane has reached such perfection that, equally roughly speaking, 75 per cent of flying performance is furnished by the plane itself and only 25 per cent by its pilot.

This applies, of course, only to flying under favorable conditions. If things go wrong, aviation is apt to become 100 per cent pilot and the plane as coöperative as a broncho bucking at its best. It is then the pilot must know his stuff. No matter how perfect airplanes may become, it is vital that the standard of pilot efficiency should never be lowered. The man at the controls must be able to cope with any emergency.

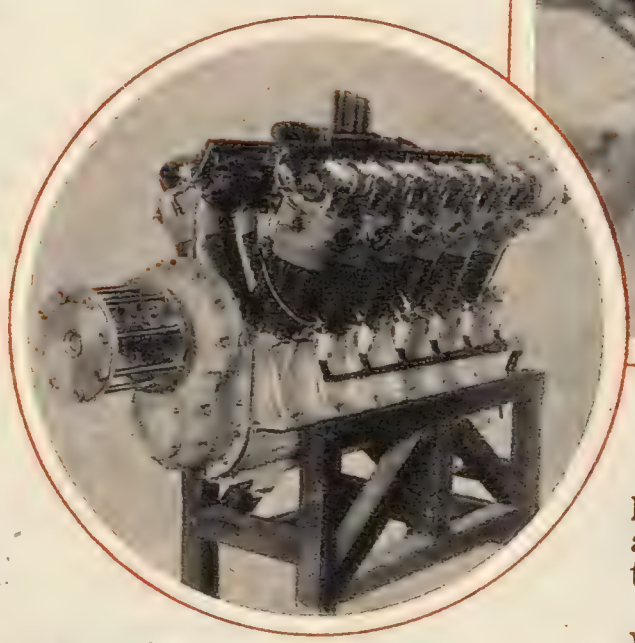
However, when things are right and sun is bright, any well constructed aircraft will virtually fly itself. This statement is not far-fetched. There is ample proof to sustain it. It is possible for a pilot to put a ship on a given course at a given altitude, make allowance for the wind, adjust the stabilizer, set the controls, advance the throttle so that the motor turns out a certain number of revolutions per minute, and, having done that, turn his back on the controls and let the ship do its own flying. I have never done it myself but others have.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker is among those who have tried this experiment and found that it works. Recently he and another airman took off on a two-hour cross-country flight. It was a nice day. The sky was clear. The air was smooth. As soon as they obtained cruising altitude and were on their course, they set the controls, stabilizer, and throttle. The ship was a commercial transport. As it droned through space, the two fliers sat in its cabin chatting or watching the scenery. The pilot's compartment was as empty as a leaky gas tank. Thus they flew along for nearly two hours. When they approached their destination and checked up on their position they were only about three miles off their proper course.

It stands to reason that only a quality of performance that closely approaches perfection itself permits this sort of flying. While no pilot would engage in the practice of letting his ship fly itself as a matter of routine, its ability to do so is of great practical advantage that easily can be translated into terms of safety.

THE less exertion required of the pilot, the fresher he can keep, the more able he will be to deal with unexpected situations. Should he be flying a multi-motored plane, if one of the motors should fail and if he were not able to land, the pilot would at least, by being able to set his controls, have an opportunity to make minor repairs.

The Wright Whirlwind motor, a conqueror of oceans today.



The Liberty motor, aviation's pride ten years ago, now obsolete.

I have in this article, which deals with the safety of flying, started out with a discussion of the features of performance and reliability of aircraft. I believe this to be the proper approach because those features are the most important safety factors. Even as charity should begin at home, so safety in flying should be lodged in the inherent qualities of reliability and performance of the plane and its power plant.

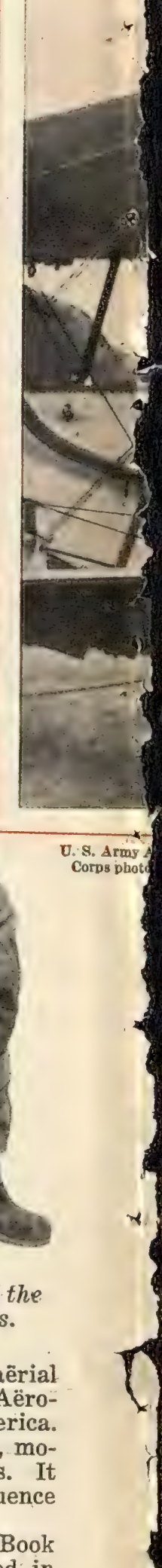
Parachutes, fire extinguishers, landing lights and flares, aircraft chutes, landing altimeters, the radio beacon, fog penetration, and other devices insure certain measures of safety in aviation. Each has its proper and highly important place. But the most important safety factor is the sturdiness, balance, performance, and reliability that are made part of the plane itself.

Seaworthiness of steamships would not be attained by close attention to lifeboats. Following the same line of thought, airworthiness of planes is not reached by stressing the value of emergency devices at the expense of inherent safety factors. Fortunately for aviation, that has not been done.

A signboard indicating the road that leads to permanent advancement in aërial safety was erected five years ago by the Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce of America. This organization is made up of aircraft, motor, and aviation accessory manufacturers. It exercises a responsible and healthful influence upon air development in this country.

A parachute, the seat type that has saved the lives of nearly threescore army pilots.

In the 1923 issue of its Aircraft Year Book and in discussing points to be considered in



U. S. Army A
Corps photo

HUMANITY

Foolproof Plane

MAITLAND

Flight to Hawaii

The slotted wing (indicated by arrow) that prevents the deadly stall if the motor fails right after the plane takes off.

attaining safe flying, the following six requisites were presented:

1—A machine sound aërodynamically and structurally.

2—An engine of sufficient power and which operates satisfactorily.

3—A competent conservative pilot and navigator.

4—Airports with emergency landing fields sufficiently close together to insure gliding to safety.

5—Nation-wide weather forecasts specialized and adapted to the needs of fliers.

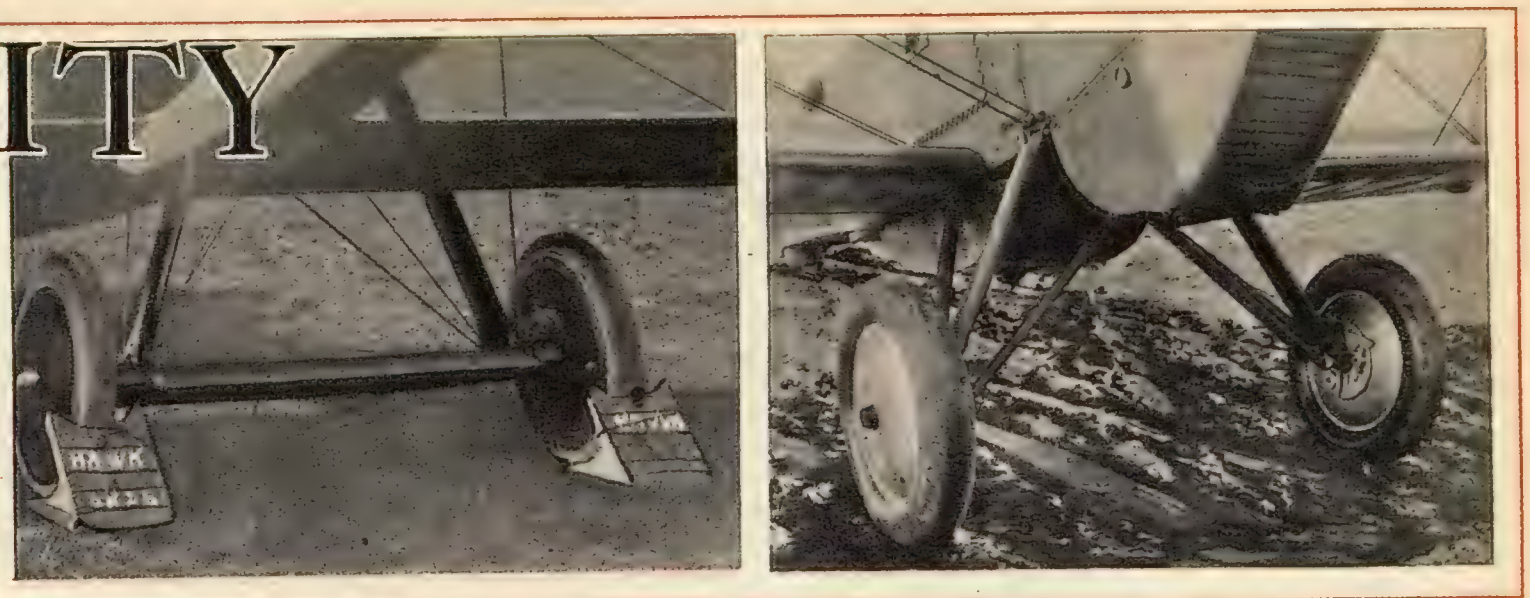
6—Nation-wide charts of air routes.

CONCRETE proof of the progress made toward increasing safety performance within each of the six classifications is found in statistics collected by the United States Department of Commerce. These figures give splendid testimony to the fact that modern flying contains no greater dangers than those which confront other types of transportation.

Take the air mail, for instance. When 1928 has run its course, the air mail will be ten years old. During the first nine years of its existence—while the Post Office Department had exclusive jurisdiction over its operation, instead of the present system of contracting for the carrying of the mails with private concerns—the death list was thirty-one pilots and nine passengers.

I refer to these air mail years because statistics covering them are the only ones that give a complete picture of consecutive yearly operations over so long a period. Prior to 1926, mileage and accident figures in other branches of flying, excepting military, are extremely incomplete. In passing, let me mention that no figures or references to safety in aviation presented in this article deal with military aviation. In military flying Safety First is not and cannot be the maxim. Our military planes are as safe, if not safer, than the average run of high class commercial planes, but the type of flying that must be mastered by army, navy, and marine pilots is quite different from commercial air operations.

But let me return to the air mail. The increased safety in flying due to better equipment and improved airways is strongly reflected in the following figures showing air mail operations from 1918 to 1927, inclusive. The mileage decrease in 1927 is due to the



Modern landing gear with brakes and with no axle to catch on obstacles and make the plane turn a somersault, and at left, the old type landing gear with axle.

taking over of air mail routes by private operators and not to a drop in air mail miles.

**Fatalities in Post Office Air Mail Operations*

Calendar Year	Miles	Fatalities Pilots	Fatalities Passengers	Miles per Fatality
1927	1,413,381	1	0	1,413,381
1926	2,583,056	1	0	2,583,056
1925	2,521,758	1	0	2,521,758
1924	2,161,077	3	0	720,359
1923	1,870,422	5	1	374,084
1922	1,756,803	1	0	1,756,803
1921	1,912,733	7	2	273,248
1920	1,048,444	8	6	74,886
1919	461,295	4	0	115,324
1918	102,548	1	0	102,548

*Reprinted from the 1928 Aircraft Year Book.

In analyzing these figures, the reader will discover that not a single passenger has been lost and that only six pilots have met disaster since 1923.

During 1925, 1926, and 1927, the air mail flew a total of 6,518,195 miles. Three pilots were killed—one each year—one fatality for every 2,172,731 miles flown.

From 1918 to 1920, inclusive, the air mail flew 1,612,287 miles. Nineteen were killed during those three years—one fatality for every 84,857 miles.

It is regrettable that fatalities should happen, but encouraging and significant proof of the increased safety in aviation is found in the air mail record.

From one death for every 84,857 miles during the first three-year period to one death for every 2,172,731 miles during the last three-year period represents a decrease of more than 96 per cent in the fatality rate and, of course, a corresponding increase in the ratio of safe flying.

The history of aviation during the last decade and especially during the past five years is one of steady expansion and increased reliability. I believe the most graphic way to describe the improvements that have progressively lowered the relative number of accidents is to cover, class by class, the headway scored within the six general classifications for Safe Flying defined by the Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce and previously referred to:

Class One: "A machine sound aërodynamically and structurally."

Countless important advances have been made in airplane construction. Take, for instance, the fuselage or body. It used to be made of wood. Now it is generally made of metal tubing. The old wooden planes, in case of a crash, would shatter in splinters. Steel fuselages may bend but they seldom break. The metal used in fuselages is both light and strong. Any husky youth can lift the body of a modern bomber while it is in the assembly stage.

More important than the fuselage are the wings and the method by which they are braced. Wings are stronger and better placed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MAKING THE AIR SAFE FOR HUMANITY]
Continued from page fifteen

than they were ten years ago, but the real progress in wing construction lies in the design of the wing itself.

Aërodynamic experts know almost as much about air and its habits as electrical engineers know about the elusive current. Not all there is to know, but a great deal. To those men, air is more than breathing material; it is a tangible element that does certain things under certain conditions. Air currents have been measured, classified, photographed, and out of these studies has come definite information leading to changes in wing construction that mean increased safety in flight.

The earliest step in that direction was the change from flat topped wings to curved surface. It was found that the "lift" on the old type wing was so poorly distributed that it caused many crashes. The curved or "high lift" wing provides greatly increased distribution of lift, which is the vacuum that sustains a plane in flight.

The latest and most important departure in wing construction is the "slotted wing." This device was invented and perfected by Mr. Handley-Page, celebrated British aircraft engineer. It has been hailed by men who are giving their lives to the study of aëronautical science as one of the greatest contributions toward increased safety in flight. It deserves universal use. Rights to use this invention on government planes have recently been purchased by this country.

What is the slotted wing? How does it work? What does it accomplish?

First of all, the slotted wing is obtained by indenting a portion of the leading edge of a wing. This indentation is covered by a strip which is hinged to the wing. When the strip is open there is an aperture between it and the leading edge of the wing through which the air is guided over the wing surface. This aperture is the "slot."

The slot functions automatically and, in opening or closing, responds to the amount of air pressure exerted against it. As the plane takes off, the slot is open. Then, as the ship gains speed and the air pressure increases, the slot closes. By the time the ship has attained full flying speed, the slot lies flush with the leading edge and has become part of the wing itself.

WHAT does the slot do? It acts as a funnel through which a current of air is poured over the surface of the wing and at a time when such a current is needed to replace the interrupted continuity of lift caused by the ship going into a stall. The stall occurs when the position of the plane is so near vertical that the lift has no foothold on the wing surface and when the plane lacks power to continue its climb. This position of the plane puts the wing into what is known as the "burbling angle." The air, no longer able to follow the surface of the wing, is thrown into violent commotion similar to that of boiling water. With the slotted wing, the air pours through the slot, halts the burbling, creates a smooth stream of air, restores the lift, and enables the pilot to maintain control where otherwise no control would exist.

It is from the time when the ship leaves the ground until it has full flying speed or, as in landing, when it reduces flying speed until the plane is on the ground, that the slotted wing contributes a margin of safety that did not exist prior to its advent.

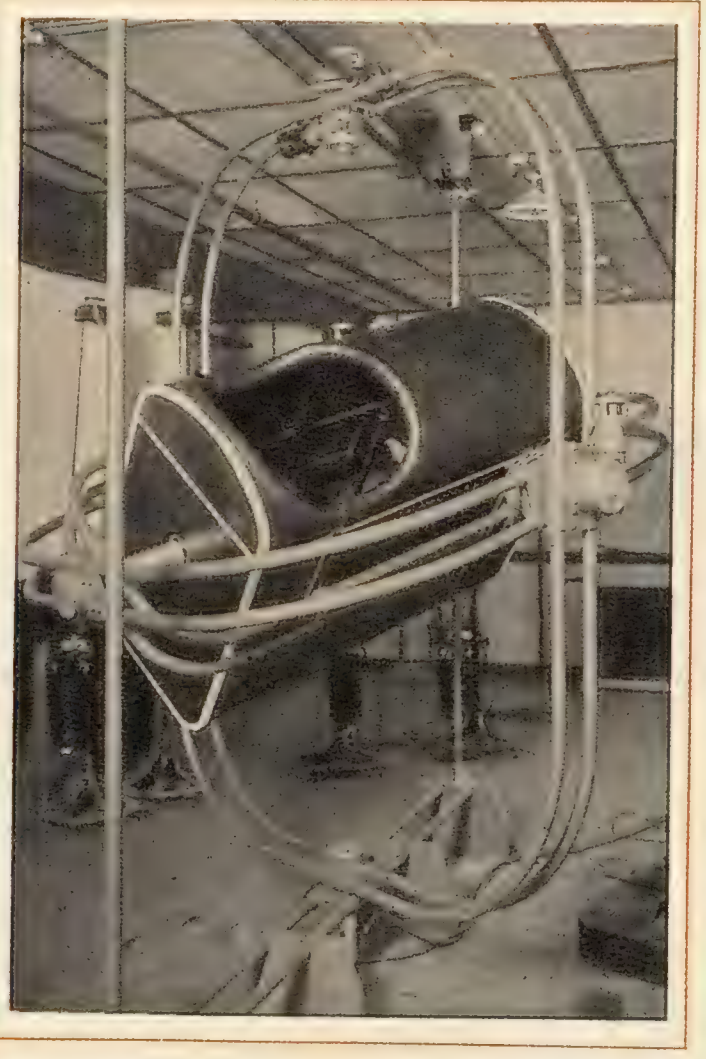
The period when the airplane is most vulnerable to mishap is when it is flying close to the ground and at comparatively slow speed, such as when taking off or landing. Let us say that a pilot is taking off; that he has reached an altitude of 200 feet; that he is still climbing and his motor fails—what happens? This: The ship stalls—that is, it hangs for a moment in the air with no power to propel it further—loses its wing lift, and plunges toward the ground. The pilot has neither the time nor the altitude to put it into a glide. The result is a crash.

With the slotted wing, things are different. Let us assume the motor stops soon after the take-off. The plane goes into stalling position. However, as soon as it loses speed, the air pressure against the slots is released, they open and produce the life saving current of air which furnishes enough lift to permit the pilot to put his ship into an easy glide and thus bring it back to earth with fair assurance of a safe landing.

Better landing equipment has also aided safe flying. Old types of gear with wheels set upon an axle caused many accidents in landings, forced or otherwise. The axle would catch obstacles and the plane would nose over. The "split" gear now generally in use has no axle. Each wheel is held on a strut that extends downward from the fuselage. A shock absorbing system, hydraulic or made of rubber coil, also lessens landing risks. A recent perfection is the brake which works on the wheels. These brakes stop the roll of the ship and enable it to land with safety in much smaller fields than it could get into without brakes. The old type tail skid may soon disappear entirely. Experiments to substitute a wheel, also supplied with brake power, have been quite successful.

So much for Class One of the Aëro Chamber of Commerce list. What about Class Two?—"An engine of sufficient power and which operates satisfactorily."

No one can dispute our tremendous progress



U. S. Army Air Corps photos

Would-be army air pilots are tested with this Ruggles orientator.

in the development of airplane engines of air-cooled as well as water-cooled types. Ten years ago the Liberty engine was the pride of the air. Today it is obsolete.

The trend in airplane motors is toward increased horsepower and decreased weight per horsepower. The Liberty engine develops 400 horsepower and weighs 2.25 pounds per horsepower. Compare this with the latest air-cooled engine that develops 525 horsepower and weighs only 1.40 pounds per horsepower.

Lighter and more powerful motors mean heavier and more profitable pay loads to air line operators, and income is as essential in aviation as it is in other branches of transportation. As for steady performance, the reliability of modern airplane engines has been proved time and again in various endurance and nonstop flights.

There is a close relationship between safety and endurance. Up-to-date airplane motors have endurance to a marked extent. Fire was one of the dangers that used to threaten airmen. To overcome it, a fire extinguishing system was perfected. It is installed on the motor itself. When operated, it floods the carburetor and engine parts with an extinguishing liquid and stops the fire before it gains headway.

Difference between safety and trouble lies also in the propeller. The old wooden prop was a fair weather friend and a real enemy in rain—this owing to its lack of resistance against raindrops which, due to the speed of the plane, hit with the force of bird shot. I flew some time ago from Washington to Dayton with a wooden prop. It was raining but I wanted to get through. As I approached Dayton, I could hardly maintain altitude. On landing, I discovered that the tips of my prop had been chewed away by the rain. Fifty more miles, I was informed, and what remained of the prop would be insufficient to keep me in the air.

The place of the wooden prop has been taken by the metal prop, a fine instrument of considerably greater efficiency. Another element of danger connected with the propeller that is being removed is the old-time way of starting the motor by swinging the prop by hand. Electric starters are coming into use. The death toll among men who have played the humble part of swinging props for pilots has been terrific. It is a tricky and treacherous business.

Class Three: "A competent conservative pilot and navigator."

I said at the outset of this article that planes virtually fly themselves and that pilots do only 25 per cent of the flying, but I also said that pilots must possess expert knowledge so they can turn a trick when a trick is needed. The best horse in the world would stand a slim chance of winning a sweepstake with a poor jockey.

THE pilot, the man who flies the airplane, is still the greatest factor to be considered in the safe—or unsafe—navigation of aircraft. While the steady aim of the industry is to eliminate the personal element, to make aircraft foolproof, that end is not yet in sight. Consider these figures.

During 1927 there were 200 accidents to airplanes. Of these only thirty-five were piloted by licensed men and 165 were in charge of unlicensed men. The licensed man is, of course, more experienced than the unlicensed man. There were thirty-four accidents to licensed planes, 166 to unlicensed planes. Of the 200 accidents 100 were due to errors of the pilot, sixty-six were reported due to structural and power plant failure, and the rest to other causes. The human element stands out.

Of all the accidents eleven licensed pilots were killed and fifteen injured, fifty-four unlicensed pilots were killed and sixty-nine injured. Twenty-two passengers were killed in licensed planes and seventy-seven were killed in unlicensed craft.

There are no figures available for crashes that did not result in injuries or death to pilot or passengers. Most of these are not reported.

In flying over regular routes six pilots and only one passenger were killed. The balance went to miscellaneous flying which includes experimental, contests, races and ocean flights. Of the 164 fatalities 48 per cent were due to the human element.

The 1927 analysis of aircraft accidents made by the Bureau of Aëronautics of the navy bears out these figures of commercial flying. But the navy puts the human responsibility as high as 80 per cent. The bureau further finds that over two-thirds of the crashes resulting from engine failure are not a fault of the power plants at all but of the men who operate them, keep them in repair and inspect them. It finds that the two leading causes of crashes are bad judgment and inexperience.

Experience, flying time in the air, is the greatest of all safety factors. Pilots with an average of 400 hours have 40 per cent fewer crashes than those with only 100 hours. The

astounding thing about these figures is that the 400-hour pilots flew four times as long and were therefore in four times the danger.

More startling still is that pilots with 1,500 hours flying have 75 per cent less accidents than those with 400 hours. The bureau points the lesson. The longer a pilot is flying, the oftener he takes his plane up in the air, the safer he is.

I have not the space here to discuss at length the qualities that make a good pilot, nor to present a complete exposition of the provisions imposed upon pilots by the Department of Commerce in its supervision over commercial aviation. It suffices to say that the federal government demands of a pilot engaged in interstate commercial aviation certain physical and flying qualifications before he can get the transport pilot's license that he must have in order to do business.

One of the specific limitations imposed upon transport pilots is that they are not permitted to engage in the operation of planes not licensed by the government as airworthy. These two licenses—one for the pilot and one for the plane—constitute a double guaranty, and an effective one, of the efficiency of both. Their effectiveness is demonstrated by the small percentage of licensed planes and pilots involved in last year's accident record.

ACCIDENTS befell 200 pilots and 200 planes last year. Of the pilots, thirty-five were licensed. Among the ships, thirty-four had federal permits. These figures include some of the ships and crews lost in unsuccessful transoceanic flights undertaken in 1927.

Nearly 50,000,000 pilot-passenger miles were flown in 1927 by air transports or ships in miscellaneous aërial service. There were five air transport accidents; six persons were killed. In the aërial service, 139 accidents took place, resulting in 120 persons injured and 108 dead.

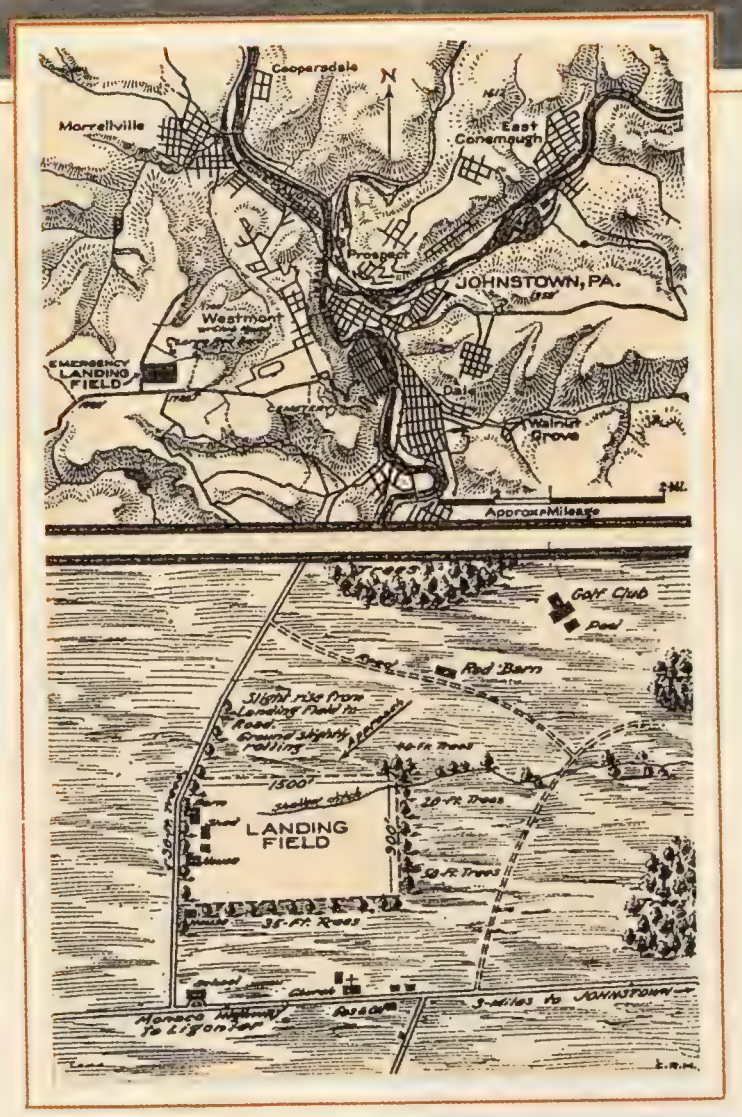
The public is apt to have an exaggerated idea of the number of airplane accidents and the danger of flying so long as the press handles such accidents as national news. An airplane crash, no matter where it happens, if it causes the loss of human life, usually finds its way to front pages throughout the country. If similar position were given fatal automobile accidents, page one of all newspapers would be devoted to little else.

I am not sure whether this sort of publicity is good or bad for aviation. It may act as a damper upon the air enthusiasm of some people. On the other hand, it may give further incentive to the struggle to eliminate unfit planes and pilots, to prevent accidents through increased caution, and to stimulate further Safety First research.

The three remaining classifications in the Aëro Chamber of Commerce list, dealing with airports, weather reports, and airways maps, may be grouped together because they bear the same relationship to flying that trackage, terminals, and signal facilities bear to railroads. Safe flying demands safe airports built along scientific specifications, well defined airways dotted with emergency landing fields, identification of cities on air travel routes, and, last but far from least, a comprehensive system of weather forecasts.

Everyone is familiar with the splendid work being done in America toward building airports and providing airways. Nearly 500 airports are in operation, more than fifty are under construction, and about 400 are being

The air mail field near Iowa City, Iowa, a well equipped airport with wind indicator, flood light, and beacon tower.



The government's airways bulletins map airports and landing fields for the guidance of pilots.

planned. It is expected that the total of first class airports under the various headings mentioned will exceed 1,000 before the close of the year.

Weather forecasts and their proper distribution deserve special mention because they are vital. Credit must be given efforts undertaken in that direction by the Guggenheim Foundation, which, under the direction of Mr. Harry Guggenheim, has been a splendid instrument in fostering commercial aviation in America. The Foundation has been coöperating with the government in studies to improve meteorological data and navigation aids, and for methods to overcome dangers represented by fog and low hanging clouds.

The Guggenheim Foundation has put an effective and willing shoulder to the wheel in the scientific effort to increase the stability of airplanes. It has done this by giving financial aid to several colleges, thus enabling them to give their students courses in aërodynamics.

Nor should the Foundation's Safe Aircraft competition be overlooked in discussing safety in aviation. This competition is doing its share toward safe flying by offering an award of $100,000 to the manufacturer of the safest type of aircraft.

THERE remain, in the effort to make the air safe for humanity, the safety devices represented by modern instruments which report to the pilot the speed and heat of his motor; the pressure and heat of his oil; his supply of gas; the landing altimeter that tells him exactly how high he is above the ground immediately below him, as contrasted to the ordinary altimeter that only gives his height above sea level; the bank and turn indicator which enables him to maintain level flight at night or in fog, and landing flares to aid him in case of forced landings at night.

I have said nothing so far about parachutes because, oddly enough, this means of escape in case of disaster is used so little in commercial aviation that it is almost negligible. Few commercial planes are so constructed that parachutes can be worn.

It is not for me to say whether this course is wise or not, but I will dismiss the subject by recalling that Colonel Lindbergh uses one only when he flies in army planes and then only because regulations demand it. I consider it a wise regulation.

It may be that the ideal parachute is the kind upon which Major Edward L. Hoffman of the Army Air Corps is concentrating his efforts. This new parachute is designed to save the plane as well as those aboard it.

In recent tests this ship 'chute has furnished virtually the same ratio descent for a 1,600 pound load as the ratio of fall of a man 'chute. Experiments on actual planes are soon to be conducted.

The only factor that may stand in the way of the popular adoption of the ship 'chute may be its cost.

Parachutes are expensive. The man 'chute, which has a diameter of about twenty-four feet, costs more than $300. The ship 'chute has a diameter of eighty-four feet and is made of the same expensive silk that is used in the man 'chute to combine lightness, thinness, and strength. Few of its kind would be found upon bargain counters.

All vessels of the sea carry lifeboats and life preservers.

Similar elements of safety in a grave emergency should not be disregarded in aviation. On the other hand they should be, and they are, minor factors in safe aviation.

Safety First in the air is only obtained and maintained—as I pointed out in the beginning of this article—through the combined perfection of planes, pilots, airways, airports, and avigation aids represented by weather reports and avigation instruments.

THE END

A Panorama of PROHIBITION

And Another Unhappy Ending for Mr. Jannings

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER the cheery Anheuser flavor of Emil Jannings in The Way of All Flesh? He's a mellow German-American once again in his newest Paramount film, Sins of the Fathers.

This picture fresh from Hollywood is a panorama of prohibition. Briefly, it is the story of a bootlegger and his beloved son. The lad drinks poisoned hooch and loses his sight. Hencethetitle.

Sins of the Fathers isn't just a Volstead epic. Jannings' Wilhelm Spengler is a tragically rounded and complete characterization. Spengler is first a waiter, happy to sing at Germanic festivals in off moments. Then he is proprietor of a little beer and pretzels, pigs' knuckles, and sauerkraut restaurant. Over the ornate bar presides the beaming Wilhelm. Prohibition comes, with its hypocrisy and lawbreaking. Spengler is dragged slowly but surely into its evil meshes.

When young Tom becomes blind and the police drag the broken Spengler away to Atlanta, the kindly old German is once more a waiter—in prison. After his sentence is served, Spengler drifts back to tending tables in a little amusement park. The blind Tom comes to the park and discovers his old father, chiefly through the old way he tremblingly serves a biscuit with cheese and jelly.

A little long, a little slow moving, and yet Sins of the Fathers provides a splendid characterization for the superb Teuton star. This isn't one of Jannings' No. 1 films, but I wish all the drys from California to Maine could be made to sit before it and observe the disintegration of a kindly soul before the corrosive dry law.

Emil Jannings as the tragic waiter-bootlegger in Sins of the Fathers and, at left, Ruth Chatterton, who portrays the loose lady of a decade ago in the same film.

Walter Byron and Vilma Banky in The Awakening, another film of a dashing officer and a simple country maid.

Well worth watching is Ruth Chatterton's performance of a loose lady of fifteen or so years ago. And Barry Norton's sensitive playing of the son deserves praise.

I, for one, am in favor of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Emil Jannings. Can't he have just one film where he has a few years of happiness?

★ ★

Vilma Banky is now a star on her own. Her first individual United Artists vehicle is The Awakening.

A dashing German officer—one of those dapper, narrow waisted, monocled philanderers—actually falls in love with Marie Ducrot, a pretty Alsatian. The peasantry misunderstands pure love and paints Papa Ducrot's front gate with pitch. This is an old village custom indicating that the young woman of the household isn't all she ought to be. So Marie decides to become a nun and Lieutenant the Count Karl von Hagen, believing her dead, rides away to war. Are they reunited? Don't be silly.

I like The Awakening when it has a sound background of native festivals in progress. But the plot is just another version of the bad, bad Prussian officer introduced by Mr. von Stroheim. Still, you will like Miss Banky as Marie. Always beautiful, this imported Hungarian is steadily acquiring IT. A new English actor, Walter Byron, gives an in and out performance of the Prussian, and Louis Wolheim mugs too much as a vengeful peasant who wants to wed the village belle.

★

Annapolis, a film which has just emerged from the Pathé film works, follows the regulation service school pattern.

There is always a cadet who permits himself to be dismissed in order to save the honor of another. Both boys always love the same girl. There is invariably a comedy fat cadet. Annapolis is the usual stuff, with the glamorous historical background of the Naval Academy.

The scoundrelly midshipman is played handsomely by Hugh Allen, who rather shades the upright cadet of Johnny Mack Brown. Jeanette Loff is the blonde inspiration and she is something to play hookey for.

Personalities—

Hugh Allen (real cognomen Allan Hughes) is an Oakland, California, lad who once worked for the Cunard Line in Frisco. He went into pictures in 1925. . . . Jeanette Loff hails from Orofino, Idaho. She is Danish and once played the organ in a Portland, Oregon, movie house. . . . Ruth Chatterton, the stage star, tried pictures before.

Inside Facts—

Emil Jannings, whose Hollywood films sell abroad best of any star's, is reported to receive about $10,000 a week. . . . Pola Negri's films used to be the most popular Hollywood products in foreign countries. . . . Vilma Banky receives about $2,500 a week.

A NEW GIFT enters the Christmas lists

the new Readyset ROYAL

INDIVIDUALITY! Character! Color! Proportion! Contour! Measured by any or all of these artistic yardsticks, the new Readyset Royal lives up to its title, America's most beautiful camera. And for those to whom there is no beauty without utility, the Royal appeals as the most beautiful expression of the popular Ansco Readyset, long recognized as the simplest folding camera. No focusing. No adjusting.

The beauty of the Royals is of the virile, not the fragile, type; a ruddy, healthy, firm-flesh brand of charm that you know will last. Mellow ostrich-grain leather, tastefully etched shutter plate, distinctive russet bellows and visible Antar lens combine to make a camera you feel like caressing—and just pine to use.

One big Christmas shopping thrill will come when you see the Readyset Royal—a succession of thrills if you buy one for your personal use or as a gift. Look for the Royal display at your local photographic dealer's, or at your favorite drug or department store.

Reproduced by Agfa Ansco colorplate method

THE ANSCO MEMO

Unlike any other camera, with its diminutive pocket or handbag size and prodigious picture-taking capacity—50 pictures, 35 mm. movie size, on a single 50¢ film. Enlargements or prints for projection are quickly and inexpensively available at your photo-finisher's; prints in Memo size cost about 1 cent each. Put the Memo on your Christmas list; see it at your dealer's, or drug or department store. Prices, with carrying case, from $20.

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CAMERA

Conceived and presented by AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION, *Binghamton, N. Y.*

Four Models	No. 1A Readyset Royal, $15	No. 1 Readyset Royal, $12	No. 1A Royal F 7.9, $20	No. 1A Royal F 6.3, $25

..and the Christmas Spirit need never die

Brunswick Juvenile Billiard Tables

AS LOW AS $8.95

AN IDEAL GIFT that keeps the happy holiday spirit alive throughout the year. And best of all, it's a gift the whole family can enjoy —a Brunswick Billiard Table for the home—at a price you can afford to pay.

If you love laughter and liveliness, don't miss the entertainment that this great game affords. It makes the home a center of interest for growing youngsters and their friends.

Billiards offers great exercise, too. Eminent health authorities claim that it is the most sane and healthful form of exercise the average adult can take. Mentally refreshing, as well.

And now for the first time the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., makers of the finest club and commercial billiard equipment, offer a table in the juvenile sizes for as little as $8.95. Accurately made, built with typical Brunswick precision, it is completely equipped ready to play—sold in leading stores everywhere.

The larger size Brunswick tables which can be seen at all Brunswick branches may be purchased on our easy payment plan. They are available in sizes to fit every home—some with folding legs and others designed to conform with the costliest surroundings.

See the Brunswick juvenile tables at your favorite store. For information pertaining to the larger tables, visit the nearest Brunswick branch or write for complete descriptions and prices.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

International photo

Nowadays employers know the practical value of praise. In this picture, eleven skilled mechanics who did extra good work on a building in New York City are receiving gold buttons and certificates of merit from the contractors.

P. & A. photo

We All Need PRAISE

A Golden Hint to Rulers, Bosses, Husbands— and Some Wives

The author, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, a daughter of the late Prince Peter Kropotkin, and descendant of a very old Russian noble family.

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

AN incident which occurred in the life of my father in his early youth has always seemed to me a particularly vivid illustration of the value and importance of praise meted out for the right impulse.

The majority of us may not be good judges of our own achievements, yet, on the whole, we are, I believe, perfectly capable of forming a correct estimation of our own efforts. And it is precisely for this reason that praise given or withheld by others plays such an all-important rôle in the lives of most of us.

As senior honor student in the Corps of Pages at St. Petersburg, my father, a boy of sixteen, had recently become a personal page of Alexander II.

During a day of civil ceremonies at the Winter Palace, my father had remained a pace behind the Emperor, as was the custom. His duties kept him beside Alexander continuously on all but strictly military occasions.

Then the time came for the Emperor to review some troops, which, owing to the intense cold, were drawn up in the immense halls of the Winter Palace itself. At the moment when the review started and the civil ceremonies ended, Alexander's military aides should have appeared to take over the duty of following behind his imperial majesty. For some reason no aides appeared.

In dismay, my father looked around. No one. The Emperor glanced impatiently at the clock, and promptly set forth down the long lines of soldiers, taking his usual enormous strides.

Now, it was absolutely against all rules that any but a full fledged officer should attend the Emperor during his military duties. A page became an officer only on graduating from the Corps of Pages.

For one second my father hesitated. To follow the Emperor meant severest punishment—expulsion from the corps—prison. To let the Emperor go alone . . . Who knew what might happen? There was discontent in the land—rumor. His majesty was alone, unprotected. Some hand might be raised to strike him down.

Almost at a run my father darted forward. His legs—so short compared to the Emperor's long ones—barely kept pace. Up and down the lines strode Alexander. At his heels a panting boy trotted, tense and vigilant, ready to spring at any assailant and defend his Emperor with his useless little dress sword which he held already unsheathed. When Alexander ended the review he turned and saw his white-faced page standing stiffly ready to receive punishment.

"You here?" asked the Emperor in amazement.

"Yes, sire."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WE ALL NEED PRAISE
Continued from page twenty-one]

"Why?"

"There—there was no one else," stammered my father.

Alexander laid a heavy hand on my father's shoulder "*Molodetz* [good boy]," he said abruptly; "and now run off."

And for many years my father was Alexander's adoring admirer. That ability in the Emperor to see at a flash the motives at work in another mind—the struggle between discipline and safety on the one hand, and impulse and devotion on the other—put him in a very special category of human beings. It took many acts of blatant political cruelty and gross misgovernment to obliterate the love which the Emperor inspired in my father by his understanding on this occasion.

Every great leader and statesman knows the value of distributing praise among his adherents. After a victory Napoleon never omitted to show his mark of approval to regiments deserving praise. Disraeli gained the confidence of young Queen Victoria by praising her efforts to rule wisely.

MOST of us need praise—need it badly.

Probably if parents administered it oftener, if bosses were more lavish with encouragement, and if the world were kinder, the psychoanalysts would get a rest from the overwhelming rush of patients suffering from inferiority complexes. At work or play, when we do our best we feel we merit some reward.

Fame and wealth may outrun us from start to finish, yet we cannot help expecting just a little human recognition for our efforts. Only hermit souls can be honestly fond of hiding their worthiness from the knowledge of their fellow creatures. The rest of us must bask in the warmth of approval now and then, otherwise the health of our self-respect becomes seriously endangered.

The commercial value of praise is known almost universally today. Yet in everyday human relationships its use lags curiously behind. This need of recognition for effort, as well as for actual success, has been so much felt that it is undoubtedly the underlying motif in the numerous business clubs and societies to be found all over America.

But it is in the home that the modern method of obtaining willing service by judicious praise has been less appreciated than elsewhere. Not everyone realizes that praise is the handiest fire extinguisher to have around, and that no household can be safe without it.

As a rule, husbands forget the need of handing out occasional bouquets more often than wives do. A recent survey of rural life in this country uncovered one general complaint made by women living on farms. Few people have a harder or more monotonous round of existence than the average farmer's wife. The boredom of endless household tasks could be lightened immeasurably by a few words of appreciation from their menfolk now and then. But here is what one woman—the wife of a prosperous Ohio farmer—wrote to a friend:

Maybe when I'm deaf and blind and a hundred years old I'll get used to having everything I do taken for granted. As it is, life comes pretty dull and hard when you don't hear a word of thanks for all your efforts to keep things nice and bright. It isn't easy to keep on doing your best when you're never told whether your cooking is good or not. Sometimes I feel like copying the woman who served her menfolk cattle fodder one day for dinner, after waiting twenty years for a word of praise. "I've never heard aught to make me think you'd know the difference," she said when they declared she must be crazy.

Farmers—and city husbands too—might well take note of a good old custom which prevailed at the house of the nobility in Russia, where the chef was always summoned to the dining room after a good dinner, complimented, and introduced to the guests. The guest of honor usually made a point of begging the cook to disclose the secret of some particular dish.

Brown Bros. photo

The dull round of the farmer's wife could be brightened by a few words of appreciation from her menfolk.

Not a little jealousy has its foundation in hearing praise given to another person for something we feel we can do equally well. Take, for instance, the point of personal appearance. Every woman, except the most unreclaimable slattern, will be secretly pained when her appearance goes unnoticed. Yet it is a curious thing how many men, who never fail to observe the looks of other women, let their own wives go year after year without a word of attention. Thereby is sown the seed for much suspicion, and the foundation laid for numerous beauty parlors. Many a woman has her face lifted because she never gets her heart lifted.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

REALISM IN RADIO

A Great Christmas Guest

All-Electric
A. C. Combination

This combination of Model 801-A Series B Receiver, with Model 435-A Reproducer attached to the cover, is a completely self-contained radio. Built-in light socket aerial. Utilizes 7 receiving tubes, 1 rectifier tube. Push-pull power stage. FOUR tuned circuits. ONE tuning control. Gold-plated illuminated dial, calibrated in wave-lengths. Phonograph pick-up receptacles. Price of set, $96, without tubes. Attachable reproducer, $16. Price of combination without tubes..... $112

REALISM *in* RADIO
THRU THE
Electric Ear
TRUE TONE BY TEST

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Model 801 Series B

Same as Model 801-A Series B, but not equipped for attachable reproducer. Without tubes,

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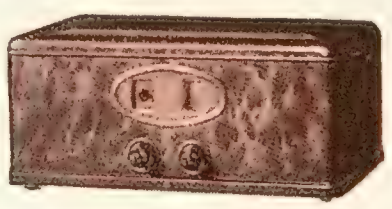
The same style in battery operated set, **$69,** without tubes.



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A new magnetic cone speaker, revealing a new depth and magnificence of tone. Complete with cord,

$16.50

This reproducer will improve the reception of your old set in a surprising manner.

All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

The Gift that Gives and Gives

Merry indeed will Christmas be when it brings to the home this Stewart-Warner Radio of Realism! The welcome gift, enjoyed by all the family. The worthwhile gift that will make each coming day a happy echo of Christmas cheer.

This super-selective radio has an outward beauty and richness that make it especially suitable for Christmas giving.

A tone of depth and beauty, marvelously clear and true. REALISM—proved by the exclusive Stewart-Warner Electric Ear test. Through pick-up receptacles it reproduces phonograph music equal to that of any new-type instrument.

Call on the Stewart-Warner dealer and make your Christmas selection now. Through our Nation-Wide Acceptance Plan you can buy on easy monthly payments.

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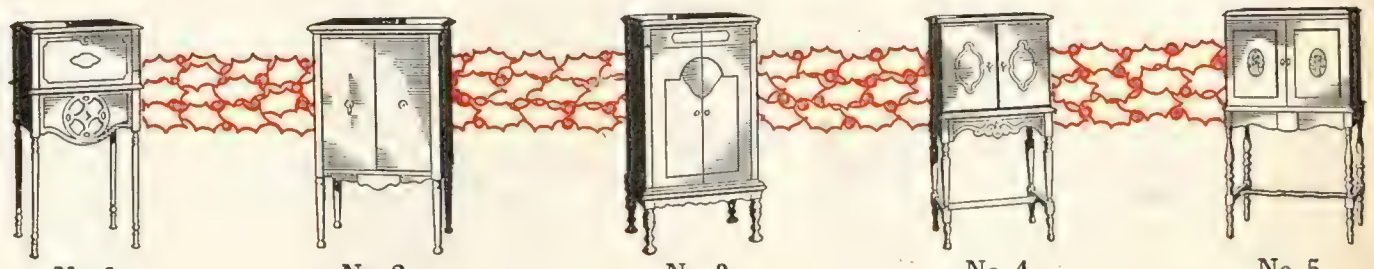
All-Electric A. C. Radio



No. 1 $42.50 — No. 2 $52.50 — No. 3 $62.50 — No. 4 $72.50 — No. 5 $87.50

Approved Console Cabinets equipped with the wonderful new Stewart-Warner Magnetic Reproducers at above prices, or with Dynamic Speakers at slightly higher prices. Console prices do not include receivers.

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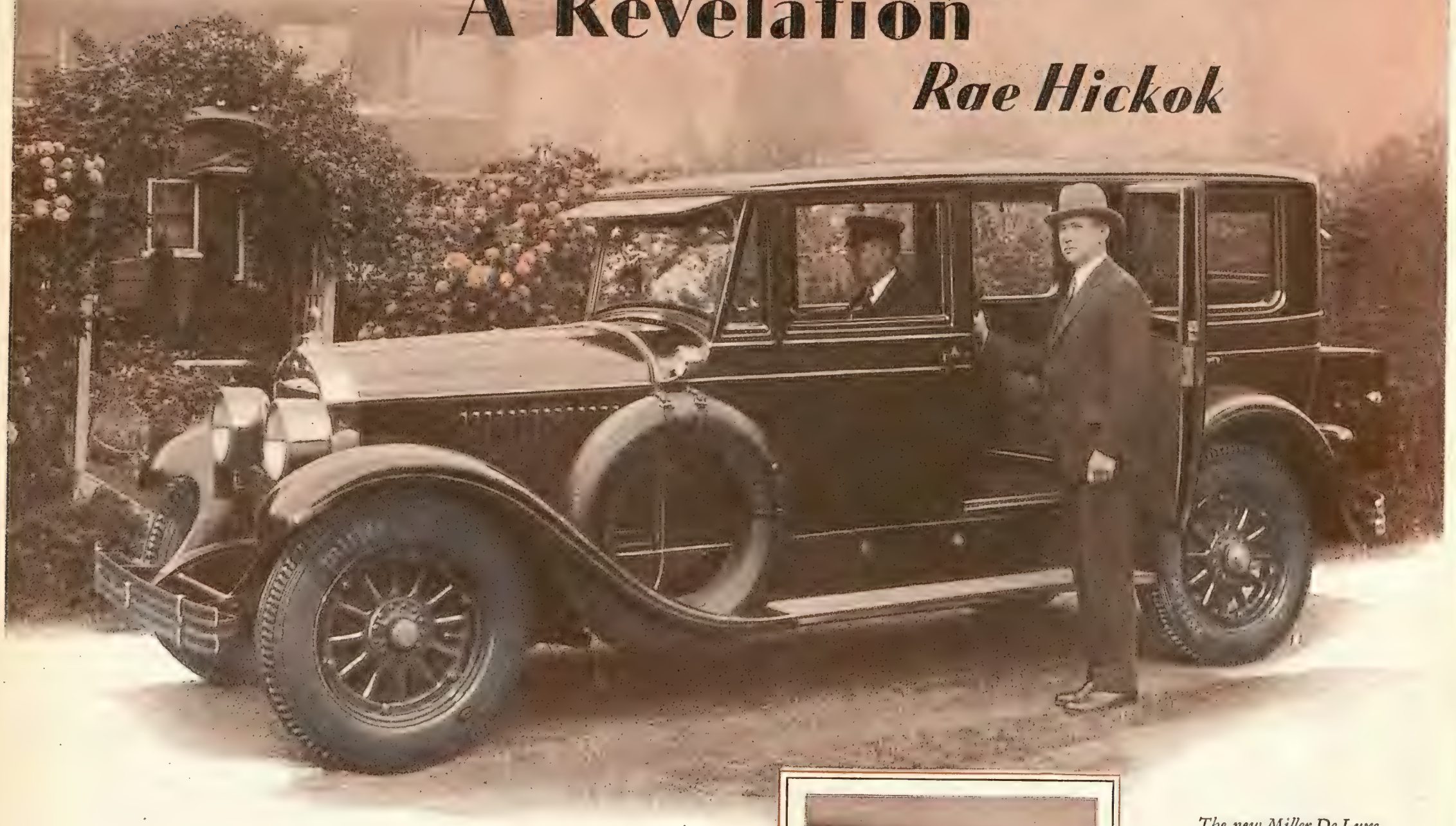
"Miller *Deluxe* Balloons A Revelation"

Rae Hickok



"I have owned automobiles for many years, but this is the first time I am able to grow enthusiastic about tires. I have just equipped one of my cars with Miller De Luxe Balloon Tires. The difference is quite a revelation. It is tire security I never expected to enjoy."

Rae Hickok

President, Hickok Manufacturing Co., Inc.

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

OF all the superior qualities in the New Miller De Luxe Balloon, these command your interest *—and your action!*

Users frequently receive, from this amazing new tire, *double the mileage of ordinary balloons.*

Sensational as this seems, it is, in fact, conservative, as shown by actual tests over a period of months on the country's most severe testing grounds.

You will receive wear that defies punctures. Due to its 50% heavier tread, you ought never to puncture this tire from ordinary causes.

You will drive thousands and thousands of miles beyond the life of ordinary tires, and the road-gripping ability of its scientifically designed tread will still be there—clear cut and effective.

You will drive this tire as long as you are likely to keep your car, and, regardless of speed, road, or driving condition, it will live up to its promise of extra mileage, extreme durability, freedom from puncture and slow tread wear.

These are qualities that *must* appeal to you who look twice at your tire dollar—to you who require thousands of extra miles. And to you who seek beauty in a tire, there isn't a car built that can't be improved in good looks with Miller De Luxe Balloons.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.

Miller

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOVS · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

On the other hand, a wise woman knows that to praise a man's ability, his enterprise, his efforts toward success, is an infinitely surer way of encouraging him to get on in the world than that of comparing his achievements disparagingly to those of other men.

But, like pastry, praise can be served too lavishly, to the damage of the consumer. A young bride of my acquaintance determined to enroll herself in the list of those wives who help their husbands to success by faith and encouragement.

The bridegroom was a hard working young man in the advertising business, efficient at what he was put to do, but no whirlwind. Mrs. Wife proceeded to "yes" him so diligently that she soon had him thinking of himself as a regular little Napoleon of the publicity game. He was all for instructing his boss how to run the show. But the boss saw otherwise, and finally had to fire him.

So now Mrs. Wife has learned that husbands can get ambition-aches from overpraising just as little boys get tummyaches from overeating, and that the business of being fired is sometimes this world's medicine for an overloaded ambition.

If we venture into the psychological causes for the need of praise, we stumble upon the fact that grown-ups as well as children are permanently hungry for reassurance, for encouragement, for comforting.

The world is big and strange. Life is adventure to some, monotony to many, and just a little bit terrifying to every one of us. That little safe shelter which beckons us on always stays just beyond our horizon. Only words of encouragement can keep the spotlight on it when the gloom of despair and monotony begins to deepen.

YEARS ago, before children were encouraged or even allowed to have personalities, the English comic paper, *Punch*, ridiculed a habit, then prevalent, of always thwarting them. A picture showed a young mother reclining gracefully in a chair with the latest novel, while she called to a nursemaid in the next room, "Go see what Tommy is doing and tell him he mustn't."

A fundamental part of the curriculum of "don't" lay in the idea that children never should be praised, never be encouraged, only goaded to achievement by ridicule and fear. The idea of permanently withholding praise has vanished almost completely today, but neither the true motive from which springs the need of praise, nor the form or the spirit in which it should be given, is as yet thoroughly understood.

On this subject I was privileged to have an extremely interesting talk recently with Dr. Ira S. Wile of New York, whose wide experience, both as education commissioner for that city and as an expert dealing with hundreds of difficult children, has brought him to realize the need of praise as a practical doctor's prescription.

Brown Bros. photo

Backward school children sometimes need only judicious praise, according to Dr. Ira S. Wile (above), a medical psychologist who is a New York City education commissioner.

"Every child should have the opportunity of tasting success," he said. "Anything that increases a child's self-evaluation in terms of social recognition is of the greatest benefit."

Dr. Wile gave me the results of a number of actual cases. The one which follows struck me as being exceptionally vivid.

"IT was a case of twins," he said; "two boys. One seemed particularly bright, so that he constantly merited the satisfaction of his teachers and parents. The other little chap was considered inferior to his twin brother in mental capacity. At home and at school he appeared dull and ambitionless by contrast. He lagged behind his brother in school, in sports, and in general development. His father asked me to find the reason.

"When I managed to gain the child's confidence he told me the story I expected to hear—the story children tell almost invariably in such cases.

"'Why don't people like me,' he asked, 'the same as they like my brother? When he does anything they smile. When I do anything they scowl. I can't ever seem to do things as good as he does.'

"I separated those boys as much as possible," said Dr. Wile. "I had them placed in different classes in school. I told their parents to stop using comparisons as a goad upon the backward brother, to judge him on his own merits, praise him for his own little accomplishments, no matter how trivial. When I had him standing on his own feet he soon made headway. There had been nothing basically wrong with him. He was just withering in the shadow of his brother's superiority.

"In other cases brought to me for advice," said the expert, "I find it necessary to counteract a parental tendency toward overpraise.

"Too much praise may turn a child into a snob, a prig, or a bully by excessive stimulation of the sense of superiority, which, in reality, is only a cloak for inferiority. Overpraised children always know everything, always do everything better than other children in their own estimation and that of their parents, and everything they happen to possess is always the nicest, the best in the world.

"When such children are brought to me I have to trim their sails, deflate them. Usually it is the parents who really need most of the deflating."

THE scars left upon us from lack of praise in childhood years, and the distortions left by overpraise, invariably remain through life.

One of the most striking examples I myself have found is that of a well known woman writer, a person as successful socially as she is famous professionally. She suffers to this day from an overwhelming shyness.

"I was a very plain child," she told me in a moment of rare confidence, "and, though of course was not taunted with my ugliness, I was perfectly aware, as are all children so situated, that my unprepossessing looks were often discussed by my elders, who called me 'that unattractive child' among themselves.

"I had one passable feature, big eyes. According to modern ideas, my parents should have made the most of that. On the contrary, I was continually told not to roll my eyes, because it drew attention to my plainness. And even now, at fifty, when I enter a room I still suffer agonies wondering if I am rolling my eyes."

Today nearly every big business organization builds on the foundation of encouragement given by the head of the firm to the workers. It is an acknowledged fact that the system pays. Ten years ago this was not the case.

One New Year's Day a millionaire of my acquaintance, whose pride it was never to offer a tip for any service, faced an unforgettable tragedy. His chief accountant committed suicide. The books were found to be in perfect order, the private affairs of the dead man prosperous and calm. A modest, retiring bachelor, this employee

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Closer Glance Reveals But Greater Beauty

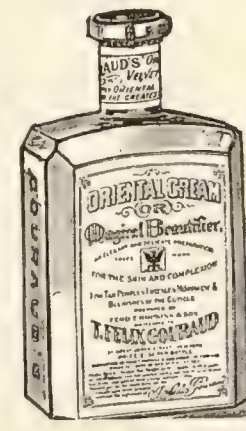
You can possess an appearance of unusual beauty without the slightest suggestion of that "made up" look. The closest inspection will reveal only an alluring, transparent, pearly skin that is so subtilely beautified the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected.

No messy creams or long drawn out treatments are necessary. From the first moment you use Gouraud's Oriental Cream a fascinating attractiveness is yours. Far superior to face powders, as the appearance rendered not only is more beautiful but it will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic and astringent. It constantly exerts a healing, soothing action which protects against the contraction of skin troubles and helps to relieve blemishes, freckles, flabbiness, wrinkles, muddy skins, redness and similar conditions. Secure Gouraud's Oriental Cream today and take your first step to a "new lasting beauty." Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"



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I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check which shade desired)

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A pound of cheer to start the year!

WITH the Yule log burning brightly and a pound canister beside him of the mildest, most fragrant pipe mixture that ever came out of the South — what more could a man ask? Give him the pound can of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco for Christmas. It's protected inside by heavy gold foil and the canister comes in a handsome Christmas carton.

Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Winston-Salem and Louisville

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[WE ALL NEED PRAISE
Continued from page twenty-five]

had served the firm faithfully for thirty years. The only letter left by the accountant was a brief note to his millionaire employer. It read: "In thirty years I have never had one word of encouragement. I'm fed up."

That was ten years ago. A few weeks ago a prominent business man in New York told me how firmly he believed in the value of praise.

"Praise for a job well done," he said, "is often more likely to get the best work out of an employee than an actual raise in salary. Of course, it doesn't do to overlook periodical pay boosts too, but, personally, I consider that one of the essential features of any modern business lies in keeping your eyes open for opportunities to call in and praise the people working for you."

This same man believes that women in business are inclined to overlook praise as an organizing factor. "So many executive women are too hard at work impressing the world and themselves with their own importance," he said. "They think it lowers their prestige to call in a subordinate and give generous acknowledgment and praise—the darn fools!" he added feelingly.

It requires experience, an attentive eye, and real knowledge of human nature to know just what to praise in another person and to choose just the right moment for doing it. Serious study is necessary and application. Flash criticism is much easier than intelligent praise; and, unlike flattery, real praise is much more than an indolent short cut to friendliness.

Brown Bros. photos

Czar Alexander II, the last Czar but one, and, above, the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg—as the Russian capital was called when the author's father was Alexander's youthful page.

One of the world's greatest dressmakers, a Frenchwoman with an exceptionally fine knowledge of human character, built up her great reputation and following on her ability to grasp the most praiseworthy point in her clients' appearance. She always emphasized that point and encouraged its development. Even with her most unprepossessing "cases" she inspired new confidence by observing this rule—by picking out and displaying what was worth displaying, instead of glossing over bad features.

I was present once when a very stout and ungainly matron came to Mme. P—— to be redecorated. Obviously the poor lady was extremely nervous.

"I'm afraid I'm a terrible figure to dress," she stammered.

Mme. P—— looked her over carefully, then gave the slightest of shrugs. Throwing out her hands in a charming little gesture, she said, "But madame knows how to laugh. Madame can make others gay."

The matron's fat, kindly face beamed. As she drew herself up, one felt that even with her figure the great couturière would succeed in doing a satisfactory job.

The wisest man I ever knew said once, "If people did no more than they had to do, life would come to a standstill tomorrow."

The bit over and above what we are obliged to perform counts most of all. Duty alone will never inspire that last, extra grind. Only devotion backed by self-respect can win it. And such devotion comes only to those whose judgments are just, yet whose praise is willing, quick, and generous.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page fifty-six)

1—In what state is the government power development, Muscle Shoals, located?
2—What American novelist has the same given and family name as a British statesman?
3—Whose election to the Presidency, in 1876, was disallowed because of alleged irregularities in the Louisiana ballot?
4—Give the next line after: "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam."
5—What is the title of an earl's wife?
6—What is a riverhead?
7—What is the Phi Beta Kappa Society?
8—What is called the Palmetto State?
9—What metal is used to back glass in making mirrors?
10—What university is named for a tobacco magnate who was its chief benefactor?
11—What is the right of eminent domain?
12—Under the present laws, could a woman become President of the United States?
13—What is the Matterhorn?
14—In indicating time, what do the letters P. M. stand for?
15—What does the Latin phrase *ex officio* mean?
16—Who was called the Wild Bull of the Pampas?
17—What is a gerrymander?
18—How are 50, 100, 500, and 1,000 expressed in Roman numerals?
19—Who headed a group of three who, in early Roman times, successfully defended a bridge against the Etruscan army?
20—Who was President during the War of 1812?

DUSK *of the* GODS

A Story of Gridiron Glory

By

EDWARD L. MCKENNA

Pictures by
RAY SISLEY

THERE is a welter of scurrying figures, sooty hulks twisting and turning, piling up on each other.

DECEMBER'S no time to play football. The weather's uncertain, and it gets dark too early in the afternoon. But it's the first real chance the professional teams get: the college competition is too keen up to Thanksgiving. So the pros pray for a break, and a sunny day, and a good crowd, and a field that's a little dry in spots. Generally, what they pray for is what they don't get.

You take the Saturday the Chicago Hyenas played the New York Wanderers up at the Polo Grounds. There was plenty of ballyhoo about that game beforehand. Whitey Marsh, the Minnesota back who burned up the Conference, positively would start, all the papers said. There'd be seven All-Americans on the field besides Whitey. Of course, that's not such a large order any more, now that every gazette with 10,000 circulation selects eight or ten different all-star teams. Still, eight All-Americans ought to be something.

Saturday didn't dawn clear and cold. No. It dawned just about as anyone would expect, muggy and dark and lowering. Up to noon, the prospect was merely discouraging; at ten minutes past 12, a fine, light drizzle set in. It would seem to stop for a few minutes, and then it would begin again, like a mosquito that you think you've killed. By 2 o'clock there were all of 3,500 people in the stands. Lawrence Perry had said in the *Sun* that there might be 50,000. Grantland Rice had given the affair a nice notice, too; so had Parker, in the *World*.

It was a good smart audience anyhow, what there was of it. Of course, some of them had had tickets given them, but there were also the die-hards who had bought them, and who were going to see Whitey Marsh if it meant pneumonia. Professional football commands intelligent spectators usually. Actually there were people in the crowd who knew whether a club playing on the defense might use its hands, and whether the left half was privileged to go through his own left guard or not.

For instance, there was a man with a Beta Theta Pi diamond shining on his vest, well to the fore, who was scowling down from the upper tier. He said no word for a long time. Then gravely, he announced to the man in the raccoon coat that the Wanderers' right guard was good. "You said it," responded Mr. Raccoon-coat. "Who is he?"

"Hogan," said Mr. Beta-pin.

"Hogan broke his collar bone last week," said Raccoon-coat reproachfully. "It must be Dewhirst."

"It's not Dewhirst," said Beta-pin. "I played against Dewhirst, myself, three years ago."

DOWN on the field, Whitey Marsh, one time of the University of Minnesota, was dropping back as if for a kick, but he fooled nobody. Whitey Marsh wasn't a triple threat any more. He was only one kind of threat—an end runner.

Meet Mr. William J.—Whitey—Marsh. Five foot ten, 169 pounds. Belonged to the best fraternity in the United States; fight over that. Faster than a dab of grease out of a frying pan, and harder to stop than dandruff.

Whitey Marsh wasn't playing for a salary. He was playing for a percentage of the gate receipts.

When he first went to school, he was just a clean looking kid with a genius for playing football. Now he's a careful, calculating, preoccupied man. A man who worries about money, about being cheated. Worries about what people think of him, and believes that people spend their time speculating concerning him. Worries about the girls he meets, being aloof toward them, being canny, being superior, instead of taking a pretty face at its own value. Self-conscious, analytical, and with no proper perspective upon himself and the world.

Fond of himself, of course, and used to facing cameras. Inclined to think that because he made $100,000 he must necessarily be a man of consequence.

Raging within at the college professors who shake their heads over him. Raging again at the superciliousness of those of his fraternity

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Who's Who on Brunswick Electrical Records

Brunswick Records play on any instrument but sound best of all on the Brunswick Panatrope

THE tunes and solos from current musical shows are sung for and recorded by Brunswick, the artists in most cases being those of the productions themselves. Note the list below.

Geo. White's "Scandals"

"I'm On the Crest of a Wave"—sung by Harry Richman, star of the show. "What D'Ya Say"—sung by Harry Richman and Frances Williams (4008). Same, fox trots by Arnold Johnson's Orchestra (3986). "Pickin' Cotton"—fox trot by Arnold Johnson and His Orchestra (4037).

Harry Richman

"Blackbirds of 1928"

"I Must Have That Man," "Baby," sung by Adelaide Hall, star of the show (4031). "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"—fox trot by Meyer Davis' Swanee Syncopators (3938). "Bandanna Babies," "Magnolia's Wedding Day"—fox trots by Lew Leslie's Blackbirds Orchestra (4030). "Doin' the New Low Down," "Digga Digga Do," played by the Hotsy Totsy Gang (4014).

Earl Carroll's "Vanities"

"Blue Shadows," "Once In a Lifetime"—fox trots by Vincent Lopez and His Orchestra (4059).

Abe Lyman

"Good News"

"Good News Medley" (20063), "Good News" and "Varsity Drag"—fox trots (3901), played by Abe Lyman and His California Orchestra. "Varsity Drag," sung by Zelma O'Neal (3864).

"Show Boat"

"Ol' Man River," played by Ben Bernie and His Orchestra (20064); sung by Al Jolson (3867); fox trot by "Kenn" Sisson and His Orchestra (3766); "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man"—sung by Zelma O'Neal (3864); "Make Believe," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man"—fox trots, Ben Bernie and His Orchestra (3808).

Ask your Brunswick dealer for latest Christmas music on Brunswick Records

Brunswick

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The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Chicago · New York · Toronto
Branches in All Principal Cities

[DUSK OF THE GODS Continued from page twenty-seven]

who affect to deplore him, and contemptuous of the brothers from Squeeks College, or Punko University, down by the water tanks, who leap forward to greet him and who wiggle their fingers ceremoniously in the mysterious secret grip of the order.

And raging about the wet day, and the soggy, heavy, slippery ball, and the squidgy ooze underfoot, and the small crowd.

Just a boy out playing a game, having a good time in the mud, you see. Maybe all this is a little too harsh. He's twenty-three years old. He's a boy, and he's perplexed, and uncertain, and he's trying to act with dignity. He's trying to be decent, and he'd like to be considered a man of the world. He is decent. He hasn't a single objective vice. He was advertised to play here today, and he's playing. Perhaps he dramatizes himself, even in that: it's an actor's quality—to believe that you must not disappoint your audience. However, it makes for good performances.

HE'S gone fine, he's stale, he hasn't got the old gimp, and his feet feel heavy in his shoes. He hates the rain and the mud. Lately he's a little bashful about letting himself go, even on the gridiron. He's as graceful as the sunbeams on the wall, and he runs like hot butter, and he slides insidiously by a tackler's clutching hands. Then, when someone brings him down, he's wondering whether somebody's saying "grand stander!" and sneering at him. He thinks his own team mates are saying it. Maybe they are.

Grand stander—of course he's a grand stander. So was Hector before the walls of Troy, and he left one for the book, too.

Meet Mr. Marsh's team mate, E. B., otherwise Slooey Rainsford. Kicked out of Lehigh, went to Lafayette. Kicked out of Lafayette also, Easton papers, please copy. Went to the war, and got a decoration, and wasn't an aviator either. Came back, tried the bond business, tried real estate, tried insurance. And now he's playing football again.

He's twenty-eight years old, and this game is all that he knows in the world. He plays as clean as a whistle, and he's put more men in the hospital than any ordinary draft board did. He's the center for the Hyenas.

The right tackle of the Wanderers is a Phi Delt; the left end of the Hyenas is a Sigma Chi. That'll make this game nice for them. The left tackle of the Hyenas comes from Colgate, and the right end of the Wanderers spent a few cold winters at Syracuse. Watch them awhile, maybe you'll see some action.

Slooey Rainsford has designs on the fullback, who hails from W. and J. Maybe Slooey will avenge both Lehigh and Lafayette this rainy day.

It's raining pretty steadily now. It isn't mist; it's rain. Hunched up in the press box, high in the stands, Joe Hawkes is writing his story for the *Tribune*. It's a bad day, and the game's a flop, so they've sent Joe.

Joe's never been to college, and he thinks it must be grand to have gone. He'd rather be Whitey Marsh than the whole Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange. Churning through his head are flocks of stories that begin "Standing in the shadow of his own goal posts—" However, he takes a hold on himself, and scratches this out:

"Marsh dropped back for a fake, and went around right end for two yards. Hanscom tried a buck through left guard, but failed to gain. The Hyenas kicked, Slavens to Burge, who was downed on his twenty-two yard line. The Wanderers' fullback, Methall, made three yards through right guard. Rainsford made the tackle. Time was taken out for Methall. . . . The half ended with the ball in the Wanderers' possession on their twenty-seven yard line. Score, Hyenas 7, Wanderers 0."

He turned, and tapped the *Examiner* man on the shoulder.

"Who's that playing right guard for the Wanderers?"

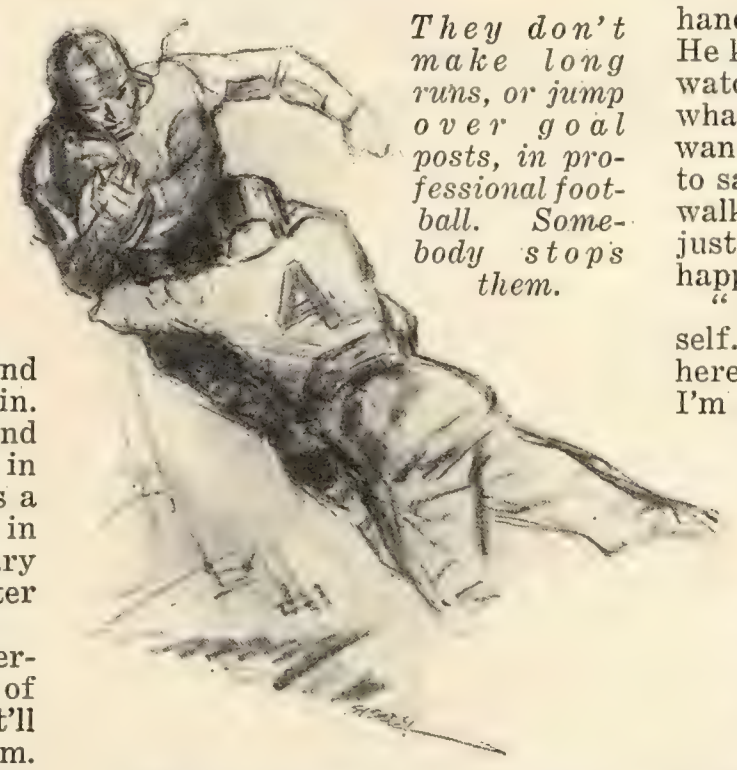
"Hogan," said the Examiner man promptly.

"That's not Hogan."

"All right, have it your own way then. I'm calling him Hogan. Want a small one?"

"Boy, you save my life," said Joe. "Lousy day."

It was. There weren't any bands to parade around the stadium, or any cheer leaders to turn handsprings for Alma Mater. No cheering section to throw paper and smash each other's hats. No pretty girls with furs and flowers. No mike, with a silver tongued orator to say "Oh—boy! Cumnock went through the entire Harvard team for six—seven—no, I



They don't make long runs, or jump over goal posts, in professional football. Somebody stops them.

had that wrong, folks, the score board says one yard, and it wasn't Cumnock, it was Heffelfinger, the Harvard fullback, who went through for one yard. But it was a great run, folks, and if he had kept straight ahead— They're lining up, now, everybody's tense, everybody's excited. The stands are cheering, folks. I tell you this is certainly a great football game, and you can't tell much about the teams yet."

No keyboards ticking and clacking, no important looking young men with business that must take them from the east stand to the west stand, no matter how they shrink from the publicity of the promenade. No army mules, no navy goats, no snake dances. No. Nothing but a few taciturn spectators, some of whom have bottles, and the dun colored day and the rain—the rain which is pattering in the heart of Whitey Marsh precisely as it is in the town.

Whitey is sitting on the bench in the clubhouse along with the rest of the Hyenas. Their uniforms are steaming over in a corner, and somebody is hustling around for dry ones for them. Meanwhile they are a group by Rops.

The mud is caked and matted upon those who are still waiting their turn at the showers. Whitey is all clean again and lovely. There's a liver colored bruise the size of a man's shoe along his spine. Rainsford is tenderly taping a broken finger.

THE locker room smells of arnica and collodion and rye whisky, and most of the athletes are smoking. They don't train very hard in this league.

There are no exhortations, no speeches, no entreaties to anyone to go and die to keep their seven point lead. Whitey Marsh says, once, "Can't anybody stop that right guard they got?"

"He piles up a lot of good plays," says Slooey Rainsford. "Tie this up for me, Bill, will you? He's pretty good, that guy."

"Why don't *you* stop him, Marsh?" says the Hyenas' left guard, stretching out his chin. "You straight-armed him pretty, there, once, only he didn't seem to notice it."

Whitey Marsh clenched his hands, and opened them slowly. He knew they were looking at him, watching him, and he didn't know what to do. He knew what he wanted to do, all right. He wanted to say, "Oh, is *that* so!" and then walk over and smack him down, just for good luck, and see what happened after that.

"I can't, I can't," he told himself. "I'm not like these guys here. This is my business, now. I'm putting on a show. I can't be battling in the dressing room. That'd be nice for the papers, wouldn't it?"

So he said, at last, "I'm sorry, Jim, I wasn't cracking at you. I know he's tough. But he gets through awful fast. Or maybe it's that I'm getting away slow today."

"The field is terrible, all right," said the left guard, and looked down at his hairy legs. Nobody else said anything.

Then the manager came bustling in with more good news. "I'm sorry, boys. We can't locate the other uniforms—I've called up, I've tried, I've looked all over. You'll have to put the old ones on again. Don't make much difference, you'll be soaking in three minutes anyhow."

"I'm glad I didn't wash," said the left guard, and laughed. "There goes my job," he was say-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

17 friends bid him "*Merry Christmas*" with *the same* pipe tobacco

Is there a timely suggestion for Pipe Smokers on YOUR Christmas list in this letter from Mr. Fitzpatrick?

WHEN sixteen of a man's friends each send him the same brand of tobacco for Christmas, there's no doubt about what kind of reception it's in for!

It sounds like a deep-laid plot of collusion. But it wasn't! Each of Mr. Fitzpatrick's friends knew what his own favorite smoke was, and, as if by magic, sixteen blue humidors of Edgeworth were laid under the Christmas tree.

These men, like many other Edgeworth smokers, knew from experience that the quality of Edgeworth never changed in any season, and that if a man started smoking it, it would continue to give him the same pleasure year in and year out.

In case *your* friends are perhaps not so well acquainted with Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice as you are—start them right this Christmas. We have prepared for you gaily decorated gift cartons of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in three forms—the standard glass pound humidor, and the attractive pound (shown at right) and half-pound tins. If your tobacco dealer will not supply you with these Christmas gift packages, we gladly offer this special service:

Send us $1.65 for each glass pound humidor, $1.50 for each pound tin, and 75c for each half pound tin of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those smokers you wish to remember, along with your personal greeting card. We will gladly attend to sending these gift packages direct to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: If you are not already acquainted with the charm of Edgeworth, we should like to send you — free — generous helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice for trial in your own pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes by dealers everywhere.

Evanston, Ill.
Dec. 31, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Of course you know from your sales just how popular your brands of tobacco are, but perhaps what follows will illustrate something of the identity, so to speak, of the users of Edgeworth.

I happen to be blest with a host of very fine friends, mostly "highbrows"—professors, scientists, etc. Generally at Christmas time they show their remembrance and all that with some little gift—a box of cigars, fishing tackle, a book—all that sort of thing.

Well, last Christmas many seemed to centre on *tobacco*. Now, mark you, these fellows have no communication with each other. They live in widely separated parts of the country, so it was no "put-up" joke on me or anything like that. But here came seventeen boxes of tobacco, and sixteen of them the familiar blue "Edgeworth"! The seventeenth was a very flossy walnut, brass-trimmed box, but if I know tobacco, the contents were Edgeworth with a little perique in it.

Just a coincidence, perhaps, but a queer one. Am not an habitual smoker of Edgeworth, so they weren't catering to any especial taste of mine. Looks like a consensus of opinion among the "highbrows"—or quite a batch of 'em—that Edgeworth is *the* stuff, the proper caper for a gift.

Sincerely yours,

F. W. FITZPATRICK

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters, 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

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JEANNE (No. 22136) Jeweled Reinforced Movement . $18.50

CARLOTTA (No. 21600) 15 Jewel Reinforced Movement . $27.50

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HELENA (No. 1705) 2 diamonds, 4 sapphires, with beautifully engraved flexible bracelet. 15 jewel Reinforced Movement . $39.50

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SQUADRON (No. 4266) Jeweled Reinforced Movement . $18.50

MILBURN (No. 3687) 15 Jewel Reinforced Movement $26.50

As the exquisitely beautiful cases of Warwick Watches are designed for exacting, modern *tastes*, so are their Patented *Reinforced* Movements constructed for constant, active *service*—built to withstand the shocks, jolts, and jars of vigorous use. ℂ Depending upon the style you select, you will pay from $7.50 to $75.00...or even as high as $1000...for a Warwick Watch—each a timepiece of extraordinary ruggedness, unfailing accuracy and enduring beauty. Your jeweler is now showing a special Christmas display of Warwick Watches, containing many handsome new models for men and women. Be sure to see them!

KNICKERBOCKER WATCH COMPANY, 64 WEST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK

WARWICK WATCHES
Up to the minute . . Right to the minute

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

ing to himself. "Fighting with Marsh—what a cuckoo thing to do. Right now, too. Ah, Judas, what's the odds? All right, if it's my job. I'll show you, the lot of you. Lead me to that tough baby; I'll make him holler uncle."

They dressed again in the wet suits, grumbling, cursing. "I suppose it don't make much difference," said one loudly; "you'll be soaked in three minutes anyhow." He got a grunt or two of applause for his artistic imitation.

The locker room smells of arnica and collodion and rye whisky. There are no exhortations, no speeches, no entreaties.

They straggled out into the rain again, wriggling and shivering in their clammy clothes. The Wanderers were nice and dry; that is, for a few minutes.

The game was more spectacular in the beginning of the third quarter. That is to say, the Wanderers made a couple of first downs. They don't go in for long runs in the professional game, nor for aimless, arrow-in-the-air passes, nor for goals from the forty-five yard line. It's all line play. It's all repressions. They're All-Americans.

You take boxing. Isn't it the same way? You go see the preliminary boys: bang, bang, plenty of knockdowns, beaucoup, hello soldier, melodrama. You go see two shifty boys box. You don't see knockdowns. They feint, and tie each other up. They respect each other; they know too much. It's not simple and forthright; it's crafty; it's complicated. It's all threats.

Well, that's professional football, too. There's more to it than that. Of these twenty-two men on this field, most of them need the money or they wouldn't be here. That's true. They're playing for money. They're not playing for fame; they know they won't get it. They're playing for themselves, and for the other twenty-one. They're squatting there, crouching there, and they're taking care of their reputations, their fair name, their idea of themselves.

It may never get in the papers that John Smith made the twenty yard run because Jim Doe got fooled by the interference, but Doe knows it, and the interferer knows it, and there will be twenty-one men who know it before nightfall. So Jim Doe plays his man, plays him, goes to the mat with him, and they don't make long runs, or jump over the goal posts with the ball in their teeth, in professional football. Somebody stops them.

Of course, some people like to see action—and some like to say to themselves, "Anything could happen, here, anything; all the men are dangerous," but they check each other, they never let the other man get set. It's all fighting, you see. Some like bruisers, and some like boxers, and some no doubt like Jacob wrestling with the angel.

THE half moves an inch, the end opposite barks something you can't hear; the signals rattle out. Maybe the end said, "Watch that tackle"; maybe "Get back there, Butch, it's a pass." There is a swirl of figures down there in the mist, and a tiny whistle, like a distant buoy in a fog. Joe Hawkes writes, "Benziger, of the Wanderers, makes four yards off tackle." Benziger. Benziger is a Jewish boy. He's in Columbia Law School. He's got his own pet complex. He knows that lots of crazy people think all Jews are yellow. He worries.

Skarstrom, from the University of Wisconsin, is playing the other half for the Wanderers. He's thinking to himself, "After this is all over, I'll get a hot bath, and then tonight I'll call up Tessie and we'll have dinner, and I'll have a Martini and a bottle of white wine, and then we'll go places." Skarstrom is going to rest his bruised body this evening by dancing four or five hours with a girl who could and does pose for ads in the *New Yorker*.

Jess Burkitt, the Wanderers' left guard, was four years in Dartmouth, four at West Point, and a courtesy year in the well known service. He's not thinking of anything. He's mud from head to foot, but that's nothing to distinguish him. They're all muddy, and sodden, and wringing wet. They're cursing, and snarling, and whirling in the dusk, like themes in a Russian symphony.

Playing for dollars? Why, man, sure they are. Playing for cakes and coffee. Digging their cleats into the mud, and banging into the interference, clawing at it, slipping, and sliding, and sprawling, and getting up again. That's why the cave man killed the icthyosaurus — he knew where he could sell it.

The Wanderers have tied the score now, and Whitey Marsh has got a new worry. Maybe his team mates think he's yellow for not taking it up with the guard, back there in the clubhouse.

Left guard's holding much better this half. Take that any way you like. Slooey is backing the position up, whenever the other center will let him. That's not so often.

Whitey speaks to the quarterback, who shakes his head vigorously. The quarter takes time out. At last the fullback trots to the side lines. Whitey Marsh shifts to fullback, and a new man plays half for the Hyenas.

The right half hits the left side of the line, and it holds like a rock. The new half makes three yards around right end. Marsh had softened that end up plenty and plenty.

Then Whitey Marsh hits the line, which is something he hasn't specialized in lately. Hits it smack, between left guard and left tackle, and plows through seven yards on his nose for a first down. He gets up and gives his left guard a belt across the shoulders.

"'At a old kid, Jim," he says.

"Nice buckin', Whitey," says Jim, and grins at him. That's one feud over forever.

The stands peer down into the gloom. It's almost pitch dark.

The Hyenas complete a forward pass for eleven yards.

Then the quarterback calls Whitey's number again. There is a welter of scurrying dark figures, a moving mass of blurry, sooty hulks twisting and turning and going down in the blackness, piling up on each other. A whistle blows, and Whitey Marsh does not rise. They bring a water bucket, and a doctor comes splashing out with his little black bag.

The quarter speaks to the new half. "He would go through that guard. I told him."

"Grand stander," says the halfback, and wipes the mud off his mouth.

They carry Whitey Marsh off the field. His leg is broken. That's his last game this year, maybe his last game forever. Oh, well, that's the way it is, in this racket. They come and they go.

THE END

The OILY NINETIES

The home camouflage corps preparing a dose of old-fashioned castor oil. Nine times in ten...a waste of ingenuity and ingredients. Disguise was as uncertain as disgust was certain in the youth of those days.

The poorest memory recalls the awful taste of old-fashioned castor oil. The best memory can't remember the taste of Kellogg's...because it's *really* tasteless.

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Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from refinery to you . . . it is never sold in bulk nor in any form other than the original 1 oz., 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St., New York, N. Y.

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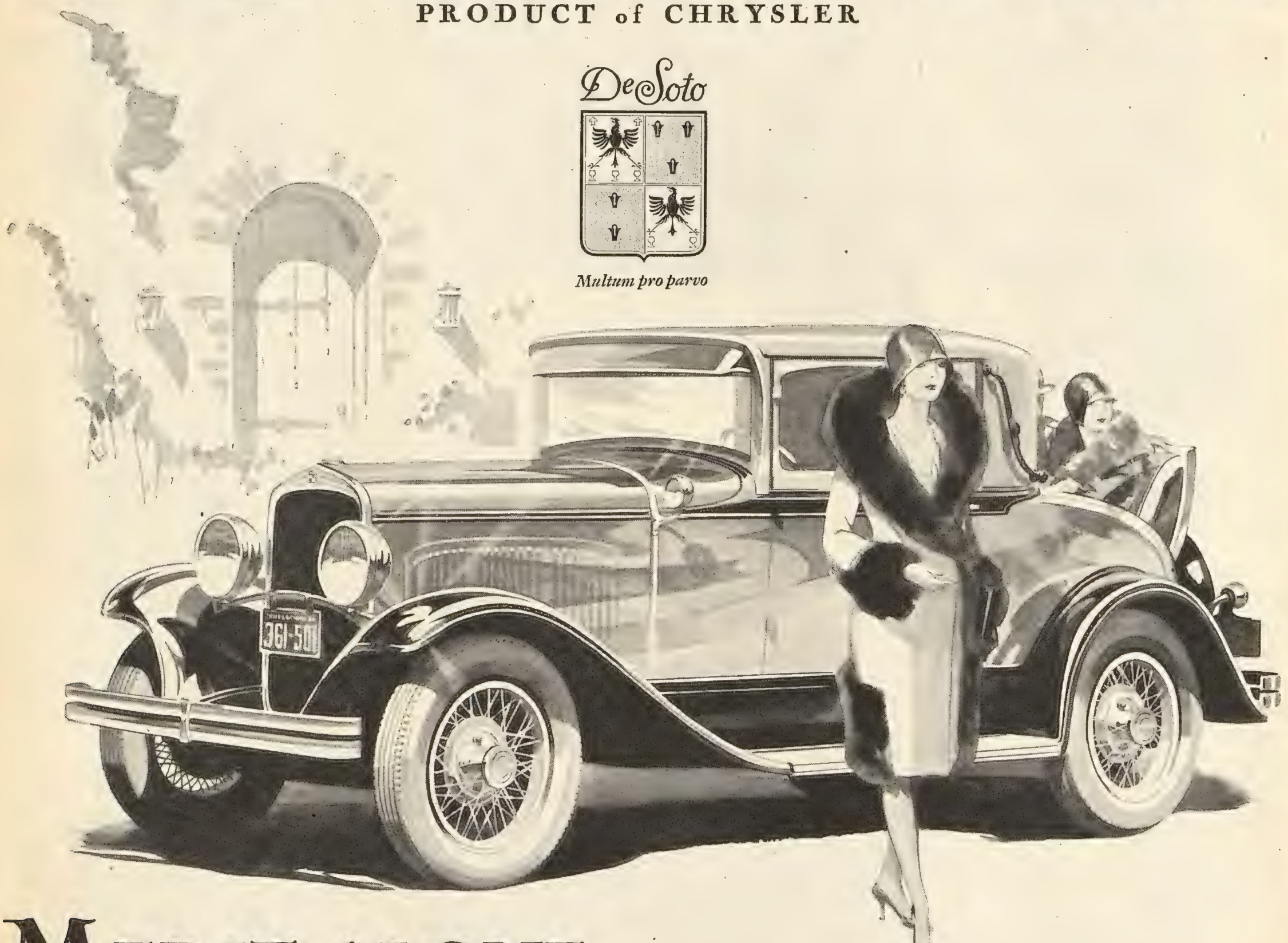

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What a Man Does When He Wins The PRESIDENCY

A Close-up of Hoover on Election Day

By
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

I SPENT the whole of Tuesday, Election Day, in the home of Herbert Hoover in Palo Alto, California. And I think I can best re-create for you the scenes that there took place by summarizing them in an hour-by-hour and minute-by-minute chronicle of what happened in that home in the golden day of Hoover's life. Thus:

7 A. M. The house stirred slowly into activity after a night's restless slumber. It is a lovely house. Flat and square and rambling along the summit of a towering hill, its cream-buff stucco is a topaz relief against the subtropical foliage of the premises.

Mrs. Hoover designed the structure, and it is a Spanish-Hopi-Indian adaptation of an American housewife's conception of domestic comfort. It is, indeed, a lovely dwelling, covered with bougainvillæa and adorned with cacti in wooden tubs and dwarf trees in buckets. It nestles in shrubbery of many clustering kinds, and a lush lawn is an emerald carpet on which are traced the concrete roadways that curve to the top from the foot of the eminence.

The road comes up from the 8,000 acre campus of Leland Stanford University, a medley of Castilian architectural ideas and American ideals. The house looks out above mournful pepper trees and sky-pointing eucalyptus giants to Mount Diabolo rising purple above the hills and valleys and the sapphire bosom of San Francisco Bay.

In each direction from where I stand are rose beds and hedges and red tile roofs hiding down below among fig trees with their burden of ripening black fruit and pomegranates and gnarled live oaks from which hammocks swing in shaded patios. It is a restful, peaceful scene, a pleasant setting under a flawless turquoise sky for an American hearth where quiet and contentment abide.

It is a charming setting in which to watch the face of an American engineer and statesman while the richest and most puissant nation the world has known makes its choice in government servants.

I have said that restless sleep attended the Hoover household election eve. A trip of a thousand leagues had just ended. All across the country from Washington the train had stopped in, or gone slowly through, hamlets and cities, while thousands of men and women and children had waved their hands and cheered.

At innumerable stations pygmy politicians had clambered importantly aboard, ridden to the next station, and spoken their pygmy thoughts. I wonder if they know what amusement, if not contempt, they inspired as they talked solemnly to the twoscore journalistic aces of America accompanying Mr. Hoover on the four-day journey west, or realized the extent to which, in their togas of prophets, they bored and irritated the candidate.

I watched Mr. Hoover closely each time he bent down over the railing of the observation platform of his car at the end of the special train; and though the man's hand was numb from countless pressures and his inner fibers were tightening under the tension of the approaching day of electorate decision, nevertheless he did not seem to lose the honesty of his appreciation of the public's greetings, nor did his smile become mechanical or his humility diminish. But the lines deepened in his face and his hands clenched and opened rapidly when the train went on and he returned inside his car.

Leaving Salt Lake City he asked me to join him at luncheon. There were eight of us at table. The host sat at one end, Mrs. Hoover at the other. I was placed at Mr. Hoover's left. Across from me, in the middle, sat his son, Allan, a nice boy. The others were staff associates and one or two boyhood friends making the trip to California.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

Bachrach photo

Herbert Hoover, President-elect by the votes of 20,000,000 of his countrymen, and, left, thousands of Stanford University students, led by Sousa's band, serenading the Hoovers on Election night.

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KNIT LINED, but *not* bulky. Just as smooth fitting and smart as the finest unlined glove. Osborn's special construction permits free use of the hands. And there's warmth aplenty in the gorgeous knit wool lining. Try a pair men—they're different.

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[WHAT A MAN DOES WHEN HE WINS THE PRESIDENCY
Continued from page thirty-three]

Mr. Hoover was unable to relax. Beneath the surface he was humming as if everything within were taut violin strings. He did the amenities by asking me somewhat distractedly if I was comfortable in my compartment ahead; if I had made this trip before; if I would let him know if in any way he might serve me. The others chatted with simulated gayety, trying to beckon the Chief's mind from inward contemplation of the Day.

Along the road gifts had come to the train—a basket of mountain trout, clusters of wild ducks, a joint of venison, a bear cub haunch. Mr. Hoover ate his trout slowly. There was nothing for me to talk about. I used my fork and listened to Mrs. Hoover's reminiscences of a day in Belgium.

SUDDENLY Mr. Hoover lifted his hand, grimy and soiled from the Sabbath handclasps of the Mormon metropolis, and pointed toward a lavender mountain that rose above the Great Salt Lake.

"That's interesting," he said. "Notice those lines up the mountainside? Those are the old lake levels."

And without further delay he plunged into a profound discussion of the geological formation of the world thereabouts; voicing academic observations and conclusions in lay language while he dwelt upon the probable glacial origin of the basin, the creation of the inland sea, the quantity of water poured into it and compensated for by evaporation, and the possibility that the secret of the ancient escape of the waters lay in subterranean channels which, emerging, may have helped create the Grand Cañon of Arizona hundreds of miles to the south.

I wondered, as he reconstructed a dead world in his engrossing monologue, what message the other candidate would have read in those age-old lake levels.

The Hoovers had reached home and a final frenzied welcome, I remembered as I stood in the driveway and waited for the household to come to life. They were tired and restless when they went to bed, and such acute fatigue and inner trepidation are not allies of unbroken slumber. There is a large house about fifty yards from the home, and there telegraph instruments and typewriters had been provided for the army of correspondents. I went there to await the appearance of the first servant.

7:30 o'clock. Mr. Hoover ate breakfast alone in his studio adjoining his bedroom and glanced at the newspapers. In her own apartment Mrs. Hoover was breakfasting. Allan sleeps upstairs. Herbert, Jr., and his wife and two babies live in a little house on the slope of the hill.

7:45 o'clock. The Hoovers met in the immense L-shaped drawing room downstairs. It was to be their last moment alone for many hectic hours. In the great rooms in the basement were other telegraph keys and operators beginning to gather about them. Several loud-speakers could be heard through the building, their tones dimmed so that the one in the servants' quarters, for instance, would not conflict with others surrounded by the first of the newspaper men to arrive from their hotels in town.

P. & A. photo

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover leaving their voting place on the Stanford campus, at 10 o'clock on the morning of Election Day.

8:27 o'clock. David Jones, a young boy, was handed a slip of paper torn from a typewriter by an operator. I was standing in a hall as he sped toward the stairs to take the message up to George Akerson, Mr. Hoover's assistant, a former newspaper man who will be a buffer par excellence during the next few years of his chief's life. As the youngster trotted along he whipped out a little notebook and handed it to me. "Autograph that till I get back," he commanded. He already had the names of everybody in the party, from Hoover down. I followed him upstairs.

Akerson took the paper, glanced at it, and handed it to Mr. Hoover. Mrs. Hoover peered over their shoulders. They smiled, looked up and saw me. Mr. Hoover held the message out. It was an Associated Press dispatch dated New Ashford, Massachusetts, and it contained the first returns of the election—Hoover 28; Smith 3.

Mr. Hoover wore his usual blue serge suit, the coat hanging open. The trousers had been freshly pressed. He wore a stiff collar, one and a half inches high, and a gray and blue four-in-hand tie. For a man of his breadth of shoulders and short, thick neck and slight corporation his feet are surprisingly small. He wears a size seven, black gun metal shoe.

MRS. HOOVER has silvery hair, black brows, gray eyes, an aquiline nose, and a fine, firm chin. She wore a black velvet house dress dotted with tiny white spots, black silk stockings, and oxfords with solid heels. Her only jewelry was a pince-nez suspended from a platinum chain, an inch-long diamond-studded elephant bar pin, and a one and a half carat solitaire diamond in a golden circle. It is the engagement ring the young engineer gave her many years before. She wears no wedding ring.

9 o'clock. Akerson called Mr. Hoover to the telephone in his study, a call he had put in to Washington having responded. It was now high noon on the Atlantic seaboard and the returns began to come in faster. They were all strongly in Hoover's favor — but they meant little in the avalanche of pro-Smith ballots that were to be reported presently.

10 o'clock. A caravan of automobiles containing the family and the newspaper corps descended the hill, passed the guards standing beside the chains they had strung across the roads to keep out everyone except known neighbors and persons bearing cards of admittance, and proceeded to a polling booth on the campus.

A large throng milled about and cheered and the photographers went into high speed while the Hoovers, four of them, marked their ballots and deposited them. The booth was in a women's clubhouse.

11:30 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover went for a thirty-minute automobile ride. Nobody followed them.

12 o'clock. The family repaired to one of the rear porches and posed in countless postures for the cameramen and the newsreel photographers.

1 o'clock. The Hoover quartet sat down to luncheon with a friend or two. The dining room is several steps above the drawing room floor and opens hospitably out on the rafter-crossed room covered with Indian rugs. Huge vases were hidden by roses and chrysanthemums sent up the hill by campus friends.

Three large blackboards were

brought in and placed at one end of the living room near the entrance from the wide hall that leads to the arched front door. They were from classrooms where, of yore, Herbert Hoover and Lou Henry studied together and learned to love each other.

In front of the boards were five or six men, including Herbert, Jr., and Allan. Mr. Hoover held a piece of chalk in his hand, scrutinized the blank surfaces a moment, and then ruled them off into columns.

IN the first one were the number of electoral votes; next, the names of the states; then the total precincts in each; then the number of precincts reported in each message; next, the Hoover votes; and then the ballots cast for Smith. A glance, therefore, would tell how the thing was going. Mr. Hoover puffed rapidly at his pipe when he finished writing and wiped the chalk from his fingers. Streamers of smoke eddied and swayed in his wake as he strode to and fro trying to place the blackboards so that all who might presently be seated or standing about the drawing room could see the figures.

George Barr Baker and Tom Gregory, the latter an old classmate and now a San Francisco lawyer; Ray Benjamin, a lawyer and politician; Louis Strauss, a cultured young member of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., who was one of Mr. Hoover's secretaries during the Belgian relief days; and Herbert, Jr., and Allan were at the blackboards.

Lads from the telegraph keys downstairs would dash in with a message; one of the group would take it and pass it to Mr. Hoover; he would read it, puff at his pipe, and hand it back, and the figures would be called off while somebody erased the previous returns and wrote the new ones in.

2 o'clock. The tension began to be noticeable throughout the building. Servants carrying sandwiches to the press room spilled coffee and listened excitedly to the loudspeaker there.

Neighbors drifted in from homes along the valley. They were nearly all middle aged; quietly, even carelessly, dressed. Men and women familiar with the Hoovers direct greater attention to intellectual garb than to sartorial effects. There was a charming intimacy as these old friends came in.

"Hello, Herbert," a gray haired woman would say.

"How do you do, Mary," the candidate would answer, clasping her hands in both of his. The warmth of their gaze bespoke decades of affection. Hoover would turn to the middle aged man with Mary, put his hand on his shoulder, and smile gently into his friend's eyes.

The couple would stroll on to where Mrs. Hoover sat knitting before the immense fireplace and there renew friendships while they pledged their wishes for the best of luck the day might bring.

As the hours wore on the friends and neighbors came faster. Soon the room was filled with them, all laughing lightly and talking of old memories and new hopes, and stopping from time to time to listen as a message was read aloud and inscribed upon the blackboards.

3 o'clock. A chair was placed directly in front of the middle tally board and Hoover sat down, the men standing aside so he might watch each new report. Mrs. Hoover sat on a lounge beneath a great yellow lamp on the table behind and held the hand of Dr. David Starr Jordan while they bent close together to hear each other's words in the gentle excitement. Dr. Jordan is very tall and very gaunt and very tired, and the years have been many and the savagery of a world at war was dreadful and they have combined to tear at the heart of the aged pacifist and erstwhile president of the university.

AKERSON was everywhere, answering newspapermen's questions, placating ubiquitous and impatient photographers, ushering old faculty members to the divan where Mrs. Hoover sits; checking returns against his list, identifying persons escorted to the front door by doubtful driveway guards, whispering from time to time in his chief's ear, answering telephones—smoothing the day for the man he knows is growing more and more tense with every moment.

P. & A. photo

Herbert Hoover casting his ballot.

In Hoover's eyes I beheld a certain strange preoccupation. I was leaning against a door lintel where I could observe him at leisure and undetected by him.

The figures—Massachusetts, Minnesota, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, Missouri, states he had counted on—showed that Smith was plunging unrestrainedly ahead. The devotion of Al's followers and their faith and his in his capacities were being recorded all over the land in early balloting, and the reports were winging their way via electricity and ether to the Hoover home atop the hill to tell of his adversary's popularity.

The lines in Hoover's face sharpened. A little crease appeared between his blue-green eyes and stayed there. From the outer flare of his nostrils to the convex corners of his compressed lips ran two deep crevices. He swallowed at times.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

There's no Gift like a Watch

—nothing used so much, carried so long or consulted so often. And there's a new meaning now in that old Ingersoll Christmas-time message. For good as were the Ingersoll Watches of the past, those of today are very much better.

Better in looks, better in styling, with the same sturdiness and dependability that have made the name Ingersoll famous.

And there's a gift suitable for every member of the family in the new, complete line.

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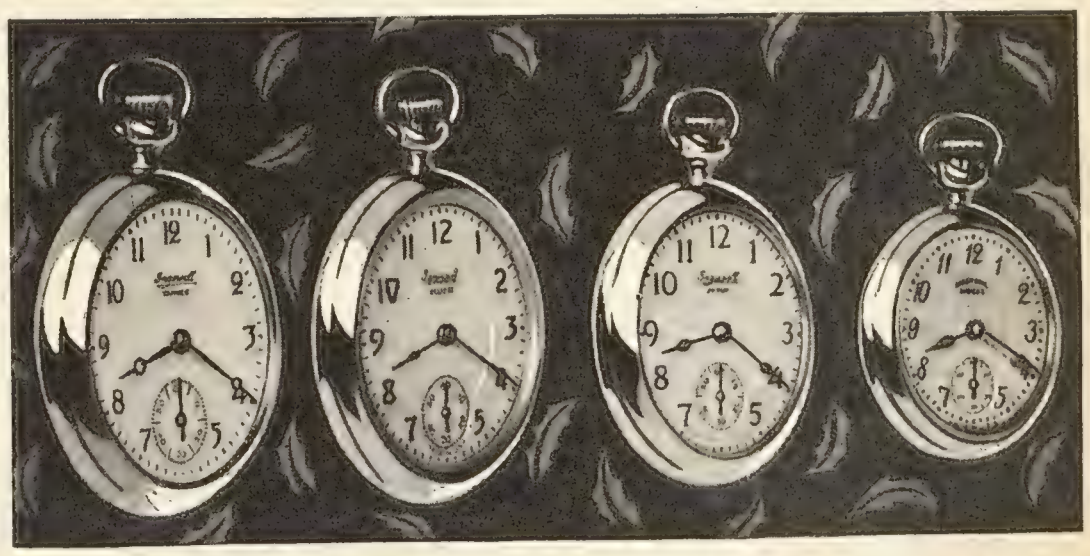

Yankee, $1.50
New improved model. Always dependable and sturdy. Yankee Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $2.25

Eclipse, $2.50
Smaller and thinner than the Yankee. Metal dial gives a quality appearance. Eclipse Radiolite, $3.25.

Junior, $3.25
The Christmas watch for boys. Small (12-size) and handsome. Metal dial. Junior Radiolite, $4.00.

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A handsome timepiece for the smaller boy or girl, and women, too. Metal dial. Midget Radiolite, $3.75.

Wrist, $3.50
Now with chromium finish back that won't corrode and mark your wrist. Mat finish metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00.

Mite, $6.50
New this Christmas. Very small ("0" size). Chromium finish case — engraved design or plain; radium dial; pull-out set.

Alden, $12.50
7-jewels . . . 6-0 size . . . radium dial. Chromium finish case. Small and fine—American made. Rolled gold-plate $17.50

Waterbury, $5.00
Jeweled movement . . . engraved design . . . chromium finish. Small 12-size. The best watch $5.00 can buy. With radium dial, $6.

Illustrations ¾ actual size

Ingersoll

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YOU can *hear* the purr of power as your car rolls along, but you can't *see* it. Hundreds of metal parts are moving with great rapidity; oil is circulating through the motor with every revolution; electric sparks flash at lightning speed.

But the men who design automobiles must know exactly what is going on when a car is in motion; so General Motors engineers have adapted to their use, among other instruments, one which is so quick and sensitive that it can photograph a flight of machine gun bullets.

A wheel whirling at a rate of thousands of turns a minute can be made to appear to stand still. A stream of oil, pumped under high pressure, can be broken down into pictures of each tiny globule. Moving valves and pistons give up their secrets.

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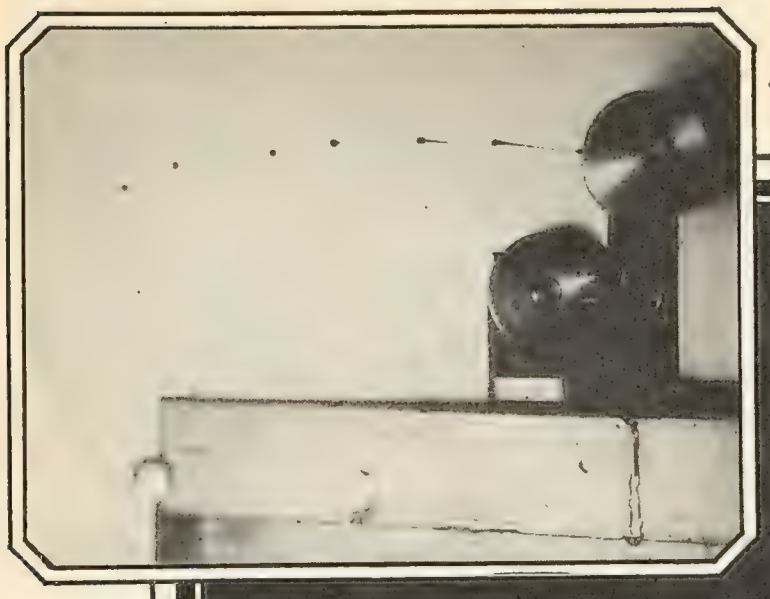
GENERAL



The picture at the left shows how the stroboscope makes visible the separate drops in a fast-moving stream of oil.

A "SLOW MOTION" picture camera can make a racing athlete appear to be walking; but the stroboscope which this General Motors engineer holds in his hand, when its light is focused on a wheel making 3,000 revolutions a minute, causes the wheel to seem to stand still. The small picture at the top shows how the machine breaks a swiftly moving stream of oil into separate drops. At the right a spectroscope is being used to discover impurities in metal too minute to be detected by chemical analysis.

MOTORS

[WHAT A MAN DOES WHEN HE WINS THE PRESIDENCY
Continued from page thirty-five]

His right elbow rested on the arm of his chair and his right hand held a dead cigar. The left hand was buried in the pocket of his trousers, still ironed at the knees but wrinkled against his flanks. He held his head slightly bowed and was thereby forced to raise his corrugated brows to see the figures on the boards above his head.

As gloom stalked into the chamber on the heels of the swelling Smith tide, and conversations became more forced and voices shriller, there crept almost imperceptibly into Hoover's eyes the strange, distraught gaze I have so often seen in the eyes of a prize fighter as he sat crouching in his corner and listened to his whispering seconds while waiting for the first gong.

He stared at the blackboards, and he heard the announcements read aloud, and he nodded vaguely and put his cigar in his mouth so he might shake the hands of newcomers, responding to their greetings as a robot might—but always his mind's eye was envisioning distant things.

IT must have seemed to what mental processes atrophy had not stilled that the crayon marks on the blackboards were people, little people making their decision! In the narrow man-built cañons of the cities; in the roaring arenas of giant industrial centers; in the little towns and scattered villages; in the imperial spaces of sparsely settled cattle country; in the far flung mining settlements of the Alleghenies and the Rockies; in the level leagues of farming communities—everywhere from Bangor to San Diego and from Seattle to Key West, the people, the little people, were riding macadam and trudging muddy ruts to the polls, there to register and record their choice in their quadrennial right.

He must have thought as he sat there unhearing, unseeing, unfeeling, almost unthinking, of the strange caprices of a destiny that had selected him, a poor orphan on a desolate Iowa farm and brought him up from the years and the trails that led across the rim of the world, to pit him against another poor lad who had hustled for a living as best he could along the sidewalks of New York.

Two poor and unassisted boys, separated today by a continent in this the great hour of their testing. One had stayed on the scene of his early days and had later served his people as no other governor ever before had served them. The other had walked the path of the adventurer and the pioneer to mobilize within himself all that the wide, wide world has to give to him who gathers from it. And now, both of them, rich in the fruits of the particular vineyards each had cultivated, were offering their heads and hands, and their hearts, to the service of the land which had given them opportunity.

Two grown men, boys no longer, but honest and able and grateful servants all their busy lives, now sat waiting for the verdict!

And as they waited, 3,000 miles apart, they resembled the prize fighter waiting for the bell, prepared and ready from the training camps of their careers, but now beyond all outside help. Neither Lou Henry nor Katie Dunn could help them now! The pressure of a gentle palm, the steady gaze of love fathomless and indescribable, these had accompanied the two lads down the years and been the staff of their dreams and the solace of their discouragements—but the thing was now beyond even the touch of a finger tip or the understanding nod of devotion above price.

Out there between the oceans and between the lakes and the gulf, the mighty will of a mighty people was functioning—and two men sat alone within high walls of hope and despair.

One waited—as we might have expected of

P. & A. photo

Awaiting returns on Election night in their home. Left to right, standing, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr., and Allan Hoover; seated, the candidate, and Mrs. Hoover holding their granddaughter Peggy.

him, given his background—in a hotel in the heart of the world's greatest city, the city of his birth and his development and its apex, the *metropolis* with all that the thought connotes. The other waited upon the summit of a hill in a home whose windows looked down upon a placid *campus* with all the culture and the intellectual equipment that the thought implies.

Hoover must have wondered as he sat waiting what it was the people wanted—the people advancing along destiny's highway of experiment in democracy—what was it they wanted in the man they were choosing for their chief servant?

"HOW does it look to you, Herbert?" inquired Professor Adams, bending his snowy head toward the silent figure in the chair below the blackboards.

Hoover watched them write down returns from Kentucky and Oklahoma, commonwealths his friends had told him would be his, but which were now piling up ballots for Smith. He wet his lips.

"It looks like a horse race!" he said.

Hoover's brother Theodore came in. He held out his hand, glanced keenly and unhappily at the huddled figure, and understood dimly something of his brother's plight.

"How is it going?" he asked.

"It's a tight squeeze," replied the candidate.

Allan looked at his father with a fixed stare. In his hands a piece of chalk was suddenly crumpled. I thought I'd lift the lad's nervousness. As I moved he turned toward me.

"It's quite a thrill, isn't it, watching this recording of a nation's decision?" I said.

Allan is a nice boy, and he has both feet on the ground.

"What the hell!" he said. "There ain't half the kick in it there is watching the returns from all the football games on a Saturday afternoon!"

Game boy; and his courageous white lie will not be held against him in the celestial auditing of this affair. He turned to ask Bob Denton, Tom Howard, and Bert Payne, photographers, to play golf with him the following day!

5 o'clock. The hours of depression begin to vanish in the mighty flood of figures now pouring in. It is 8 o'clock in New York City, 7 o'clock in Chicago and St. Louis, and 6 o'clock in some of the farming states where an important factor in the verdict is to be decided.

West Virginia and Texas and Florida and Virginia and Iowa are sending messages of cheer to Hoover. They are but faint signs of the avalanche that is presently to demonstrate the people's desire.

I was standing quite close to the candidate when he rose from his chair. No longer were the muscles in his somewhat heavy cheeks writhing as he ground his teeth. The lips had abandoned their rigid line a fraction and were poised for smiling. Somebody handed him a sheet of paper, and he threw his head high when he finished reading it. Since I was nearest he gave me the benefit of his first reaction to the message.

"Why, they're betting five to one in St. Louis that Hoover carries Missouri!" he exclaimed.

His eyes positively glistened with relief as Gregory took the telegram and read it to the hushed room.

There was a polite pattering of palms and subdued cheers. This is a polished group. The poise and reserve and self-control are West End London in texture and rather un-American in their masking character. Americans are not a subdued and repressed people: they are exuberant and juvenile in the manifestations of a welling emotion. Things must be different, I thought, on the fourteenth floor of the Biltmore Hotel tonight.

AS I pressed my way slowly through the throng toward the stairs, I observed that Mr. Hoover had nodded to a servant to remove his chair. Not again tonight would he be able to sit quietly. Now, come what might, he would take it on his feet, chin held high!

I passed close to Mrs. Hoover. The golden glow of gilded light bulbs mellowed the soft white folds of her hair, coiled loosely above the nape of her neck. She held out her hands, knowing I was not leaving but unable to restrain the tumultuous joy within. As we stood there a shout came from the door near the blackboards.

"Listen to this," somebody cried out: "The New York *Times* concedes the election to Hoover!"

Mrs. Hoover's fingers tightened on mine; and then I was swept aside by the eager hands of friends standing near.

Hoover's heavy shoulders went back till the loose ends of his ash-flecked coat flapped, and his jaw thrust forward—just as it is with the prize fighter when he experiences the ecstatic thrill that comes from the sagging body of his antagonist.

7 o'clock. There will be no dinner in this house this night. The occupants cannot possibly sit quietly at a meal; and the guests are too excited in witnessing the approach of the landslide now rumbling and roaring across a continent.

The New York *World*, implacable foe of any-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

Christmas Gifts THAT DO THINGS!

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VACUUM CLEANER

Standard in size and efficiency, with the new large Polar Cub motor. Years of searching effort give it its powerful suction which does a thorough once-over job. Amazingly light in weight. Easy to manipulate.

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Develops rotary motion—the only true form of massage—complete with three applicators, brush, button and cup.

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HAIR DRYER

Dries the hair in a few minutes after a shampoo. Also dries wet shoes, clothing, fragile laces—anything that requires a warm dry current of air.

This page shatters a thousand old ideas. It is Aladdin's Lamp for you who seek the *latest word* of sprightly modern things to give for Christmas.

Things that do the ornery little jobs around the home. Things that put a kick into the drab routine of keeping house. Things in tune with modern times of trans-Atlantic flights and talking movies. Things that look like a million dollars, built to do their stuff like soldiers, year after year.

Look over these sturdy handsome electric Polar Cubs that *do things*. Tear up your Christmas list—write the names on the margin of this page beside the appropriate Polar Cub for each. Take it with you as a shopping guide. You'll find them at almost any modern store. If not, just mail your order on the coupon underneath. The A. C. Gilbert Company, 83 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

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Gets all the juice out of oranges or lemons in a jiffy. Easily cleaned. An electric convenience you've always wanted.

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For mixing drinks, mayonnaise, icings, whipping cream, beating eggs, etc.

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Cleans clothing, carpets, furniture, hangings, mattresses, automobile upholstery—a hand vacuum cleaner useful in a hundred ways.

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Belt of Genuine Pin Seal with Calf Lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Set complete $9.00.
Belt and Buckle . . . $6.00

Belt of Hickok "Live Leather" Java Lizard grain. Buckle and Beltogram of Master Silver Plate. Set complete $5.00.
Belt and Buckle . . . $3.50

Every well dressed man should have

4 Belts '2 for business

"BUT he *has* a Belt"— that remark sounds old-fashioned today when every well-dressed man needs at least 4 Belt Sets. Perhaps HE would like the Belt Set shown above. It harmonizes beautifully with a blue or dark gray suit. The box is of imported French design, hand colored—a Masterpiece.

YOU will agree that the Belt shown above is handsome — but that is only half the story. It is an amazing Belt — it S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S. But is it a Leather Belt? Yes, genuine leather. You are sure to give him a real thrill with this Belt — he has never seen one like it before.

HICKOK Belt-Set

Belt of full grain Cowhide, Tweed design, Cowhide Lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate with Black and Red Enamel. Set complete $3.50. Belt and Buckle . . . $2.50

Belt of Genuine Seal Skin, Wild Boar grain, Calf Lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Set complete $7.00. Belt and Buckle . . . $5.00

1 for sportwear

ABOVE is a Sports Belt—more daring in color and texture. Picture it on smart Golf Knickers. The Buckle and Beltogram in two colors are in perfect color harmony with the Belt. He will be grateful for such a set. He may even give it—and you—credit for taking a few strokes off his score.

1 for formal wear

FORMAL wear calls for dignity—a perfect setting for the beautiful Belt Set shown above. The sets on this page are only a few of the combinations your dealer is showing. Similar Belt Sets can be found in Boys' Departments. Priced to fit any purse. A handsome Gift Box goes with each set.

3 full-size bottles for the price of 2

IN THE NEW ANHEUSER-BUSCH GET-ACQUAINTED PACKAGE

HERE is the newest way to buy ginger ale. Millions of people have changed over to Busch Extra Dry since we first announced it. And millions more will do so once they get acquainted with its subtle, satisfying flavor... its delightful bouquet... its rare friendliness for other drinks.

You now buy Busch Extra Dry in the easy-to-handle, easy-to-carry Get-Acquainted Package that you can tuck under your arm as conveniently as you would a box of candy. Which means no more fussing with wet bottles or bulky bundles... no more waiting while the clerk wraps up your purchase.

Busch Extra Dry *is different.* It is not simply a recipe or formula, but the result of more than 70 years of completely satisfying the taste of the American people. It is thoroughly aged.

When you take this Get-Acquainted Package into your home to try it, you will recognize it as America's finest ginger ale. Remember, too, that it comes from the largest and finest beverage plant in the world.

Busch Extra Dry is served at clubs, hotels, restaurants and cafes—and on dining cars and steamships. Call for it by name.

BUSCH

EXTRA DRY

GINGER ALE

It's Different

PACKAGED GINGER ALE BY ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

thing that is a foe of Al Smith, caves in and concedes that its candidate will probably lose his own Empire State. More nods and little cries of gratification and handshakes all around. There are only gentlemen and ladies in this crowd, and they quickly interrupt their congratulations to resume grave talk of theses and postgraduate courses and more erudite degrees that some of them aspire to.

8 o'clock. It is now merely a question of counting the casualties. Bob Denton, Paramount News cameraman, who has been with Hoover since his acceptance speech, arranges a table and a sheet is hung and chairs are fixed in a hemicycle about the great drawing room, and Hoover seats himself happily in the middle thereof, and moving pictures of incidents throughout the campaign are shown to the friends and neighbors.

But culture is, I fear, only an artificial surface. Underneath, the things that interested Babylon still interest Palo Alto, love and hatred and envy and jealousy and hunger and thirst and fear and superstition and selfishness and birth and death. There are manifold manifestations of these in all their complex gradients: tonight I am interested to see that when the smiling face of Alfred Emanuel Smith appears on the screen, only strained silence greets it. (I suppose they really didn't know what to do, what would be courteous to the hosts in such a circumstance. Anyhow, a gentle handclap or two for the fine servant of ten million people in New York state who was at that moment being crushed and destroyed along with his party *might* have been a graceful gesture. I don't know.)

9:45 o'clock. It has become a debacle, a massacre, a hecatomb. Raskob, giant in finance and infant in politics, who claimed Pennsylvania and Illinois and Missouri and Connecticut and the solid South and not less than 402 electoral votes for the governor, concedes the triumph of Hoover.

HOOVER'S face is now wreathed in smiles. He doesn't know it, but he isn't even yet even remotely cognizant of the significance of this thing. He only knows in a dazed way that the black load has been lifted from his heart, that his fears have evaporated forever, that the pendulum of his emotions is swinging higher and higher away from the abyss of uncertainty of a few hours past. He is presently to learn that the repercussion from his present mood is, if anything, to be even more exhausting and inexplicable and difficult to bear than anything that has gone before.

9:50 o'clock. The Hoover smile has become infectious and his wife, though standing far apart, joins him in it when word is read that Governor Smith admits his overwhelming defeat.

In the press room downstairs and in the nearby offices the reporters are dashing frantically at their typewriters, trying to record for their readers something of the elation prevalent upstairs—pecking at the keys with one hand while holding a sandwich in the other.

"Has Coolidge wired yet?" somebody shouts.

"Hell, no," somebody else replies. "He'll send a night letter—he can send fifty words that way for the price of ten."

10:10 o'clock. I have watched closely all evening, and so far Hoover and his wife have been kept yards apart by the press of friends. Hardly a chance even for a glance across the room.

Somebody runs to the great piano in a corner. The thing is getting emotional, and the veneer is breaking up a bit. After all, this modern varnish can't withstand the heat of the things that interested the folk of Babylon!

There is little harmony and not one good voice present, but there is no smiling over the honesty of the singing of America that follows the reading aloud of Governor Smith's telegram of surrender and felicitation.

10:30 o'clock. Between gusts of excited chattering that greet each addition to the totals being scribbled on the blackboards, the cloistered air above the campus is rent in fragments by the whistles of locomotives and factories and the honking of automobile horns. Searchlights pierce the night from the bay

P. & A. photo

The President-elect on the balcony of his home, listening with tears in his eyes to the students' serenade, and, above, the Hoover home in Palo Alto, California.

cities and proclaim to newspaper readers with anticipated signals the verdict of the nation.

The rooms of the house are suddenly lighted up from the outside as huge batteries of klieg lights are erected across the driveway and pointed at the entrance. A glance out there shows a solid mass of human beings, jamming the macadam road and trampling the flower beds and filling up the slopes of the little rise in front.

10:45 o'clock. Mrs. Hoover runs into her apartment and reappears in a black and silver-gilt cape, her white hair hurriedly rearranged. Hoover buttons his coat, for the first time today. Followed by Allan and Herbert, Jr., and the younger Mrs. Hoover, the President-elect leads the way to the wide archway of their front door.

There they stand while thousands cheer and the movie and still cameras whir and click. Beyond the circle of photographers are thousands of young boys and girls, students at Leland Stanford.

Hoover stands with jaws once more clenched till the muscles bulge below his ear lobes. He's beginning to sense what this means. Mrs. Hoover's mouth trembles and she strives valiantly to keep back the tears. The middle-aged pair seem to relive in those lads and maidens the difficult commencement of their own careers—Lou Henry studying her rocks and strata and Bert Hoover collecting student laundry bags as he worked his way through school.

The crowd parts under the earnest behests of husky policemen, and uniformed members of Sousa's band appear. On tour, they happened to be in Palo Alto today; and they have come up the hill to play for the new President. They stand in the powerful klieg lights.

The music is all that is needed to unleash every tethered emotion. Hoover sways on his feet, his eyes winking. Mrs. Hoover looks down blindly at the gravel walk, unable to face the throng. Experienced and disillusioned newspaper men stand motionless, tense, whispering: "Great God, what a picture!"

THE music ceases, the aged bandmaster turning toward the group at the door. Three chairs are hastily arranged and three cheer leaders mount them and take charge. A "skyrocket" is offered to Hoover; six rahs for Mrs. Hoover; and Hail, Stanford, Hail! is sung under the guidance of the emphatic gesticulations of the trio on the chairs.

Sousa comes inside to shake hands with the couple he has played for. The three put their heads close together, Sousa apparently a bit deaf. He voices a few phrases of congratulation.

"Won't you stay and let me get you and your musicians something to eat?" asks Mrs. Hoover.

"I thank you, but we must go on to catch a train," the old man says. "But I am so happy to have been able to be here today. And I am glad to say it's my birthday."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoover, while Mr. Hoover stood beaming upon the old conductor. "Why, yesterday was my little granddaughter's birthday and we had a nice cake for her. Can't I cut you a little slice of it? Please let me."

Somebody standing near did a horrible thing.

"And this is the birthday of Mrs. Smith, the governor's wife," this unspeakable person said, and chortled.

Mrs. Hoover closed her eyes in pain. She seemed to reach across 3,000 miles and touch the hand of the downcast woman in the Biltmore Hotel. Hoover's smile vanished. But in a moment the incident passed.

The crowd shouted for another appearance of the President-elect. He and Mrs. Hoover and their immediate companions ascended the winding stairway to the flat roof above the throng.

The lights were turned full upon them, and the band played a lovely serenade. The boys and girls and their elders below screamed their triumph.

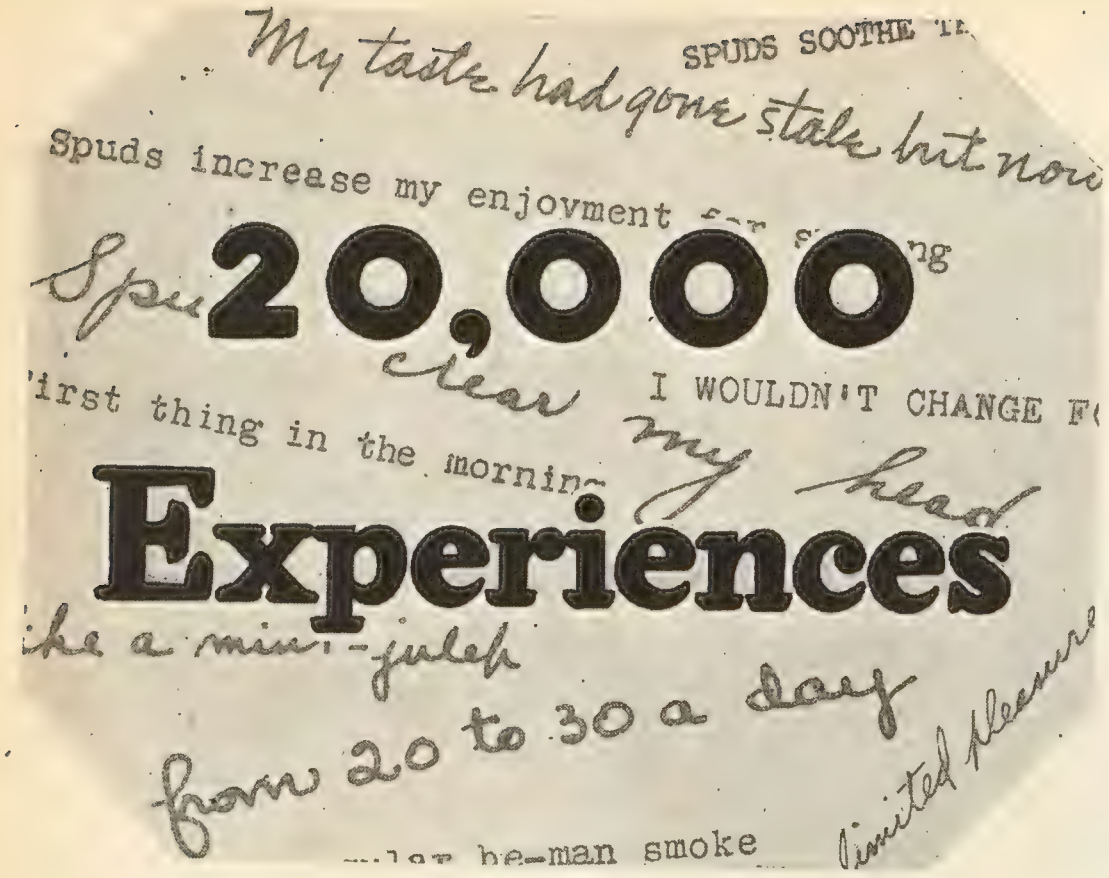
Hoover stood with lips that had become white lines. Tears dropped from his lashes. Mrs. Hoover clasped his arm tightly with her fingers. Then the old, old strains of Auld Lang Syne went out across the undulating campus.

As the music died down the crowd slowly dispersed, the groups dwindled into pairs, and they all went down the winding roads. The lights were extinguished outside. Inside, the extinction of a political party and the destruction of a great and popular man went on upon the blackboards.

Presently Hoover and his wife were alone on the roof. As the turmoil subsided and relaxation and peace returned to the scene, Hoover turned to his wife. Standing there under the star-studded California sky, they gazed across the valleys and the hills and the mountain ranges toward the east, toward the White House wherein a mighty nation had decreed that they should rule.

Then they turned silently again and stood, unspeaking and unmoving, looking into each other's eyes.

THE END



with

One Cigarette

Some 20,000 people have written us their experiences with Spud, the menthol-cooled cigarette. People from every state in the Union ... Canada, Hawaii ... have been smoking Spuds.

Tobacco connoisseurs and cranks spoke of Spud's blend as "epicurean among tobaccos". Out-and-out cigar smokers welcomed Spud as their "change-off" smoke.

Thousands of pack and two-pack-a-day cigarette enthusiasts labelled Spud as the one cigarette "allowing unlimited tobacco enjoyment", with the day's last cigarette tasting "as good as the first". Smoking beginners cited Spud's gentleness on inexperienced throats.

Dentists and throat specialists made definite assertions that Spud helped cases of leukaplakia (inflamed throat). Actors and lecturers, in great number, acclaimed Spud as the only possible cigarette for income-earning throats.

Cowboys and range-riders, beset daily with alkali dust, described how Spuds brought relief to parched mouths. Chronic cold-catchers, by the thousands, related how they were introduced to Spuds during a cold... and how they kept up the acquaintance after the cold had gone. Numerous smokers told of the surprise of Spud's first puff... how they doubted it ... how they had to smoke through a whole pack before they suddenly realized Spud enjoyment.

But nearly every letter seemed to embody one similar refrain:

Now the smoking public is finding a long-desired development, an inevitable development, in tobacco enjoyment...inevitable like the radio and transatlantic flights and four-wheel brakes...a tobacco enjoyment which is unhampered and unlimited at all times, in all places... Spud enjoyment.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

Cigarettes....20 for 20¢

Sunday Afternoon

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

IT was the kind of a Sunday in Lil's home town that ministers always dreaded. Could candlelit, vaulted aisles and glowing rose windows compete with gay blue skies flecked with whipped-cream clouds? Dominies doubted it. Would spines be enticed by pew backs stiff as barn doors, or by comfortable auto upholstery? Clergymen held suspicions. Religious intuition told them that contribution plates would not overbrim à la horns of plenty!

"Going to afternoon service?" Ma was asking Lil over the phone. "That young Mr. White's going to talk on the black children of somewhere or other."

"Where's that?" Lil was wincing from bee buzzing sounds in the receiver. "One of those Near East countries?"

"No, dear, I think it's further west than that," Mrs. Morse said. "Anyway, it borders on the Congo."

"We're going walking," Lil told her. "Put a dollar in the plate for me, dearie." And she hung up with a rippling giggle.

"Go-cart pushing, you mean," Sandy corrected. "Push, push!"

"Sh-sh, sh-sh!" she said. "You'll wake precious."

"Push, push," he continued. "That's what I've done Sundays since the year one A. D. or B. C.—I've forgotten which. I feel like a sheep dog on the downs shoving his pets with his nose."

This week's cover picture.

"There are ups and downs everywhere," Lil theorized, "but I don't see what your classic nose has to do with it?"

"A married man's got to keep watching out for his nose," he Pooh-Bahed. "It's so close to the grindstone. Gee, I love you like I always loved you. The baby, too. But how'd you feel if you earned your living and had to hand me ninety-nine per cent of every dollar?" He was excitedly pulling the waxed extremities of his sheiky mustache. "My personal one per cent—"

"If I earned my living?" Lil piped up. "Did I hear you say *if?* You ask any married woman in any city of any state in the U. S. A. if she earns her living. I dare you! You think you're killed if you push the baby two hours on Sunday. How often do I push him other days?"

Out she flounced into the kitchen. A tear tumbled from each eye. What, oh, what ailed Sandy? He was a happily married man with an economical wife and a cute baby. What else did he expect? If he knew the way some wives spent their husbands' hardearned coin! She held her lips tight together so they wouldn't tremble.

"A little white mouse in a trap," she whispered. "That's what I am. I'm caught good and proper. If I could paint or sing—"

Two arms had reached around her. They had imprisoned her just at her lowest rib! She hadn't really cried. Nearly but not quite. She was glad of that. Sandy's chin was wiggling into the ticklish place between her neck and left shoulder.

"Do you know what day it will be tomorrow?" he was asking quietly.

"Yes, Sandy. I don't know much. But if today's Sunday tomorrow will be Monday. That's the day I pay the cleaning woman and get in the canned goods for the week. Every wife dreads Monday," she sighed.

"Well, this Monday's different. That's the day my new raise goes into effect. It's the day you quit grubbing. Don't you suppose it's hurt me to see you scraping along on my past salary, dear? Even with the money Uncle U. gave us for this fall's rent—why, we just couldn't keep ahead. And you've been wonderful about it all. A new fur coat? Do you want one?"

"Do I want one?" Lil whizzed around and hugged Sandy between his vest and coat. "Say that again. Perhaps I didn't hear correctly."

But Sandy knew she'd heard. The way she pressed her cheek up against his lodge pin proved that. He felt very meek. And very happy. Didn't he have the darlingest, prettiest, best little wife in town? And wasn't she right there in his arms? He kissed her five times. What a priceless armful!

At exactly 3 o'clock the Jenkins family launched forth to join the Sabbath Paternally Propelled Go-cart Parade.

On Elm Street who should run into them but two of his care-free bachelor poker friends!

"Papa dear!" one of them cackled.

"Henpecked?" asked the other blandly.

In sphinxlike silence Sandy strolled on. Sunday afternoon!

NOTE—The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by Robert Werner, 140 Third Street, Manchester, N. H. An award of $50 has been sent to Mr. Werner.

(Next week's cover adventure: Christmas Bargains)

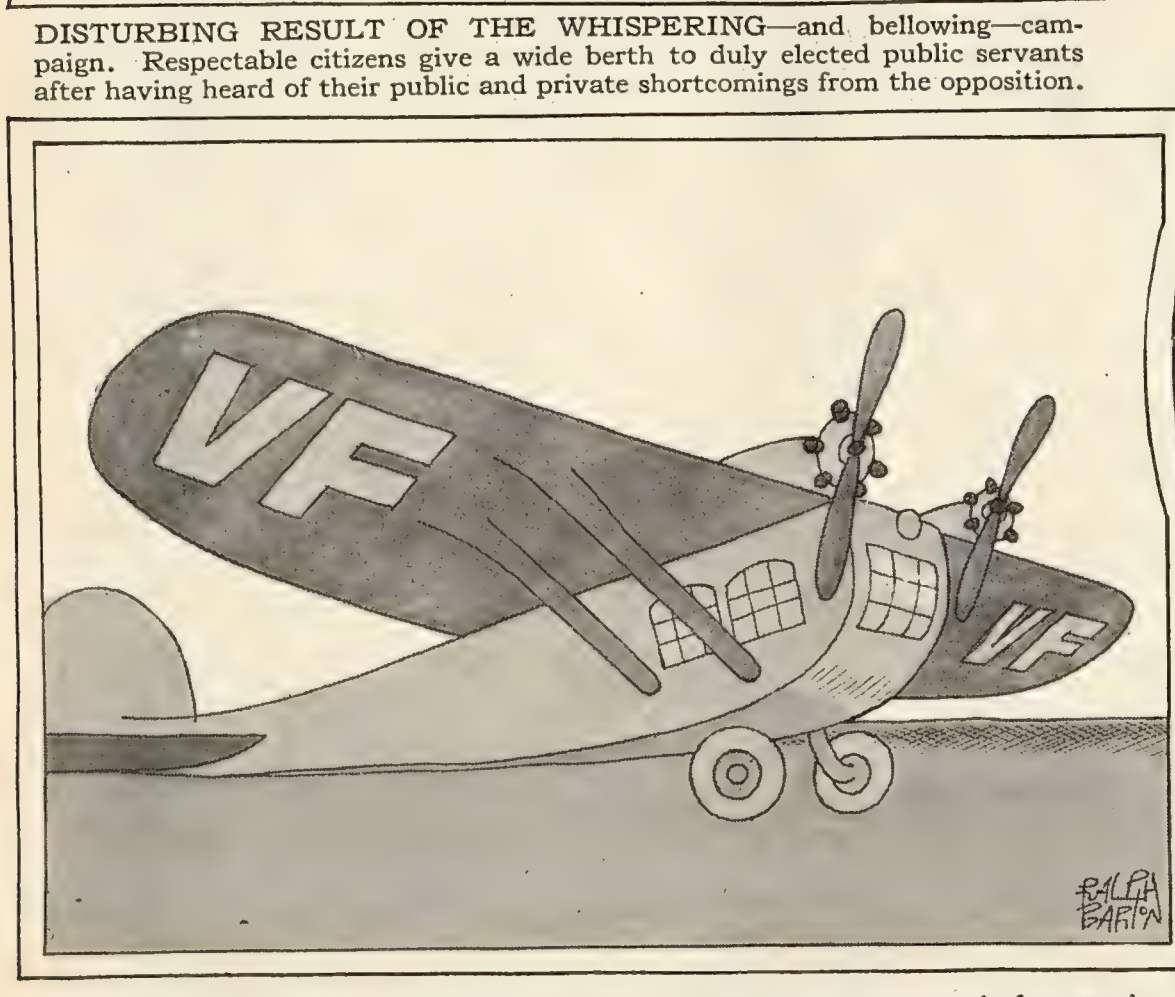
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

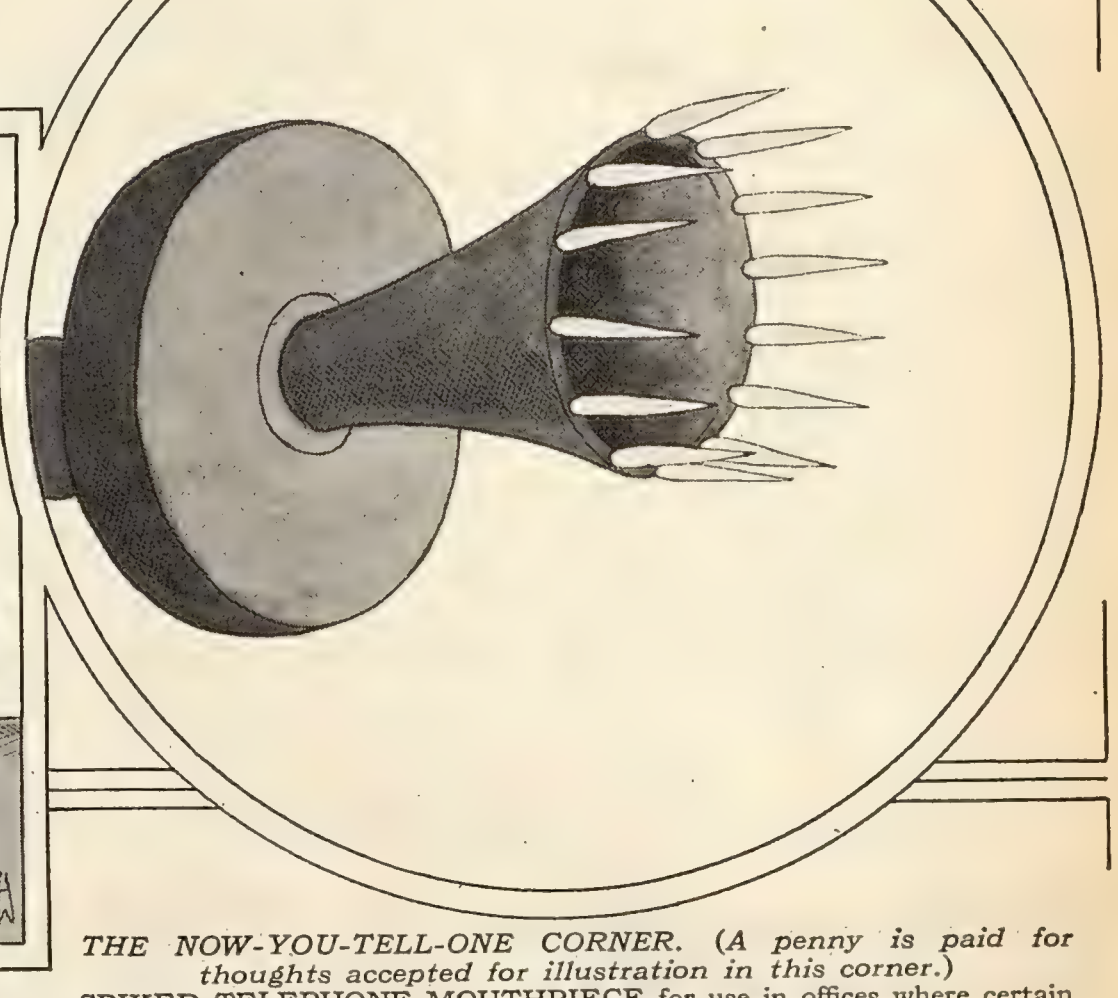
By RALPH BARTON

DISTURBING RESULT OF THE WHISPERING—and bellowing—campaign. Respectable citizens give a wide berth to duly elected public servants after having heard of their public and private shortcomings from the opposition.

VERDICT OF JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE given stenographer who killed her employer and three co-workers when driven temporarily insane by putting carbon paper in typewriter backwards and making copy on back of first sheet.

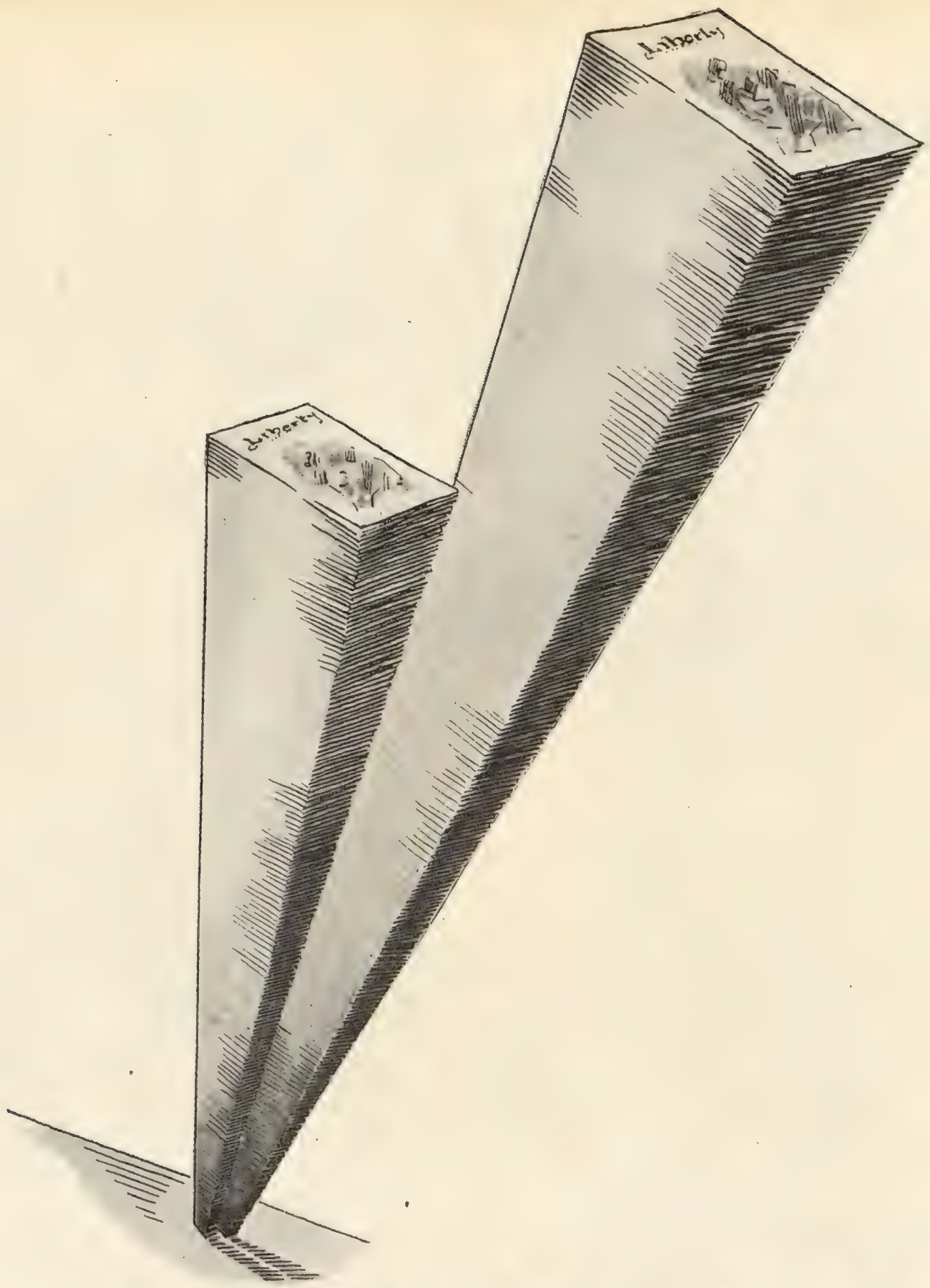


OUR SPRIGHTLY CONTEMPORARY, *Vanity Fair,* launches new airplane service between Hollywood and New York in effort to get photographs of doting married couples among the cinema stars into the magazine before they are divorced.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.*)

SPIKED TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE for use in offices where certain persons insist upon burying their lips against the instrument.
(*Idea by J. C. Lanke, Mattapan, Mass.*)



BONUS!

LIBERTY
GUARANTEES
2,000,000
average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and guarantees at least
1,750,000
average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929
No increase in Advertising Rates

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

IN 1929, LIBERTY will increase its circulation to 2,000,000 (average net paid for the second six months). The rate remains the same as that fixed for 1,450,000 net paid circulation.

Advertisers in LIBERTY will be getting a bonus of more than half a million families per week. . . . Half a million families without any additional expense. . . . The lowest advertising cost among 13 leading general and women's magazines.

Here is the soundest investment in success quoted in the media market.

Pictures by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

SOMEWHERE, they knew, hearing it through a mist of whirling thoughts, a bell clanged noisily.

The LILAC Jacket

A Story of Hearts and Horses

By ELIZABETH CARFRAE

MANNINGTREE is an old house in what is known as the Piedmont section of North Carolina. It stands on a little hill right in the center of its own lands like a watching eye keeping guard over its property, and in the old days 300 slaves cut and pruned its boxwood hedges, mowed its velvety lawns, and gathered, as the seasons slid by, its cotton and tobacco, its corn and wheat.

Now it is rather a lonely old house, owned by the old colonel's granddaughter, who is herself well on in the sixties; and where the slaves of the colonel's day toiled to make and keep it all as near perfection as human hands could make it, an old colored man or two, with young Larry Manning in charge, do their best to keep it from falling to pieces.

Things have gone hardly with Manningtree for years. Bad crops make a nasty mess of a plantation when they follow each other in swift succession. And when, on the eve of the one decent harvest the section has known for years, the river overflows its banks and in less than twenty-four hours reduces all the fields of waving golden yellow corn and acres upon acres of growing tobacco and cotton to a black mass of sodden, rotting rubbish, it isn't likely to improve matters.

The colonel's son, who was owner then, did his best; and when he died, worn out with anxiety and worry at forty, he left it, in default of any son, to his only daughter to carry on the name and in her turn to do her best to keep the old house from collapse and something approaching order in the grounds that had been the old colonel's joy and pride.

Mary Lee Manning had been born at Manningtree; had married from it—a distant cousin so that her children might also be Mannings; had borne, in due course, two children there; had seen her husband and one of them die there, the other grow up and leave it; and had found herself at forty-nine there alone all over again, wondering how much longer it would be possible to carry on—and over how many more years, or how few, the dwindling income from the land could be made to stretch before it dwindled out of existence altogether and sent Manningtree under the dreaded hammer of the local auctioneer.

THEN, when she was fifty-three, Godfrey, who was her only son—the Mannings did not go in for large families—died from the typhoid that had already swept away his wife, and sent young Lawrence back to Manningtree. Larry was a gangling lad of seventeen then who'd lived all his life on his father's Cuban sugar plantation, and on the night he arrived his grandmother took him up to the cupola of the old house and showed him the land.

"Yours," she said briefly and smiled at him. "Be good to it, Larry. It's old like me, and tired, but it's been very kind to us all. You're the last of us. When I go it'll be yours. I'd like to think you'll be proud of it—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOYS!

speedy ice skates free!

BOYS! Here's your chance! Get a dandy pair of ice skates free! You don't have to envy the other fellows on the pond having the time of their lives. You can have your own skates and show 'em what speed is. Or you can get a peach of a sled and all kinds of great equipment for winter sports. In addition, you can earn your own spending money. It's easy! Work as you please—on Saturdays, or in any other spare time. No interference with study or play. Work right in your own neighborhood. Just send the coupon and we will mail you full instructions telling you how to begin earning money the very first day. We supply everything. Thousands of boys throughout the United States and Canada are making money and getting free prizes on this plan. So can you! Just fill in the coupon and mail it. Send it now!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, 12-15-28
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

[THE LILAC JACKET Continued from page forty-seven]

and fond of it, as we've been."

Larry took a long breath. It was a night in early June, when North Carolina is at her loveliest and kindliest, and from the tiny balcony where he stood he looked out over the valley. Away below the sloping terraces the Yadkin River slid away to the sea, heavy with the red mud brought down from upstate by the soaking May rains. Spring had been late that year and the corn was still young, slender and brilliantly green against the red glow of the dying sun.

Away to the right, acres of tobacco showed in long, even furrows; to the left the primrose yellow of ripening wheat and the duller green of the cotton crop. Somewhere in the distance the whir of a belated reaper cut across the drowsy silence, and from across the valley the sweet pungent scent of drying hay swept up in waves on a breeze that carried the hint of coming rain.

"God," Larry said under his breath, "give me a chance. Dear God, just give me a *chance,* that's all." And then he turned to the old woman watching him through shrewd, kindly eyes. "I'll do my best, grandmother," he said gravely.

He'd kept his word and done his best. In the ten years that followed that night he'd slaved and worked ceaselessly and tirelessly; put into the land all his young energy and strength and hopes; fought, like a man possessed, to make good; and year after year he had seen failure and the inevitable end creeping a greedy stride nearer.

Old Mrs. Manning watched him, sick at heart. Larry took life seriously. He was years older than his twenty-seven years; a grave, worried youngster with dollars and cents and a vanishing bank balance for bedfellows and a farmer's carking anxiety over crops and cattle and wages for constant companions; and things had about reached their limit when a jibbing engine sent Sybil McAlister up the weedy drive to look for help.

LARRY, examining the cut hoof of a mule at the barn, looked up and saw her coming, blinked to make sure he wasn't dreaming, and went forward to meet her. The collar of his blue laborer's shirt was open at the neck showing his splendid sunburnt throat, and as he reached her he pulled off the ungainly laborer's hat he wore so that she could see his sleek black hair and the grave, unsmiling black eyes and straight black brows that were a heritage from his Cuban mother.

"I'm sorry to be a nuisance," Sybil McAlister said simply. "It's my engine and I'm alone. D'you suppose you could get her going for me?"

Larry had lived for seventeen years on a sugar "central" in the interior of Cuba and for ten on a North Carolina plantation, and in neither place had there been money to spare for trips to Havana or to Washington or New York, so that he'd never seen anything quite like Sybil McAlister.

The girls he knew—and there weren't many—were gentlewomen certainly, but they weren't like this.

IT flashed across his mind quite suddenly and surely that it had cost a very great deal of money to turn out anything so perfectly finished and groomed.

They went back to the gate in silence—she because silence in these days was part of her nature, he because he was still a bit dazed—and for an hour he tinkered at a car whose lines and fittings merely indorsed her own. Then he looked up.

"I'm afraid it's going to be a longer job than I thought," he said. "Won't you—my grandmother is up at the house. She'd be more than glad to have you go up there and wait till I'm through."

Sybil McAlister got up. She'd been sitting on the runningboard watching him; wondering a little; comparing his roughened, reddened hands with his grave, worried young face, his laborer's shirt with his educated Southern accent; a little puzzled, a little intrigued, more than a little interested.

"Thank you," she said. "I'd like to go if your grandmother won't regard it as an intrusion."

Old Mrs. Manning saw them coming. Came out on the porch to meet them, ringing for cookies and homemade wine.

"Made," she said with a twinkle of eyes still absurdly youthful, "before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment. You need have no fear about drinking Manningtree wines, honey."

Sybil McAlister had never been called "honey" before as Mrs. Manning said it. But while she drank the wine and ate old Mandy's cookies she was still wondering. There was a great, wavering crack across a ceiling that badly needed whitewashing, and on one side of the room in which she sat a strip of paper sagged wearily from a wall that was spotted and stained by years of damp and mildew.

Yet the glasses on the tray were almost priceless Waterford; the tray itself was a square yard of solid silver; and round the neck of the little old lady's cheap gingham dress was a collar of old rose point that must have been worth every penny of $100.

And suddenly, obeying an impulse born of that faintly caressing "honey," she broke across the silence that had fallen between them. Away in the distance the clang of metal on metal spoke of Larry still tinkering, and below them the tinkle of bells told of cattle being driven up for milking.

"I suppose—oh, forgive me if

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY]

"Pass me a Lucky - I pass up the sweets."

Johnny Farrell

Johnny Farrell,
National Open Golf
Champion, 1928.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

Johnny Farrell,
National Open Golf
Champion, 1928.

When fattening sweets and heavy, rich desserts tempt and you dread extra weight, light a Lucky instead. The sensible and sane way of reducing —no discomfort, no trouble—just a common sense method of retaining a slender figure.

The finest tobaccos are skilfully blended to make Lucky Strike. Then, "It's Toasted." More than a slogan, this secret process brings out every essence in the tobaccos and produces a flavor which makes Lucky Strike a delightful alternative when that craving for fattening sweets tempts you—there is no interference with a natural appetite for healthful foods. Now folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Toasting does it. At the same time toasting removes impurities. That's why 20,679 physicians are on record that Lucky Strike is less irritating than other cigarettes. Toasting does it. That's why prominent athletes have testified that Luckies do not cut the wind nor impair their physical condition. No wonder that this was discovered long ago by many men, who pride themselves on keeping trim and fit, who love the "pep" that comes with health and vigor.

Remember, sensible slenderizing is no longer a secret. Next time you are tempted by fattening sweets, light a Lucky instead, and avoid overweight.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co. Manufacturers

NORTH EAST
Hot-Hed
The "Matchless" Lighter for Your Car!

Scene: Garage, Christmas morning. He enters, sees something tied to steering wheel. Ah! Another gift. Opens package, finds Hot-Hed. Starts following the simple installation instructions enclosed.

5 minutes later: Hot-Hed is installed. He presses in, coil glows. Snaps off. Lights Christmas cigar—puff, puff. Grins—for his problem of getting a light while driving is *solved*. The gift is a huge success.

No Drilling . . No Reels
No Cables

Anyone can install the Hot-Hed—on the dash of any car. A few turns of the thumb-clamp, a single connection (to ammeter stud) and it's ready. Holds heat for four or five lights, can be passed around, yet stays cool to the fingers. And the price is only . . . .

Wherever Automobile Accessories are sold; or sent postpaid for your convenience. Send check or money order to North East Service Inc., 393 Lyell Avenue. Rochester, New York

$2.50
$3.00 in Canada

[THE LILAC JACKET
Continued from page forty-eight]

what I say is unpardonable—but you don't, do you, take boarders here? You couldn't, do you think, see your way to letting me stay for a bit? I—there's something about this place—" She throw out her arms wide, embracing it all—its green pastures and tinkling cowbells, its restfulness and utter serenity. "I think," she said rather wistfully, "I could be so happy here for a while."

Mrs. Manning thought swiftly. There was old Mandy's youngest daughter who could help in the kitchen. Not much good, certainly, and unbelievably clumsy and noisy, but better than nothing; and this girl, with her rather weary, restless eyes, was curiously attractive. She said slowly, "We've never taken boarders before. And we've no luxuries. We're very plain people, honey; live simply, and there would, no doubt, be a great many things you would miss—things you've been accustomed to, I'm afraid."

"There'd be nothing," Sybil said and spoke almost eagerly. "Please—if that's all there is against it—I—oh, if only I could tell you what a rest here would mean to me! It's so peaceful. And so happy."

"Yes," Mrs. Manning said simply. "It's very happy. It's always been a happy place—even nowadays, when things are so different. If you really want to stay, my dear, we'll do our best to make you comfortable. And we'll be mighty glad to have you."

SHE told Larry when, at dusk, he got the engine going and brought the car round to the door, and when Sybil had gone upstairs to the room which old Mandy had, panting heavily, prepared for her and in which Mandy's "girl" was staring in round-eyed wonder at the mysteries she was supposed to be assisting to unpack.

"She's a mighty sweet girl, Larry. And if it'll make her happy it'll do us no harm. It seems to me that, in spite of her clothes and her car and her money, the world, maybe, hasn't been very kind to her."

"I thought something of that myself," Larry said. "If you're willing, it's all right with me, grandmother. I don't suppose she'll be wanting to stay long."

They had supper in the big mahogany paneled dining room, laid at one end of a table that could easily have seated twenty and was polished like a mirror, and served by fat old Mandy, who was still panting. They could hear her, through the pantry door, hissing instructions at the "chile" brought in to help, and while the meal was simple it was perfectly cooked.

Afterward, when Larry had gone to the stable to doctor the mule's cut foot, Sybil McAlister went over to the window. A great yellow moon was soaking the whole countryside in golden glory, and suddenly she spoke, without turning round and almost, it seemed, against her will.

"I ought to tell you," Sybil said suddenly. "Anywhere else it doesn't seem to matter. We take it all in the day's work. But here—I'm not Miss McAlister, Mrs. Manning. I've been married five years and I'm trying to get a divorce from my husband. Does that—the divorce—perhaps, make you want to change your mind about letting me stay here? You said something at supper and—I knew I had to be straight with you. We—I've been horribly unhappy."

She stood squarely in front of him, her small face glowing.

The South doesn't regard divorce as the North does. Marriage there is a much more serious undertaking than the legalizing of a year or so's passionate interlude, and divorce is still a shady proposition, leaving neither party altogether clear of scandal and certainly not by any means above suspicion or reproach; and perhaps Sybil McAlister, turning slowly from the window, read the expression in Mrs. Manning's eyes, because she took a sudden quick step toward the old lady's chair.

"Oh," she said, and caught her breath, "believe me—please. You must believe me in this. You don't, of course, know anything about me, but it wasn't—I who was the guilty one."

"I am sure of that," Mrs. Manning said gently. Then she smiled. "We're old fashioned down here and, in many ways, we're out of date too," she said, "and perhaps we who are older see things differently. I am glad you told me, honey, but I don't think we'll let it make any difference."

"It would, I think, be difficult *not* to play straight with you," Sybil said, and, as Larry came in from the stable, said good night to them both and went upstairs to her own room.

SHE'D been with them nearly a week when Larry took her down to the stables.

"There's nothing here now worth seeing," he said. "We can't afford to keep racers and hunters nowadays. But years ago, in the old colonel's time, Manningtree had its own training stable.

"You want to hear my grandmother tell about it. She'll talk by the hour together of racing days when Manningtree could hold its own anywhere. There wasn't a stable to touch it down in this section. They must," he added thoughtfully, "have been good days, I guess."

Sybil caught the longing in his voice.

"You're fond of horses," she said, and was almost startled at the glow in his dark eyes.

"*Fond* of them? Why—we're all of us crazy about 'em. If I could only get things going here so that I could start the stable again." He stopped short and laughed. "If you get me on horses," he said, "I'm liable to bore you pretty stiff. There's nothing in the world I want so much as to see our lilac jacket go first past the winning post. Come in here and I'll show you what's left of old days."

He took her into the stable, where a bay youngster put a saucy head over the half door of a loose box, snuffling at them.

"His grandfather," Larry said proudly and patted the colt's beautiful neck, "won the Kentucky Derby. And his grandmother'd got half a dozen races to her credit before they sent her to the stud. My grandfather owned them both and bred them too. This baby's mother was born with a limp and couldn't race, but he'd make a name for himself if he could get his chance."

"Why don't you let him try?" Sybil said, and Larry laughed. Harshly and unhappily.

"On the income Manningtree's bringing in?" he said. "What I could spare'd about buy the silk for our racing colors. I'm going to sell him."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

His progress entitles him to *better tobacco*

The popular size 25c package—two pouches wrapped together

THIS Christmas — give him **Old Briar Tobacco**. He is worthwhile and is entitled to better tobacco, just as he is entitled to better clothes, and better standards of living. So tell him — with your gift of **Old Briar Tobacco** — that you appreciate his progress.

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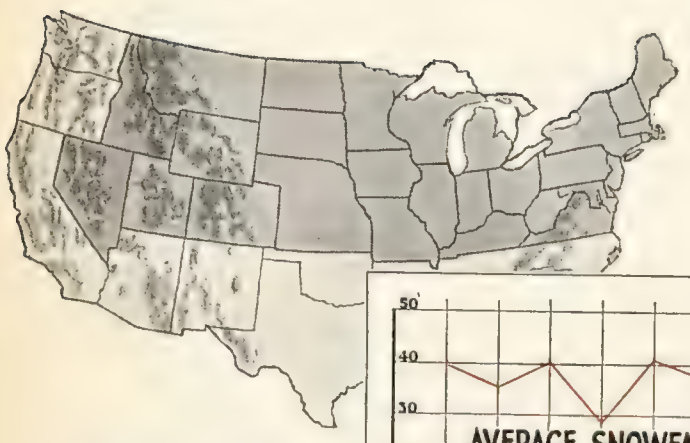
Steel cleats. That's what they use for traction. Steel that you find in husky Weed Chains. Steel that takes "holt" in snow or mud and puts the motor's power not to spinning but to progress.

You know all this. And if you have been driving long you know that Weed Chains were invented when automobiles were new, over 25 years ago . . . that Weed Chains literally pulled the motorcar industry out of the mud. But is the Devil Indifference fooling you into ignoring Weed Chains because it may not be snowing or muddy now?

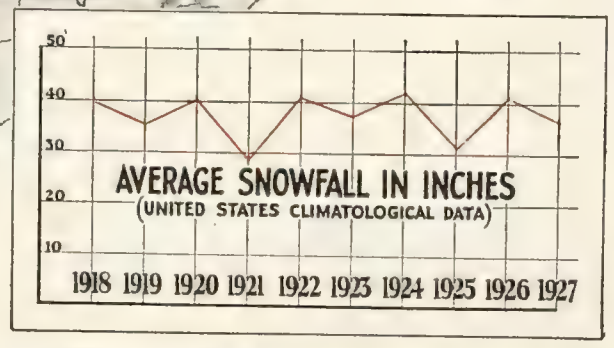
The United States Weather Bureau proves that modern winters are just like the old fashioned kind.

Don't get fooled on that score. (It may snow hard before the next issue of this magazine.) And so far as mud is concerned, one mile of it can "stick" you for towing and repair bills.

Get Weed Chains today. Be ready for what comes. Any garage or accessory store, and many service stations, supply Weeds. Be sure of genuine Weeds by the *red connecting* hooks, and the name "Weed" stamped on every hook.



The chart at right is compiled from the Climatological data covering the states shaded in the map above.



This chart shows the average snowfall for the last ten years. This is proof by the United States Weather Bureau that modern winters are just like the old fashioned kind. It may snow before the next issue of this magazine.

ACCO
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WEED CHAINS *GRIP!*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

"Will you like to do that?"

"No," Larry said, and swung away from the box and the colt's ingratiating head. "I'll hate it worse than the plague. I'd sooner sell my soul, but he's got to go. We need," he explained simply, "the money for necessities rather than luxuries, Mrs. McAlister. Seed for the bottoms. A new reaper. Another mule. Old Jake's wages. There's nothing to spare for luxuries these days, I'm afraid."

"I wonder," Sybil said and spoke hesitantly. "I've got so much. And it's doing nothing. Larry"—she used without thinking, perfectly naturally, his given name and something thudded under Larry Manning's ribs—"let me help to get things going again. I—I love this place. And I've such heaps. Let me, Larry."

He shook his head.

"No," he said. "It's the sort of thing you'd want to do, but I can't let you. We're not made that way, Mrs. McAlister."

"Oh," she said impatiently. "Be friends with me. Call me Sybil, Larry. I—somehow this place seems more like home to me than any place I've ever known. I'm happy here. And if I could make you happy, too—"

LARRY spun round. The yard was empty save for a white dog of no recognizable breed and a lanky ginger cat. The afternoon sun caught the gold in Sybil's hair, burnishing it to copper. She wore a soft silk shirt cut like his own and khaki riding breeches, and under her bobbing curls her grave, unsmiling eyes, so much too grave and bitter and cynical for her age, met his steadily until something in the stormy depths of his own made them falter a little.

"*Make* me happy," Larry said and his voice cracked. "Don't you know already that by just being here at all you make me happier than I ever thought any man living could be? Don't you understand that having you in the house, with my grandmother, at the same table for meals, sleeping under the same roof, here in the yard with me, is like a glass of water to a man dying of thirst in a desert? Don't you realize that the very fact of your being in the world at all makes it a different place? *Don't* you?"

"If that's true, why won't you let me help?"

"It's because it's true that I can't let you," Larry said, and pulled himself together with an effort. "I—please don't suggest it again, and I want you—if you can—to forgive me. I lost my head a bit just now. I—I'm sorry, Sybil."

"Are you?" Sybil said gravely, and suddenly he turned and looked down at her.

"No," he said quietly; "I'm not. I shall never be sorry, but—we'll forget it just the same, I think, if you don't mind."

When they got back to the house she paused for a minute on the doorstep.

"If you're going to sell the colt can I have him, Larry?"

"What for?" He squinted round at her sharply, but her eyes were quite expressionless.

"It's a—whim. I want to send him to my home. To keep him as a—memento. Please, Larry."

There was no earthly reason why, since he had to sell in any case, she shouldn't be the purchaser, and on the day before she left Manningtree she went with him to the depot, watching him while he fussed over the colt's boxing, and on the way back touched his arm.

"You've got my address," she said. "That'll always find me. If you change your mind—will you write to me there?"

"I shan't change my mind," Larry said steadily. "You know how I feel about your offer, but I can't touch the money, Sybil."

"It's," Sybil said slowly, "my *own* money, Larry. Nothing, I mean, to do with Roy McAlister. Is that what you're thinking, perhaps?"

"No," Larry said. "It's just that—I can't take your money, Sybil. I've got to sink or swim by my own effort."

"If," Sybil said, half under her breath, "you married a rich woman, Larry, would you still refuse to take her money? Even if she wanted you to have it?"

"I shall never," Larry said quietly and very definitely, "ask a rich woman to marry me, Sybil. It's not that I'm as ungrateful as I sound. I'm very grateful. I can't accept your offer, but I *am* grateful, Sybil."

"Yes," Sybil said thoughtfully, "but not enough to forget your pride, are you, Larry? Or to give me a great deal of happiness at no cost to yourself?"

She saw his face whiten.

"That's unfair," he said, "and untrue. There is nothing in the world I wouldn't do to give you happiness, and you know it. Nothing. Except let you lend me money."

They got out of the car—Larry's ramshackle old roadster—at the door of the big friendly house, and on the step she turned.

"Some day," she said, "I may take you up on that, Larry."

II

DURING the days and months that followed they heard of her every now and then. She wrote once from Bar Harbor; once from Oyster Bay; once from Lake George. She had, she said, got her divorce and was free at last. And happier. Much happier. They saw her photograph sometimes in the illustrated sheets of the Sunday papers. "Mrs. Roy McAlister, former wife of Roy McAlister, film magnate." One showed her on the deck of a millionaire's pleasure yacht cruising in Long Island Sound.

Another gave her picture at Palm Beach, slender and exquisite in bathing kit; yet another in the drive of her own gorgeous home at Easthampton with one slim arm flung over the neck of a bay colt. Larry cut that picture out when he thought no one saw him; carried it always in his shabby pocketbook, sleeping with it under his pillow at night; worshiping it; cursing the luck that had brought her into his life and thanking his gods for her friendship with the same breath.

Old Mrs. Manning watched him rather warily in the days that followed Sybil's going. Little escaped her; but while no one realized better than she what a rich wife for Larry might do for the home she loved, she knew her own folk well enough to be perfectly certain no man of her people would ask any rich woman to share life at Manningtree as Manningtree was then. So she said nothing to Larry himself. Read out Sybil's letters when they came as she would have read out the interesting letters of any other acquaintance, and kept what little knowledge she had to herself. And Larry never mentioned Sybil directly.

THEN one spring afternoon Larry came in from the field and found Sybil in the big living room. She looked, he noticed sharply, much younger and happier, and her eyes, under the brim of her hat, had lost some of their unsmiling gravity and held a hint of almost childish excitement.

"Oh, Larry," she said and came running across the room to meet him. "Say you're glad to see me. It's so good to be here again. You *are* glad, aren't you, Larry?"

He stammered something stupidly, with his heart turning somersaults and the blood thundering in his ears. Took her hands and held them while he fought for self-possession and when he found it heard her eager voice.

Sybil's eyes went back to the string of multicolored jackets.

"I've come to take you both to the races tomorrow," she said. "Larry, you've got to *make* Mrs. Manning go. If she doesn't she'll break my heart. I mean it. I've thrown over five big parties and a costume ball and exceeded the speed limit all the way from Vermont to get here in time, and she says she doesn't want to go."

"The last time I went to the races," said the old lady slowly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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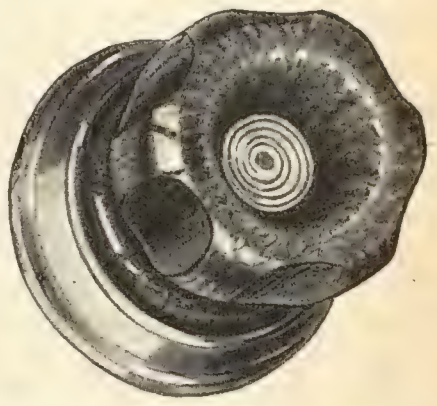

A low-cost gift that will be used and appreciated for years! Gone are tangling wires and balky reels! Just press the Pass-a-Lite and its heat element glows. Then pick it off its nickeled base and "pass-a-lite" like a match! Buy at dealers', or use "quick-action coupon" below!

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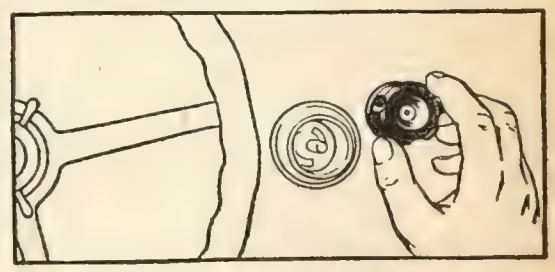

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NO product can have one hundred million sales a year unless there is a real, continuing demand for it. The demand for LIBERTY persists so regularly each week that LIBERTY is guaranteeing 2,000,000 average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and 1,750,000 average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929.

This year LIBERTY was purchased through newsdealers 80,000,000 times. Next year LIBERTY will be bought 20,000,000 more times. The additional 20,000,000 circulation costs no more. Advertising rates will not be increased. Circulation will continue to be 99% newsdealer, concentrated in America's major markets.

The lowest advertising cost among 13 leading magazines

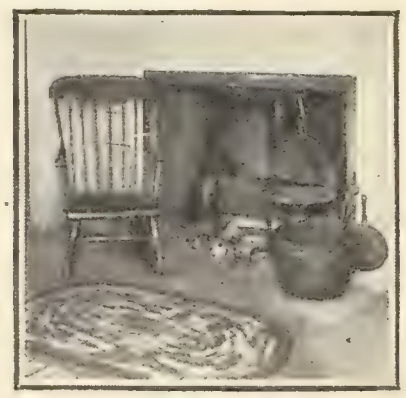
Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[THE LILAC JACKET
Continued from page fifty-three]

"Manningtree had its own stable. I saw our lilac jacket win the Derby that day. I—my dear, I am not ungrateful, but I have never been to the races when there has been no horse of ours running. To go now would remind me of so much I am trying to forget. I—forgive me, Sybil, honey, I *couldn't* go."

"Larry, please," Sybil said, and Larry went across the room, standing beside his grandmother's chair.

"She has come a very long way," he said. "Don't you think — I know exactly how you feel, grandmother, but just the same I think it would be gracious to go."



They both saw the old lady's hands clench over the arm of her chair.

"It—would kill me," she said in a whisper. "No horse of ours. The Manningtree stable dead and forgotten. To be amongst it all—and out of it. To be an outsider—where I belong. I—you make it very hard for me, both of you."

"No, dear," Sybil said gently. "Not really hard. When once you're there you'll be glad you went. I *know* you'll be glad. And I've come so far. You *couldn't* fail me now."

They went, of course, starting directly after breakfast in the big chauffeur-driven limousine that had replaced Sybil's roadster, and on the doorstep Sybil hung back and spoke to the chauffeur.

"It's up to you now, Hobson. I've done my bit. Fix it as best you can and keep your eye on the clock. It means—an awful lot, Hobson."

Hobson grinned at her. He had known her since before her marriage and was only too glad to see her happy and interested.

"You leave it to me, Miss Sybil," he said confidently, and shut her in with Mrs. Manning at the back of the car. "I'll fix things O. K."

THEY were rather a silent party as they slid out of the village. Sybil because she wanted to keep excitement out of her voice; Mrs. Manning because her thoughts were way back in the glad, mad days of her own glorious youth; Larry because he knew that if he spoke at all he would say more than he dared; and they were almost halfway when Hobson stopped.

"Flat tire, miss," he said laconically, and through the open rear window poked a valve to prove his statement. "Leakin' valve, I guess. Shan't be long, Miss Sybil."

He and Larry changed the tire swiftly and competently. The whole business didn't take more than ten minutes, but they had three more stops in the next forty miles. A puncture—Hobson triumphantly produced the nail; something that choked the gas tube; a loose bumper. The road was a steady swirling mass of traffic.

Cars shot by them, all bound in the same direction. Every known type of every known make, crowded and swarming with people, while Larry watched them, fuming and fretting by the side of their own impotent monster, and Hobson hammered and tapped and refused to be hurried. Once Hobson, on his knees under the car, heard a curse bitten sharply back; edged out an inch or two and looked up blandly.

"'Fraid we'll miss the first two or three races, sir. Get there for the cup stakes all right, though. Sorry for all the trouble, Miss Sybil. Just them little things no one c'n count on; but we're all set now."

"You're sure," Sybil said anxiously, "that we'll *make* the cup stakes, Hobson? I think it'd just break my heart if I missed that race."

"Going right now, miss." Hobson brushed the dust off his immaculate legs. "We've only fifty miles ahead of us."

THEY made the fifty miles in something less than seventy-five minutes; swung in at the entrance to the track just as, somewhere in the distance, a bell clanged.

"Saddling bell," Hobson said hoarsely in Sybil's ear, and she nodded. There was a splash of vivid scarlet on either cheek, and as she went with Larry and old Mrs. Manning up the steps of the grand stand a man slid out of the crowd and touched her arm.

"Everything's fine, Mrs. McAlister. It's a walkover."

"Oh," Sybil said, and put up a hand suddenly to her throat as though she were nervous. "Don't—I'm afraid. Terrified. Suppose he can't—"

"There ain't no suppose in it," the man said grimly. "Take it from me, it's ours. Barrin' accidents, it's ours for the takin'."

"Yes," Sybil said. "There's always that to think about. But there mustn't *be* any accidents today. There can't be. Oh"—she grabbed his arm until he winced—"if ever you've prayed in your life, pray now. It isn't just the race. It's—everything. My whole life. I've got to go, only—you'll do your best, Mr. Jackson?"

"'Tain't up to me no longer, ma'am," the little man said and grinned cheerily. "It's in better 'ands than mine—feet p'r'aps'd be nearer the mark. Gosh, but *look* at 'im, will yeh? Will yeh jest *look* at 'im?"

Up in the crowded stand someone, seeing old Mrs. Manning on Larry's arm, had made room for them. There wasn't a vacant seat, and they stood huddled together by the rail while the crowd yelled and stamped and shouted, and while, out of a wide white gate, seventy yards down the track, a stream of colored jackets crept into view.

Scarlet leading atop a bad tempered looking chestnut. Green behind him on a towering black. Yellow, orange, black and gold, every color of the rainbow billowing out behind the bodies of wiry, keen-eyed lads crouching, alert for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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As rich in tone as in their beauty. Built of Mahogany or Walnut Veneer with selected Gumwood like the finest furniture. Many exclusive features. Perfection guaranteed. Magnetic type for use with all radios. Ask your dealer or write to us.

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Model 340: A table for your radio and books or magazines with built-in speaker. Useful; beautiful; marvelous.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

every movement, every signal, every sound, over the backs of their quivering mounts. And near the end of the string a lad in a lilac jacket riding a bay gelding.

Larry hadn't stopped to get a racing card, but he knew them all. He wasn't a Manning for nothing even though the Manningtree stable *was* dead. If it had been dead for a thousand years he would still have known all the racing gossip.

"Stephen's entry," he said, ticking them off as they passed and trying desperately to keep the torturing envy out of his voice. "The black's Collins', and that chestnut belongs to Joe Reynolds. He's a fine youngster. That's Bill Adam's filly—"

A big man stumbling past to get a closer view trod on his toes, turned to apologize, and stopped.

"Why, Larry," he said and held out his hand. "I sure am glad to see Manningtree's in the field again. I'm backin' that youngster of yours for luck. First hundred I ever won came out of your grandfather's stable."

"My youngster," Larry said stupidly. "There's some mistake. I'm not racing."

"Well, the old lady's entry, then, and I guess it's all the same," the big man said and went on, stumbling and crashing through the mob. "Good luck, Larry."

LARRY touched the shoulder of the man in front of him.

"Let me see your card a minute, will you?" he said. "I came late. Thanks, only a minute."

"You're welcome," the other man said easily. "Keep it; I've got another, anyway." And Larry took it with hands that shook so that he couldn't see the printed words, and before he could find the place he wanted he heard his grandmother's voice at his shoulder:

"There's a jacket like ours, Larry. The last time I was here—look, Larry—the boy on the bay."

But Larry had seen the boy and had seen, too, the bay. His eyes were on the printed card that his hands couldn't hold steady.

Jordan's Lad—chestnut colt.
Solomon's Glory—black gelding.
Lass o' Lowrie—gray filly.

And then, two from the bottom, the name he sought, hoping wildly against hope:

Manningtree's Hope—bay colt, age 2. Manningtree's Glory-Dawn. Trainer, Arthur S. Jackson. Owner, Mrs. Robert L. Manning. Jockey, Sid Powell. Weight, 112 lbs.

At his shoulder he could still hear his grandmother's voice—aching with memories:

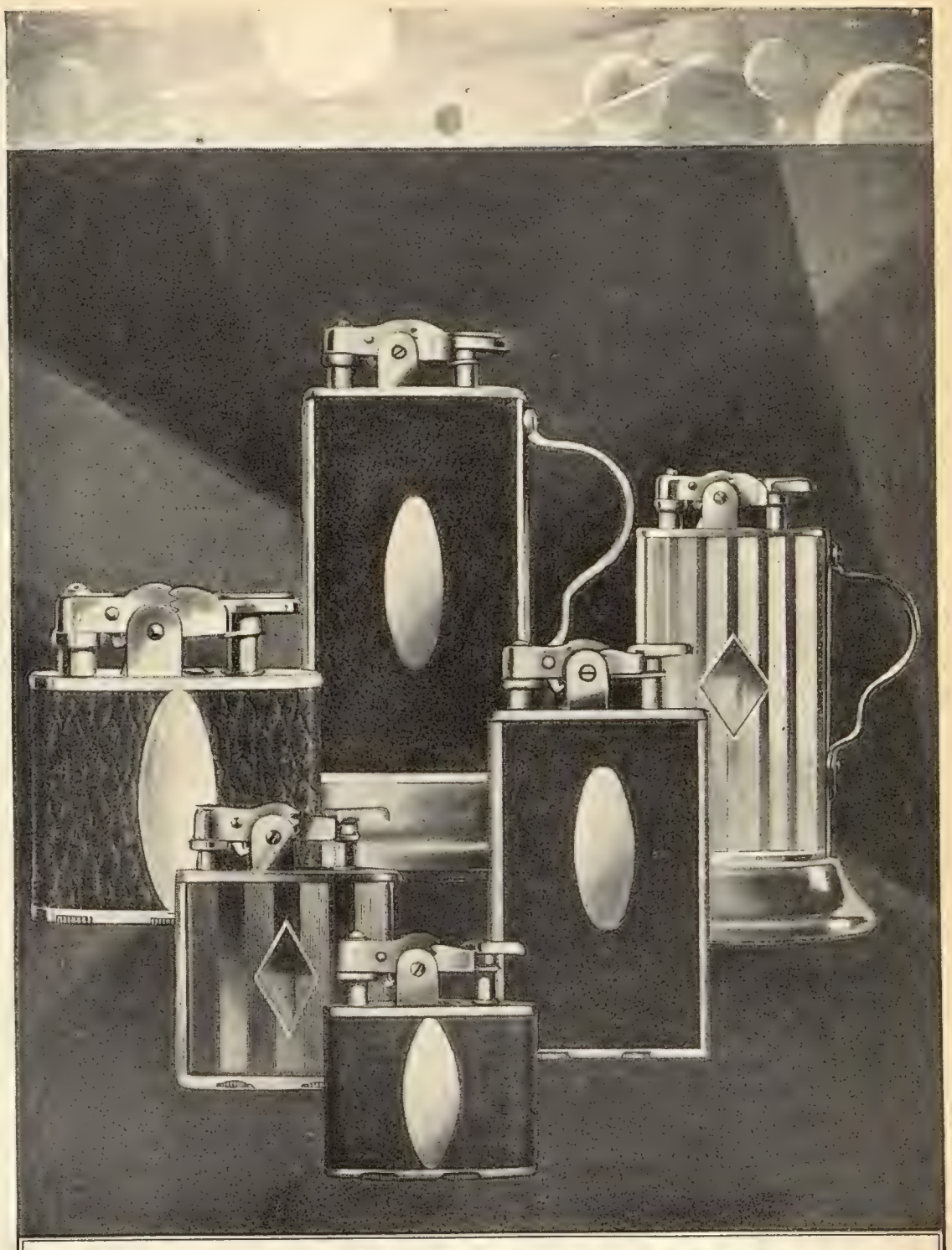
"It is odd to be here again, Larry, and to have no interest in the races. To be just an outsider, a looker on at the greatest sport—"

"Looker on be damned!" Larry yelled, and thrust the card in front of her startled eyes. "Look! The lilac jacket's ours—yours—Manningtree's. Look, I tell you!"

Then suddenly he remembered Sybil.

"Nothing," he said, and looked straight into her glowing, radiant

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Press lever with thumb . . . instant light. Release . . . it's out.

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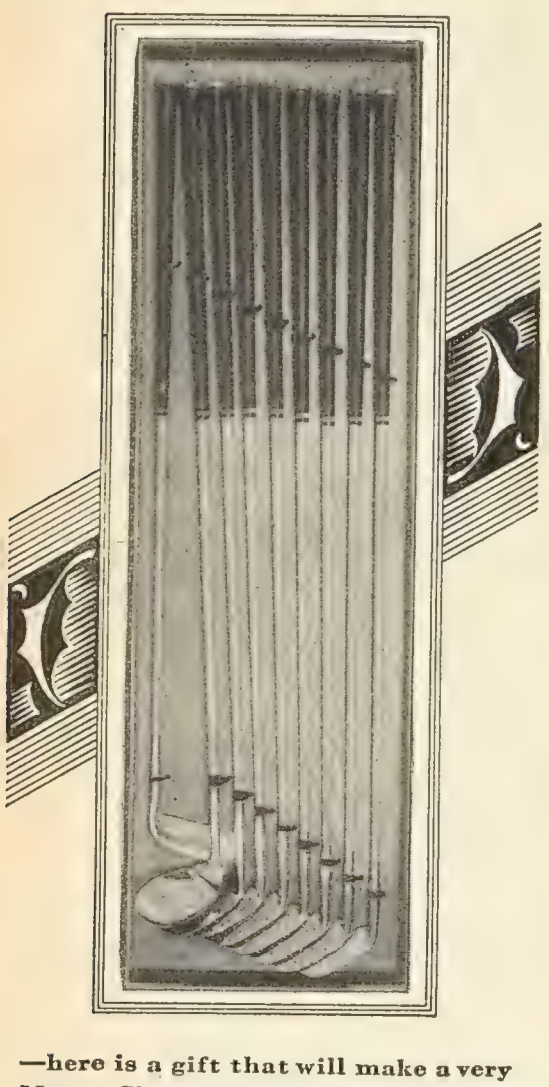

—here is a gift that will make a very Merry Christmas for him—a set of Wilson Inter-Related Irons and Matched Woods.

These clubs are inter-related in length, balance, and weight. Every one has the same satisfying feel. Correct timing with one means correct timing with all. Each club represents one shot necessary to a successful, steady game.

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Wilson
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
New York Chicago San Francisco

[THE LILAC JACKET
Continued from page fifty-five]

eyes, "can ever *begin* to repay you for this. Nothing."

Sybil's heart turned over with a jerk, but her eyes went back to the string of multicolored jackets parading before the judges' box led by a man in a long coat on a piebald pony. A bay colt, with a lad in a brand new lilac jacket and cap in the saddle, was pirouetting saucily on two hind legs.

"He's waving his hands to us," Sybil said and, like an excited child, waved back. "Is that a promise, Larry?" And Larry nodded.

"On my word of honor," he said evenly. "You can count absolutely on that, Sybil."

WHAT happened afterward was never very clear to any one of the three who, huddled in a breathless, silent heap, stood at the railing while the starter juggled with his colored string. Somewhere, they knew, hearing it through a mist of whirling thoughts, a bell clanged noisily as the colored ribbon snapped, separated into fragments, black and gold in the front, a scrap of vivid scarlet, a rag of orange, a bit of jade green, and against the rail—glued, it seemed, to the rail—a patch of lilac that slowly but surely was creeping up inch by inch nearer the black and gold that had the lead.

Larry never even knew the moment when the lilac jacket actually slid to the front, because just as the bay began to nose the chestnut out of place Sybil, close beside him, slipped her fingers, wordlessly, into his, and the touch of their quivering warmth sent him nearly berserk. And Mrs. Manning couldn't see because of the tears that, unheeded and unchecked, ran down her furrowed old cheeks and dripped on to the rose point collar of her dress.

But they heard the yell that went up around them as the chestnut fell back and the bay crept up; the curses and shouts and wild hysteria that are all part of the greatest game in the world; and the sudden burst of sound as, with head and shoulders to spare and a defiant shake of his saucy head, the bay romped home past the judges' box.

And Sybil saw, too, a little man with bandy legs and a coat like a checkerboard, who was waiting at the edge of the track, put an enormous hand on the shoulder of a lilac jacket and thump it hard before, with the bay's bridle over his arm, he began his triumphal strut back to the paddock; and felt the crowd as it surged, laughing and cursing and shouting, around and about them; and stood there powerless, it seemed, to move, until old Mrs. Manning put a hand on Larry's arm and the other through Sybil's and they both turned to look at her.

They could see her lips moving, and both of them bent closer. Very softly, with the tears still on her cheeks and in her brave old eyes, she was repeating the Nunc Dimittis.

A little man with a coat like a checkerboard put an enormous hand on the shoulder of a lilac jacket.

Much later still, when they were all back at Manningtree, when even Manningtree's Hope, brought back by Larry himself, was in his own loose box, Sybil told them:

"It was so easy. I'd known Mr. Jackson all my life. He used to train for my grandfather, and when he said it could be done, I believed him. He doesn't say things can be done like that unless he's pretty certain of his ground. And on the day he entered the colt I made out a deed of gift to Mrs. Manning and swore them all to secrecy.

"The difficulty was not to get there too soon so that you could get a card and find it all out beforehand, because if we'd deliberately started late this morning you'd have wondered what was wrong. That was the reason for all the breakdowns.

"You don't suppose Hobson *let* the car go out in bits like that without a method in his madness, do you, Larry? Oh," she threw out her hands as once before Mrs. Manning had seen her do in the same room, "it's been the most wonderful game! The greatest thing I've ever done in my life. But—I haven't done it for nothing, Larry."

"I told you on the stand," Larry said steadily, "that there was nothing I would not do for you in return for what you've done for us—for my grandmother especially. Nothing. I never go back on my word, Sybil."

Sybil went over to where he stood by the big open fireplace. Beside his six feet of brawn and muscle and sunburn she looked very small and very slight.

"You're forcing me into this," she said simply, "because you're stubborn and obstinate and because I'm terribly afraid you mean to keep your word about rich wives. You've got a lot of ridiculous ideas about honor and self-respect which are beautiful in theory and in practice are utter rubbish, whereas I've no self-respect at all. None."

SHE stood squarely in front of him, her small face glowing, her eyes meeting his without a quiver. "But I'm going to hold you to your promise all the same, Larry. And I'm glad Mrs. Manning is here as a witness so that you can't, with any decency, back down."

"There is no fear of that," Larry said gravely. "I—don't back down from a promise, Sybil."

"No?" Sybil said softly, and went a step nearer. "Larry, you *do* like me, don't you?"

Larry cleared his throat and his eyes had in them a light she'd never seen there before.

"No," he said rather loudly. "You've got hold of the wrong word. I don't *like* you, Sybil. I don't like you at all. I worship you—yes. I can't sleep or work for thinking of you and I'd die for you quite cheerfully this minute if it would give you any happiness. There isn't a moment, awake or asleep, night or day, when you're out of my thoughts. There never has been since the day you first came down the drive about the engine. That's how I feel about you, but it isn't my idea of *liking*."

"It comes to the same thing," Sybil said serenely. "And, after all, it's exactly how I feel about you, which is a good thing, because it'll make it much easier for you to keep your promise."

She went very close to him and put her hands on the collar of his soft silk shirt, pulling his head a little closer to her own. "It's horrible for you to make me say it," she said under her breath, "but—will you marry me, Larry, please?"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Alabama.
2—Winston Churchill.
3—Samuel J. Tilden's.
4—"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
5—Countess.
6—The source of a river.
7—An honorary society in American colleges, composed of students of high standing.
8—South Carolina.
9—Mercury.
10—Duke University of Durham, North Carolina, named for James B. Duke.
11—The right of a government to take private property for public uses, with or without compensation.
12—Yes.
13—A high mountain in the Swiss Alps.
14—Post Meridiem.
15—By virtue or because of an office; officially.
16—Luis Angel Firpo, the heavyweight pugilist.
17—An unfair division of territory into election districts, to give an advantage to a political party.
18—By the letters L, C, D, and M.
19—Horatius.
20—James Madison.

WESTFIELD WATCHES

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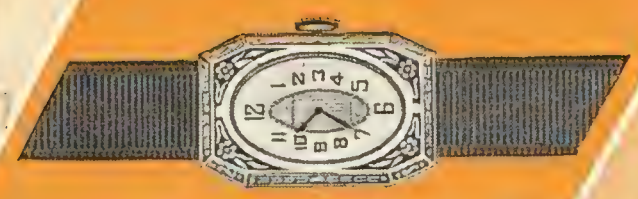

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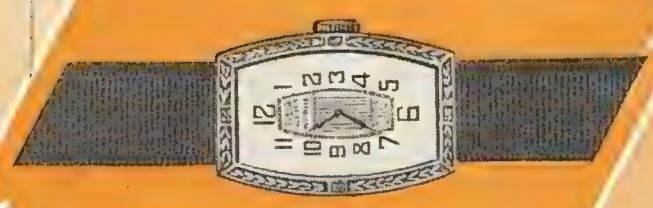

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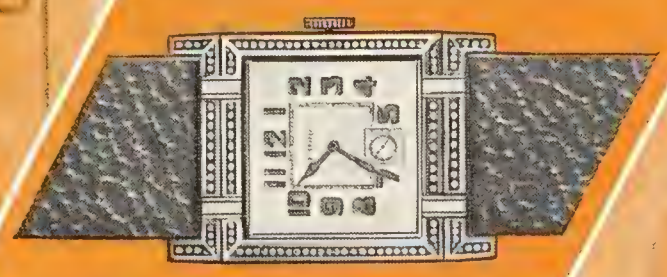

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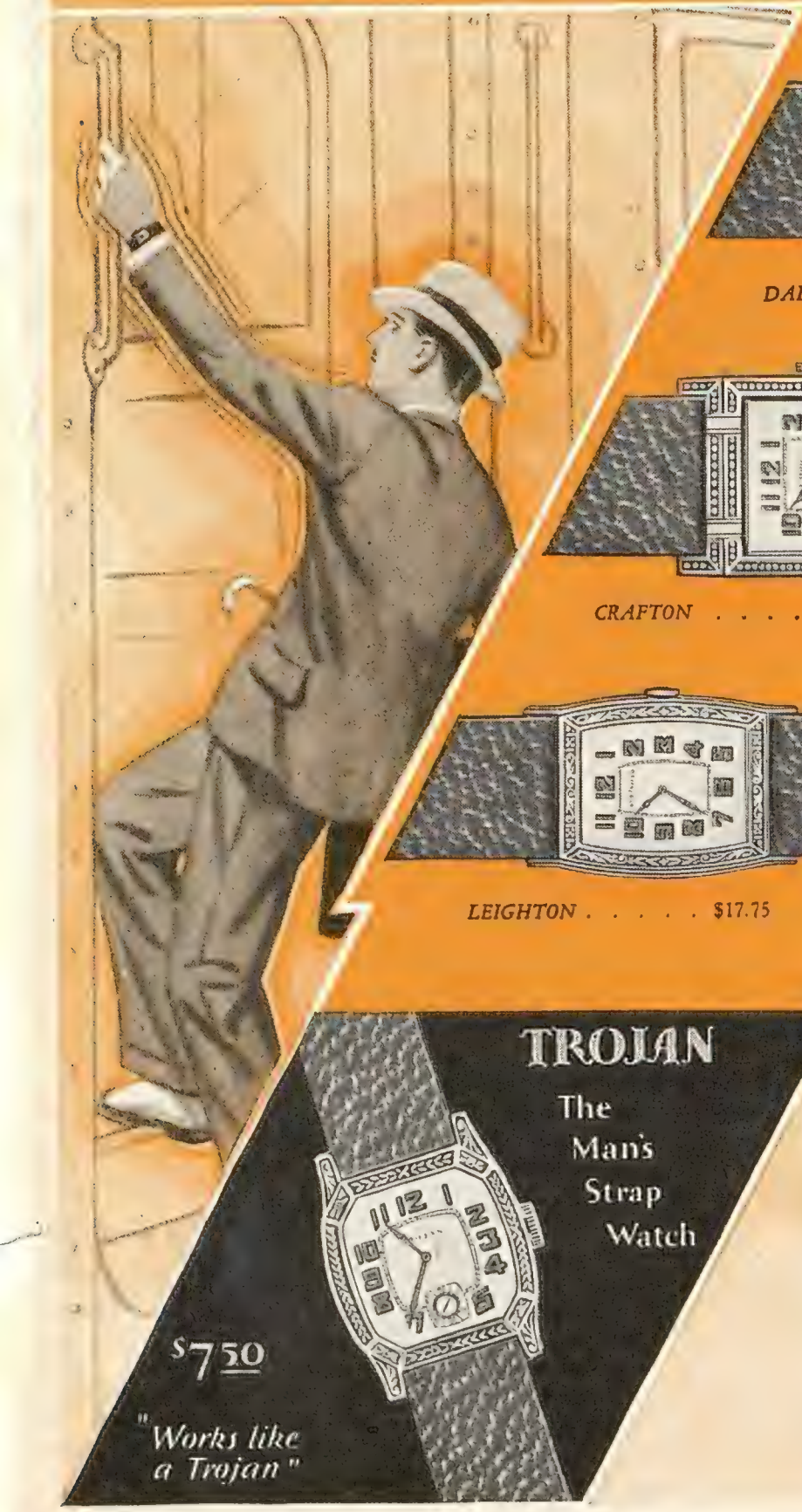

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The Man's Strap Watch

$7.50

"Works like a Trojan"

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You will pay $9.75, $12.75, or $17.75 for a Westfield Watch depending upon the style you select. Each is *SHOCKPROOF*, constructed to withstand the jolting and jarring of constant use, built to serve you faithfully and well.

See the many new attractive Westfield Wrist and Strap Watches for men and women, now being shown by the Westfield jeweler in *your* city!

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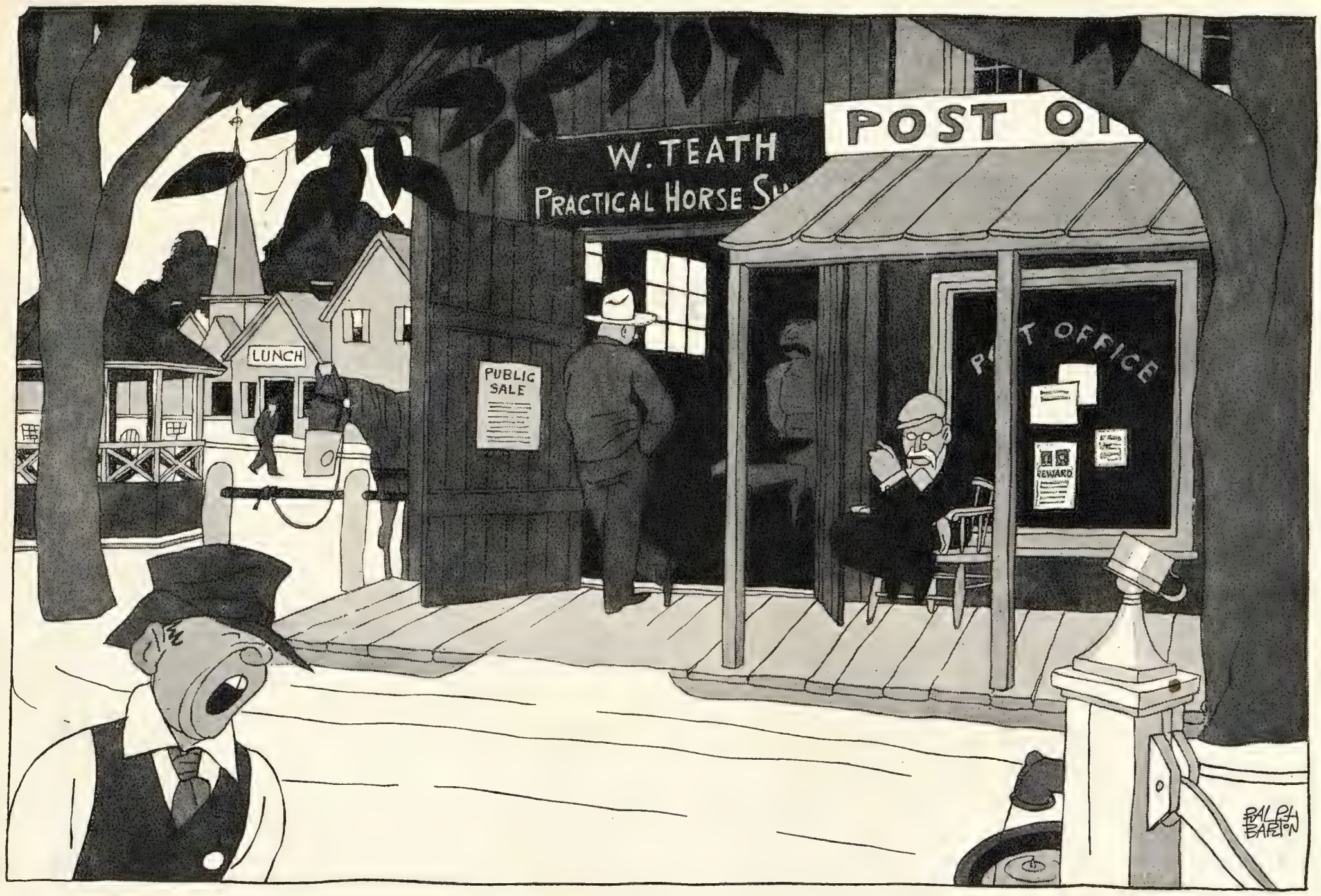


Pictures by RALPH BARTON

Main Street was lined by hitching rails and wooden awnings.

My Home Town

A Boost for Main Street

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

MY home town has a river running through the middle, as all towns where boys are born should have, and bridges crossing it which used to carry signs warning all and sundry persons that Five Dollars Fine would be exacted for riding or driving across the structure faster than a walk. Some persons had preferences as to which side of the river they lived on and rather fancied themselves for living there, but I had to be neutral because I was born on one side in a small and underpainted house just across from the church, and came to the maturity of ten years on the opposite shore.

I come to the river first, because the lawful and unlawful occasions of us boys scattered themselves up and down its banks and to some distance from shore. The name of this river is the Grand, and it cuts through the greatest of our states, permitting the capital thereof to rest upon its shore. That is how we learned it in geography.

What's the capital of Michigan? Lansing on the Grand. Like that. But my home town wasn't Lansing. It was a much better town with a better name—Portland—and we boasted of twelve hundred population, all white but one, who followed the hazardous profession of whitewashing, and, unless I am gravely in error, all born, together with their fathers and possibly grandfathers, on American soil. We had no foreign quarter. In fact, I never saw an alien until I was eleven and moved to Detroit.

Portland was just the town for a boy to be born in if he proposed to grow up and be the kind of an author I am. It had everything an author needs to equip him for his profession, and I doubt if I have written a novel which would have been possible without those years of boyhood contact with the people and manners and customs and splendid, healthy point of view which flourished in our midst.

IN my day Main Street was lined by hitching rails of iron pipe and there were wooden awnings out to the curb. There was a town pump with a wooden handle and a tin cup reversed over the knob—and such cold, clear water as was to be had nowhere else in the world—unless it was from Jenkins' well up the hill a piece. The band used to play at the pump Saturday nights.

I remember we were given to first names, which seems to me a friendly and neighborly thing. I vastly prefer living among folks who call each other Alf and Tom and Bill and Pete, to those more formal communities that "Mister" people.

And I remember the arrival of the first olives in town. The Smith boys started up a grocery and in their stock came a case of green olives. I misdoubt if they made a profit on this merchandise, because, upon discovering them, they set out to find what they tasted like, and then, when the joke was on them, they dragged in folks from the street to enjoy the treat.

I was one of the treated. Then the victims waited for others to come in and so on. The olives held out most of the day.

We rather ran to churches. On our side of the river were the Baptist—a brick edifice and the town's most pretentious structure—the Congregational, the Methodist, and the Universalist. I was brought up a Congregationalist, but grandma and I were not at all bigoted in the matter of socials and chicken-pie dinners and ice-cream festivals. We took them in, no matter what the creed. Across the river were the Catholic and the little United Brethren.

And Portland was a place where the churches meant something. I don't know that the religion was any weightier, though we had an evangelist once who gave us a superior brand of fire and brimstone and burning pitch. He had a gift of description and we kids were rather a sanctified lot for a week. The religion, perhaps, was no better than it is today and elsewhere, but the churches were. The life of the town revolved around them. They were the town. If you weren't affiliated with a church—well, you were out of it, and that

was all. It was a fine system and I hope it persists.

The event of the year, of course, was the Umatilla Indian Medicine Show, which pitched its tent across the road from the gristmill and stayed for a week at least. It was a show. Indians and Wild West and a stage coach. You bet! And a man who could pull teeth and hurl them out in the audience so quick you couldn't count them—while the band played its loudest to drown the victim's cries. The victim, however, invariably declared the operation to have been painless. There was always a ventriloquist, too, and we never missed a night of it. It was free. Folks used to lock up their houses kind of cautious when the medicine show was in town, because you never could tell what would happen.

Then there was Butternut Island and the cave. Butternut was above town and was covered with butternut trees, and on the far side of it was the swimming hole. The cave was just a hole in the clay of the hillside, but to Banty Bandfield and Woodchuck Emery and Docky Smith and Fatty Bates it was adventure.

There were bumblebees' nests in the locality, and if you have never robbed a bumblebees' nest, you have never experimented with excitement. You use shingles, and if you don't spat the bee when he comes for you, he spats you. Bumblebees are very single-minded and purposeful.

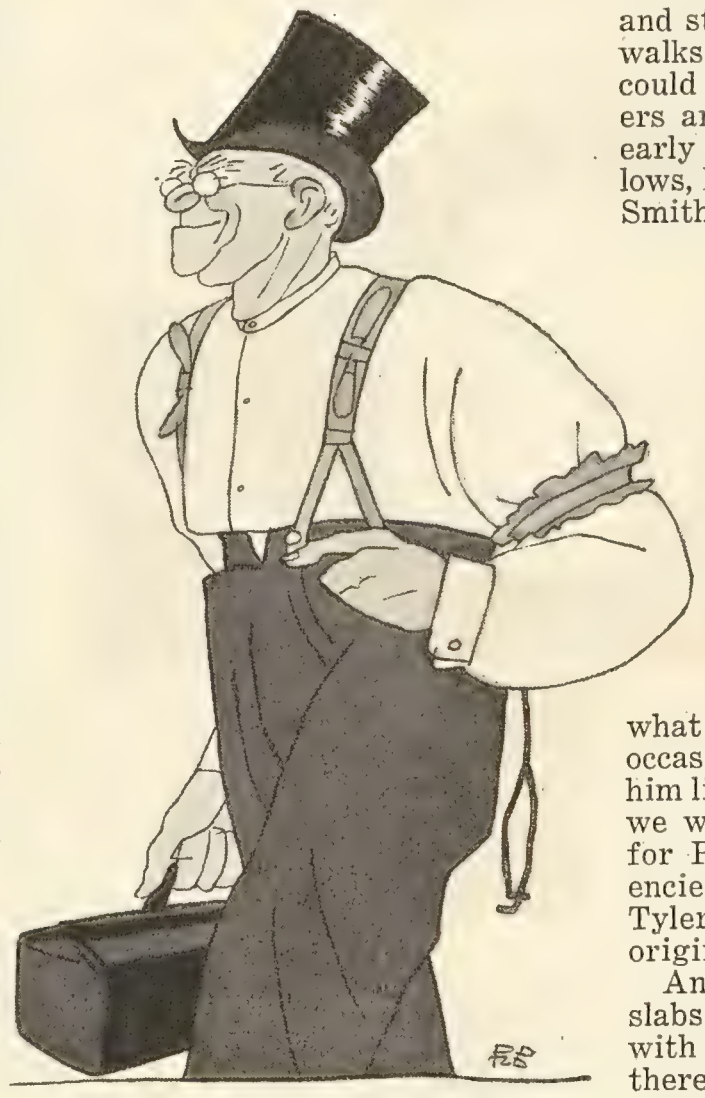
In the fall we used to cover the tops of our woodsheds with hazel and hickory and walnuts and butternuts, and every kid in town went around for weeks with his hands yellowed with walnut stain up to the wrists. Farmers were the right sort in those days, and welcomed us rather than chased us away. No farmer was ever known to chase a boy out of his orchard, and if you hung around you would be invited in for a glass of milk and a cooky.

WE didn't go calling—we visited. The older ladies went in the morning and took their knitting and made a day of it. It wasn't worth messing up the house to have a formal call, and it didn't count anyhow if you didn't have a meal in the house.

Those were the days of cooks. Cake was cake and pie was pie—though there was the school that held out for cinnamon in apple pie and the school that would have none of it. Personally I was for both.

And cookies! On the top step of our cellar stairs were always two five-gallon crocks, one filled with ginger and one with sugar cookies. And that cellar! Barrelsof Northern Spies and Greenings, bins of potatoes, heaps of cabbages and turnips and squash and pumpkins, and shelves of jelly and canned fruits—the whole mingling with the cool earthy smell making an odor to carry as long as the nose continues to function.

Our doctors! There was Doc



Doc Alton used to wear a plug hat and go in his shirt sleeves.

Allen, who is in some measure responsible for my safe arrival, and who, before his departure, had seen to the auspicious coming of more than two thousand babies without ever having lost a mother. That was Doc's record—that and his willingness to hitch the old horse to the mud-spattered buggy at any time of day or night and drive any distance and stay for any necessary length of time. As men are measured, Doc was a great man.

And there was Doc Alton, who used to wear a plug hat and go in his shirt sleeves, but was as good a man and as welcome in a sick room as if he had affected a swallowtail. Automobiles were unknown then, and doctoring was doctoring. And being paid for it was being paid for it.

You could get more real doctoring in Portland in that day for a five-dollar bill than you can get in New York for a hundred—and the doctor was vitally and personally interested in your case because, as I say, he was generally the person who extended you your first welcome.

On the Fourth of July we used to have a parade and fireworks, and stands were built on the sidewalks along Main Street where you could get lemonade and firecrackers and torpedoes and caps. But early in the morning the big fellows, like Pazzy Perrigo and Glenn Smith and that lot, and Umbrey Maynard and some more, used to get them a couple of anvils and stuff them with powder and shoot them off at great risk of life and limb. We kids regarded that anvil-shooting as the ultimate glory of life and looked forward to the day when we might be present at the ceremony.

BUT when Presidential election came along—then we really showed what we could do. There was an occasional Democrat and we let him live. Republicans, that's what we were, and when Harrison ran for President we made transparencies that said Tippecanoe and Tyler Too, just as if it had been the original Harrison instead of Ben.

And we built a log shanty out of slabs and dragged it in the parade with a live coon tied on top, and there were more than a hundred torches in the parade.

We used to read about crime in the Detroit papers, but never seemed to encounter any in Portland. The air wasn't conducive to crime; it wasn't conducive to anything abnormal. What it seemed to do was to make people live pretty natural, with the same, original wife, and have children, and not earn much money, but own a little house with a haircloth sofa and chairs, and a couple of marble-topped tables, and an ebony square piano, and a plaster statue of a fat little girl putting the corner of her nightie in her mouth, and chromos of Wide Awake and Fast Asleep.

Yes! That was the golden age, lived in the greatest town the world has so far seen—that span of years between '80 and '90—when there was one telephone in town that ran by turning a crank, and the automobile had not become a blight, and motion pictures had not done their bit to make life unendurable.

No, the world has been ruined by progress and inventions. But, whatever comes, I know one town that will be hurt less by them than any other place, one town that will persist in its way, one town that will cling to its old ideals and live as best it can the old sane, beautiful, livable life—and that is my home town, Portland on the Grand.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Just Like a Woman!

Jean stood on tiptoes at the kitchen table, trying to reach a bowl containing egg yolks to investigate the contents. She finally succeeded and down crashed the bowl to the floor. Punishment was duly administered.

About fifteen minutes later a rather tearful little figure came into the kitchen and inquired softly, "Mother, what was in that dish?"—Elma Sanders, Box 533, Amarillo, Texas.

He Craved Excitement

Returning home the other evening, I heard a neighbor calling persistently for her son Richard. A few steps farther down the street I spied Richard peeking out from behind a telephone post. As I approached him I said: "Richard, why don't you answer when your mother calls you?"

"Aw," he replied, "she ain't mad yet!"—A. T. Rugland, 4740 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

next to Wings

for Christmas

The finest gift you can buy for your children—the safest, fastest, easiest-running roller-skate made today.

To be first or fastest is every child's ambition. You can make your boy or girl as happy as a lark by giving a pair of Rollfast roller-skates for Christmas. They are the finest skates made—and the fastest.

ROLLFAST BALL BEARING ROLLER SKATES
Built close to the ground like a modern automobile. All parts carefully constructed of steel best suited for their particular purpose.

PATENTED FLEXIBLE REINFORCEMENT
This safety feature permits the skate to give freely. Yet extended to full length, Rollfast Roller Skates never sag or bend.

EASY RUNNING
Rollfasts run on self-contained dust-proof ball bearing wheels, with big ¼" steel balls mounted on rubber cushioned truck.

NICKEL FINISH
Nickel finish on heel plates, toe plates and high back. Cadmium plated axles, nuts, pins, washers and other working parts.

ADJUSTABLE TO FIT ANY SIZE SHOE
Rollfasts are extensible from 7½ to 10½ inches—can be made to fit young or old.

LOOK FOR THE HANDSOME ROLLFAST BOX
Rollfasts are packed one pair to the box—a handsomely lithographed orange and blue container. Skate key, clock type, wrapped with each pair of Rollfasts.

Rollfast ball bearing roller skates are for sale wherever sporting goods, toys, hardware or bicycles are sold.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building
New York, N. Y.

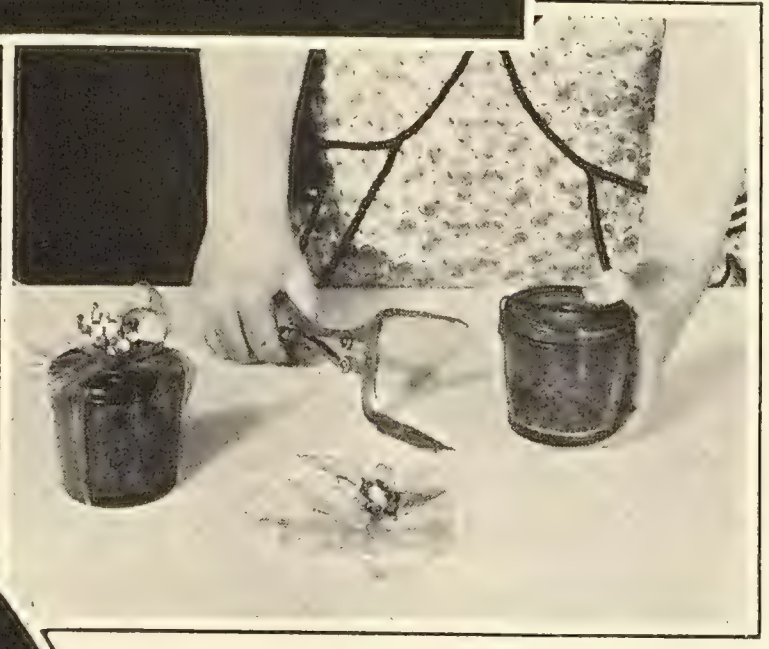
Hot Puddings for Cold Days

By Ethel Somers

SAVORY steamed puddings, with their rich accompanying sauces, are ideal desserts for winter. When we include steamed cakes, we have entered a field of multitudinous variety. These old-fashioned desserts are practical even for small families when the surplus is steamed in straight sided fruit jars and sealed for future use.

Though a steamed pudding always looks as if it entailed elaborate preparation, no dessert is more simply made. Nicety of preparation and accuracy in measuring are the chief factors on which success is founded. The assembling of ingredients and immaculate cleansing of the fruity additions are perhaps the only laborious tasks involved. Once assembled and packed, steaming is simple; for one need only to set the heat to maintain boiling and let the cooking proceed unwatched.

A unique steamer of ample size for puddings.



Straight sided fruit jars make excellent molds for gift puddings.

Vegetable Plum Pudding

1 cup flour
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup raw potatoes grated or finely ground
1 cup raw carrots grated or finely ground
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ cup suet

MIX the flour, sugar, soda, salt, and fruit. Put the potatoes, carrots, and suet through the food chopper, using the fine bladed knife. Combine the two mixtures and pack in a greased mold, filling it ¾ full. Cover and steam 3 hours. Serve hot with orange or lemon sauce.

Orange or Lemon Sauce

2 cups boiling water
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 lemon or orange, juice and grated rind

MIX the sugar, flour, and salt thoroughly. Gradually stir in the boiling water. Boil and stir until thickened, for 5 to 10 minutes. Then place over water for at least 10 minutes longer in order to cook the flour thoroughly. Add the fruit juice and butter and serve hot or cold.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding

3 tablespoons butter
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
2 cups flour, or
2¼ cups pastry flour
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder
2⅓ ounces chocolate
½ teaspoon salt

CREAM the butter, gradually work in the sugar, and beat in the well beaten egg. Alternately add the milk and the sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in the melted chocolate. Turn into a buttered mold, filling it 2/3 full. Cover and steam over boiling water 2 hours. Serve with sultana sauce.

Sultana Sauce

USING the orange sauce recipe above, reduce the sugar to ¼ cup and instead of the fruit juice add ½ teaspoon of vanilla and ½ cup of sultana raisins. Dark raisins may be used, but the yellow of sultanas is more effective with dark pudding.

Cranberry Pudding

1½ cups cranberries
¼ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 or 2 eggs
1¾ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup milk

WASH the cranberries and split in half. Cream the butter, gradually work in the sugar, and then add the well beaten eggs (if 2 eggs are used it is better to add the beaten egg yolks and fold the whites in at the last). Mix and sift the flour and baking powder and add this alternately with the milk to the creamed butter, sugar, and egg mixture. Pour this mixture over the cranberries, filling the mold 2/3 full. Cover and steam 3 hours. Serve with whipped cream.

Fruited Suet Pudding

3 ounces beef suet
1½ cups dates, figs, cranberries, or prunes
2¾ cups sifted bread crumbs
1 cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs

PUT the suet and fruit through a food chopper, using the fine bladed knife. Mix until well blended. Soak the bread crumbs in the milk. Add the sifted dry ingredients and beaten egg yolks to the milk and bread mixture. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and suet-fruit mixture. Pour into a greased mold, filling it ⅞ full. Steam 3 hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce

1 cup sugar, brown or powdered
⅓ cup butter
1 teaspoon vanilla, or
⅓ teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon, or
1 teaspoon lemon juice and
½ teaspoon vanilla

CREAM the butter, gradually working in the sugar, and mix thoroughly. Add the preferred flavoring and chill. Serve on hot puddings.

Steamed Nut and Fig Pudding

⅓ cup butter
½ cup maple syrup
½ cup milk
1¾ cups flour, or
1⅞ cups pastry flour
1¼ cups raisins
⅛ pound figs, chopped
¼ pound walnut meats cut fine
1½ teaspoons soda
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

MIX in the order given, and pour into a buttered mold, filling it 2/3 full. Steam 3 hours and serve with foamy sauce.

Foamy Sauce

½ cup butter
1 cup powdered sugar
1 cup cream, whipped
½ teaspoon vanilla

CREAM the butter and gradually beat in the sugar. Fold in the whipped cream and add the vanilla. Place over hot water and beat while heating. Continue until the sauce is smooth and foamy. If the beating is stopped before the sauce is finished the butter is apt to separate and curdle.

How to Can Fruit Puddings

BUTTER straight sided jars and place a slice of pineapple in the bottom. Fill the center hole with a candied cherry. Fill the mold with the pudding mixture. Steamed cakes and batters will rise; therefore fill such molds only 2/3 full. Bread crumb puddings may be filled to a ⅞ depth. Partially seal the jar. Steam the batters and cakes 3 hours and seal the jars while hot. Process suet puddings in a pressure cooker at 15 pounds pressure for 1 hour, bringing the pressure up very slowly to 15 pounds. This should take about 15 minutes, or the pudding will be tough. Let cool to zero pressure. Open pet cock and then remove cover. Seal the jars while hot.

A decorative pattern in candied fruits may be used in place of the pineapple and cherry.

YOU can find a number of other suggestions for tempting desserts in the cookbook, 100 Standard Recipes, which Ethel Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers. Get it and keep it in your kitchen for ready reference. It not only suggests a variety of desserts, but it explains how to prepare them. There are many more recipes in the other two LIBERTY cookbooks Miss Somers has compiled, listed below, which you can use advantageously. Each cookbook costs 10 cents; but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. And use the coupon, please.

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Carnation Cream Caramels—2 cups sugar, 2 cups corn syrup, ½ cup butter, ¼ tsp. salt, 2 cups Carnation Milk, 1 tsp. vanilla. Cook sugar, syrup, salt and butter to clear, thick consistency. Stir in gradually Carnation Milk. Cook until it forms firm ball in cold water (240°F.), stirring constantly. Add vanilla; pour into buttered pans. When cold, place on oiled bread board and cut into inch cubes. For nut caramels add to recipe ¾ cup nuts; for chocolate caramels, 3 squares bitter chocolate.

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THEY AID DIGESTION AND SWEETEN THE BREATH

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr

The Tragedy of an American Beauty

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Barbara La Marr in 1920, when she was writing for the movies but had not begun acting in them. At the left, Miss La Marr with the baby she adopted in 1923.

PRECEDING installments of this biography have told how Barbara La Marr (whose real name was Reatha Watson) failed, at fourteen, to get into the movies; became widely known in California as a beauty; was married in turn to Jack Lytell, a cowboy; Lawrence Converse, a lawyer; and Phil Ainsworth, an actor; and started her professional career by dancing in cabarets and cheap vaudeville.

P. & A. photo

PART THREE

JUST what Reatha Watson's life was like, where she lived, who her friends were, who her lovers, between the time she left Phil Ainsworth and the time she met Ben Deely and became first his vaudeville partner and then his wife, it is difficult to say exactly.

Barbara would never talk about it.

"That," she said, and her eyes when she looked into the past were always sad, "was when I was driftwood. A derelict. I don't know myself just what happened to me. Only I was very unhappy and very gay. I was dead inside."

Yes, she drifted. We pick up brief flashes of her here and there, as the tides carried her back and forth.

"I saw her dancing in a cabaret in St. Louis about that time," a famous stage star told me. "I didn't know who she was, but I remembered her face. When I met her in Hollywood, I told her where I had seen her before. She didn't say anything. But I am sure. She had unforgettable eyes."

A well known dramatic critic was struck by the peculiar charm of a girl in a vaudeville show in Chicago. When he reviewed Barbara La Marr's first starring picture, he recognized her.

A boy who was at Santa Clara College in 1917, and who later became a well known leading man in motion pictures, says that Reatha Watson was dancing in San José then.

"We called her Beautiful Eyes," he said.

Her brother, whose stage name is Billy Devore, was playing the vaudeville circuits and their paths crossed now and again. Sometimes she was dancing alone, following the Isadora Duncan school; sometimes she had a partner and patterned her work after Irene Castle. No notable success attended her. Both beauty and personality seemed for the moment dormant under her discouragement and her disgust with herself.

That summer she went back to Los Angeles to visit her mother, who was alone, for Mr. Watson had gone into the Northwest with his brother.

"I hardly knew her," said her mother simply. "Perhaps it was her hair. But—she wasn't *my* Reatha. I tried to talk to her. But she just kissed me and laughed. She'd never been one to laugh all the time. I didn't like it. She said I didn't know anything about life; that life was a dirty mess. I told her maybe I didn't, but I knew my girl and some day she'd be herself again and do all the things we'd planned for her. She just laughed again, but—I think she used to cry in the night."

At a big theatrical affair one night, eight months after she had left Phil Ainsworth, Reatha Watson—gay, laughing, the life of the party—found herself suddenly face to face in the crowd with a man who made her heart stand still.

BEN DEELY had made many a woman's heart stand still. Oh, but he was a handsome Irishman, that one. Well over six feet he stood, and his curly hair was snow white and had been for ten years. He had laughing eyes and a brutal jaw and a voice to charm a bird off a tree. He was twice Reatha's age, a hard living, hard drinking gambler with dice, cards, and women.

Events proved that, according to precedent, he, too, fell in love with Barbara the moment he set eyes upon her. But he was much too wise to show it. He knew women. There wasn't much about women that Ben didn't know.

He took one look at this exquisite young

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR]
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thing and decided to ignore her. Probably she was used to having men fall at her feet and beg her to step on them. With that face it couldn't be otherwise. His tactics would be different.

For the first time in her life Reatha Watson found herself ignored by a man who had instantaneously attracted her. All evening she watched him. She put forth all her powers of fascination and at last he asked her to dance.

Barbara was a tall girl. Her way of carrying herself had always a bit of the majestic. It added a marvelous touch to her flowing grace. She fitted Ben Deely's six feet two, she fitted his style of dancing perfectly. Few men anywhere have ever equaled Ben Deely as a ballroom dancer. Three minutes after they took the floor they had it to themselves.

When the music stopped Ben Deely looked down at her with a new, keen interest.

"So you're a dancer," he said. "With that face, I thought you'd be in the movies."

BARBARA looked up at him with her enormous, wistful eyes.

"I'm a dancer," she said. "How did you know?"

"That's my business," said Deely. "I've been on the Orpheum for fifteen years."

"O-oh," said Barbara huskily, "how wonderful!"

That was a great line of Bobby's—that "How wonderful!" Even the icy Rex Ingram used to crumble before it.

Deely was a man of swift decisions.

"I'm held up here because the girl in my act is sick. Do you want to take her place and go to New York with me?"

"Yes," said Reatha Watson.

And went.

There is no question that Reatha lived with Ben Deely as his wife before it was possible for them to marry. Phil Ainsworth did not file his suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion until August 10, 1917; did not get his interlocutory decree until some time after that; and, according to the California law, could not be given a final decree for another year.

Yet when Phil saw Deely and Barbara in Chicago in the early summer of 1918 she was known to everyone as Mrs. Deely. They were dancing at one of the leading Chicago theaters and Phil went back to their dressing room to say hello.

Alone with him for a moment, Barbara said, "We're going to be married as soon as we can, Phil. When is our divorce final?"

"I guess it's August tenth, 1918," said Phil Ainsworth.

Neither of them knew that a final decree has to be applied for, registered, delivered. When the time for that came, Phil Ainsworth was serving his first term in prison for forgery. And this was to cause enormous complications in the life of Barbara La Marr.

For on September 11, 1918, assuming that her divorce was final, she and Deely, during an engagement in New York, went over to Fort Lee, New Jersey, and were married.

At twenty-two, Barbara La Marr had her fourth husband. Of these four, three are dead and one is serving a seven-year sentence in a state penitentiary.

Just when Barbara hit bottom, faced herself, and made up her mind to come back, I don't know. But it was sometime in 1919.

By that time she had no illusions left about Deely. She still loved him. He had some good points. He had taught her an infinite amount about showmanship. They made big money, and a lot of it was spent on clothes for Barbara, so that she looked her best once more.

Deely believed in a front. He was an old hand at impressing audiences. He knew a great deal about timing and acting. All this he impressed upon the girl, and she began to know her type and to assume a queenly aloofness, combined with the wistful appeal of eyes and quivering mouth.

But she knew him now for a drinking, gambling fiend. He could no more resist a pair of dice than the sea can resist the moon. His last dime and a mortgage on most of his future ones were ready to stake on the roll of the bones at any time of the day or night. Twenty-four hours on end he would sit at a poker table.

Barbara La Marr in Rex Ingram's picture, Trifling Women.

"HE absorbs whisky," Barbara once wrote me, "as the desert absorbs water. He's never drunk, darling, but then he's never sober either. I think he's faithful to me. But I dare say every wife thinks that. A woman is usually able to believe what she wants to believe. Anyway, it's a sweet life and I wish I were well out of it. It's disgustingly trite to say I can't live with him and I can't live without him, but it appears to be true. In spite of everything, he seems to love me and need me frightfully."

So one day, in a New York hotel, the too beautiful girl became suddenly aware that she was, in one way or another, going to end the "sweet life" she was living. A hot surge of desperation had driven her to this awareness. In the adjoining bedroom Ben Deely, who had been out all night shooting craps, slept heavily.

On the table in front of her lay a small black revolver which she had carried on the road. She was alone at the crossroads. Whatever happened she was not going on this way.

Her dreams had been so fine, so wonderful. And what was she?

A second rate dancer, married to a drunkard and a gambler, doing nothing worth while in any line, and as far away as she could possibly be from the three great goals she had set herself—a home, children, and success as an actress.

The room seemed inexpressibly shoddy to her. The trailing dressing gown she wore seemed smirched and indecent.

For five hours, she told me, she fought the thing out. She paced the floor, she wept, she prayed. Twice she picked up the gun and put it back on the table again.

"I must have given a great performance of a woman going mad," she said.

Only two courses were open to her. One lay in the barrel of that gun. The other lay in an entirely new start, under a new name, in new work, and in an absolute determination to come back at any price.

The gun was the easier way. But she didn't take it. Perhaps heredity told there. When Ben Deely emerged, he was met by a rigid, white-faced wife, who looked him squarely in the eye and spoke in a voice that was like steel.

With Ramon Novarro in a scene from Trifling Wom

"I'M going back to Hollywood tomorrow," she said.

"Yes?" said Deely imperturbably.

"I'm going to work," said Reatha Watson.

"Haven't you been working?" asked Deely, mixing himself a stiff drink. "Going into the movies?"

"No," said Reatha; "I'm going to write."

Deely shot her a quizzical glance. "What makes you think you could write?" he said. "And why do you want to, even if you could?"

"I ought to be able to write," said the girl, with set lips. "I know enough about life. I've seen plenty of things happen. Anyway, I'm going. And when I get out there I'm going to take another name. I'm going to work hard and stop this loose way of living. You can come with me or not, just as you like."

"Do you want me?" said Deely, a little humbly.

His eyes were on her and, for all his bravado, they were pleading. He knew that this white-faced girl meant what she said.

"I'd—rather have you," said Reatha, and went into his arms, sobbing out the strain of the last hours.

But she had not weakened in her purpose.

When they arrived in Hollywood, Reatha went straight to her father and mother, and the first thing she did was to decide upon a new name. She and her mother talked about it for hours, and from that mother and daughter talk was born the new name of Barbara La Marr. Reatha Watson was finished for all time.

Her father was a great help to her in the days that followed. For she set to work in deadly earnest with her writing. Deely got an occasional part in pictures, but Barbara La Marr sat at home with her father and worked twelve hours a day, sometimes longer.

...n which her "devilish past" nearly barred her.

EVEN such work as this she dramatized. No matter what time of day or night it was, she pulled all the curtains, lighted candles, had the incense burner going full blast. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, wrapped in a plain robe, she would shut her eyes and talk. In that atmosphere, she had the perfect trick of dictation which is difficult for so many authors.

The sentences came clear-cut and complete. The thread of her story was always true. Her plots were melodramatic, but they were human. The people she drew lived and breathed.

When she had finished dictating the first story to him, her father typed it and Barbara La Marr took it herself to the scenario editor of Fox. He bought it instantly and asked for more.

Barbara was living simply, quietly. Deely was still drinking and gambling and their domestic relations were far from satisfactory, but this didn't bother her as it had done. Her days were lived on a rigid routine of sleep, exercise, and work. As soon as she had come home she had started to let her hair go back to its natural glossy blue black. Under this régime of severe living and hard work, her beauty began to blossom forth again. She was happy.

Russell Ball photo

A studio portrait of Barbara La Marr at the height of her beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson were in ecstasy. Here was their girl back again, laughing naturally, talking, loving them with all her old sweetness.

Within a few months she sold four stories to the Fox Film Corporation. They offered her a permanent position on their staff, and for a while she thought of accepting it. The $10,000 which she had received for the four stories had reëstablished the family fortunes. And though, as her earnings grew, Deely spent less and less time working or looking for work and more and more indulging his favorite vices, Barbara was now sure that she could look after herself and her family.

In spite of the seclusion in which she lived, Hollywood wasn't long in recognizing the presence of a woman like Barbara La Marr. Friends began to gather around her. And through this came the temptation which broke her determination to stick to writing. People saw her and said, "Why, you ought to be on the screen."

Above all things, Barbara loved acting. She always had. The writing flame had temporarily burned itself out. She had had no training in writing, and when the stories which had come under her observation ran out and she began to have to dig, she felt that perhaps she hadn't quite found her medium after all. The old love called her.

HER first picture was with Anita Stewart, a small part in Harriet and the Piper.

But she was torn between writing or acting until a certain afternoon late in 1920. Desire pulled her back to acting. Wisdom and the remnants of that determination which had been the beginning of her new life counseled her to stick to her writing.

One of the girls in Hollywood who had become her close friend was Marguerite de la Motte. At that time, Miss de la Motte was playing the leading rôle opposite Douglas Fairbanks in The Nut. She invited Barbara La Marr to come over to the old Fairbanks studio for lunch and to spend the afternoon watching the picture in production.

Everyone on the set, from Mr. Fairbanks down to the scrip girl, remembered that visit. All was going forward as usual, when suddenly they became conscious of a new presence.

A girl had walked on to the set. She wore a squirrel cloak wrapped about her tall, slender figure, and a cloth-of-gold turban was wound about her dark hair. But it was her face that stopped everything, as it had done many times before.

A girl who was there said to me recently, "You never saw anything in your life as beautiful as she was that day. Why, nobody could take his eyes off her. You just could hardly believe anyone like that was real."

Suddenly the eye of the star himself fell upon her, where she stood so quietly watching. He stared at her and then walked over.

"Take off your coat, please," he said.

The girl's eyes widened, but she slipped easily out of the cloak. She was wearing a black satin frock that wrapped closely about her perfect figure.

Douglas Fairbanks looked at her for several moments.

"Take off your hat," he said.

This time just a ripple of a smile touched the perfect mouth. She took off her hat and showed her dark hair, done smoothly about her perfect head.

"What's your name?" said Mr. Fairbanks.

"My name is Barbara La Marr," said the beauty quietly.

"I want you to play Milady in The Three Musketeers," he said briskly. "Please leave me your address. I will have you notified when we start."

And that was that.

Again she had done nothing but allow someone to look at her and the whole course of her life was changed.

On April 5, 1921, she started in the great

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[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR
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rôle of Milady, the fascinating, devilish, irresistible villainess of Fairbanks' greatest picture, The Three Musketeers.

It was while she was making this picture that I saw her again for the first time since 1915. The episode is interesting because of the light it sheds upon Barbara La Marr's development and upon one of her chief characteristics. I mention my part in it simply because it seems necessary to this biography.

I was then Western editor of *Photoplay Magazine*. One day I received a wire from Jim Quirk, my publisher, which said, "There's a new find over at the Fairbanks studio. Name, Barbara La Marr. They say she's a knockout. Better shoot us a yarn about her."

TELEPHONING for an appointment, I found Mark Larkin, the press agent, more than professionally enthusiastic.

"This girl," he said, "is a prize. She's the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

As I wended my way to keep my appointment with Miss Barbara La Marr I was thinking, strangely enough, of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen and wondering what in the world had become of Reatha Watson.

I was ushered into Miss La Marr's dressing room. The tall, dark young woman at the mirror turned and faced me.

"Reatha!"

We kissed and cried a little and began to talk a million miles a minute.

The change in Barbara was startling. The same beauty was there—not quite so radiant, not quite so perfect as I had known it. But what she had lost in the superb perfection of her youth she had gained in poise, in bearing, and in the new depths of feeling and experience that showed so plainly. The girl had become a woman. There was a mind alert behind those enormous eyes.

Few things in my life have so touched me as the welcome Barbara gave me that day and her anxiety to resume our old friendship. Because, as you probably know, rising young motion picture actresses do not always greet with cheers apparitions from the land of "I Knew Her When." In fact, Hollywood is famous for its bad memories.

The past which Reatha Watson had buried out of sight under her new name was an open book to me and no one knew it better than did Barbara La Marr. But she was big enough to face the thing. She had always known that sooner or later someone would recognize her, someone would tie that long string of headlines around the neck of the new Barbara La Marr. But she had hoped it would not be quite so soon. If she could have a little more time, it wouldn't be able to stop her, that ghost of her past.

We talked it all out and she told me then many of the things which are included in this story of her life. The interview I sent to *Photoplay* didn't include any of the things I knew, and in return she gave me her word that if it ever looked as though the story was going to break, she would let me know so that I could get in first with it.

She kept her word, as I will show you later.

At the conclusion of The Three Musketeers, Barbara separated definitely from Ben Deely. For some time she had been trying to bring this about. He was a drag about her neck morally, financially, socially. Her life was broadening out now along the lines which she desired. Interesting people of all kinds were her friends. Editors and writers who came out from New York and who wanted to meet the beautiful Barbara La Marr merely because of her beauty found themselves charmed no less by her wit, her deep philosophy, her gracious manners.

Never at any time did Barbara develop the spoiled self complacency of the ordinary beauty. Really beautiful women, I think, do not. Lillian Russell was the most gracious, most beloved woman the American stage has ever known.

Miss La Marr and Stuart Holmes in The Prisoner of Zenda.

Barbara had taken a small house. Her work absorbed her a great deal in those days and she read continually. Ben Deely was the one disturbing element. But it was frightfully difficult to make the break. He pleaded. He threatened. He promised. He would stay away from her for a time and then come back, sobbing out the old tale, "I can't live without you." This was doubtless true in more ways than one.

But at last Barbara made a decided stand, and on September 20, 1921, the Los Angeles papers announced that Barbara La Marr and her husband, Ben Deely, had separated for good. So little Reatha Watson was back in the headlines again, but nobody realized it. The personnel of newspaper offices changes and it happened that as yet no one had recognized the too beautiful girl as Douglas Fairbanks' discovery.

PHIL AINSWORTH had obtained his final divorce papers in 1920, when he came out of San Quentin on parole. But Barbara did not know of this delay. Until 1923 she considered that she had been legally married to Ben Deely.

After the separation Deely went East and returned to vaudeville; but he was to appear again in Barbara's life and to involve her in a sensational scandal which tested her strength to the utmost and was one of the contributing causes of her breakdown.

Everybody remembers the great success of Barbara La Marr in The Three Musketeers. It was one of those rare instances, like the performance of Rudy Valentino in The Four Horsemen, that made stars overnight. Her services were in instant demand. Fred Niblo wanted her for Blood and Sand. Somebody else wanted her for something else. After some deliberation she went to Rex Ingram for a small but effective part in The Prisoner of Zenda. The agreement was that he was to feature her later in Black Orchids and other productions.

Oddly enough, there was a young man in the Ingram company with whom she had danced some years before. His name then was Ramon Sameniegos, but by the time they were co-starred in Black Orchids he had changed it to Ramon Novarro. The boy worshiped her, and when she left Ingram to be starred by another concern he offered to go with her as her leading man instead of remaining to be starred by Ingram.

"THERE was never anyone else like Barbara to work with," he said once, after the last close-up of Barbara had been made. "She had a warmth and an understanding that lifted you up and made everything easy. It was an inspiration to work with her, and I know that those first successes of mine were due in a great measure to the fact that I was working with her. And it was the greatest happiness to be with her then.

"You could never grow tired of talking with her and she was interested in whatever you cared to talk about and responded to your thoughts and brought them out. Certainly she was one of the greatest artists the screen has ever known. I wish more people realized that. Her interpretive dancing was wonderful. She might easily have been another Isadora Duncan.

"Her appreciation and understanding of music was amazing. She was the only one who understood my ambition to become a singer, and she used to come over to the little room I had fitted up at the old Metro studio in which to practice, and she would listen and criticize so intelligently and sometimes accompany me. Her encouragement was uplifting.

"Often she would say, 'Ramon, do not think of anything except doing the highest and finest that is in you. If that is giving the world beautiful music instead of acting, do not let money or fame influence you.' I never knew whether her knowledge of music was instinctive or whether it was part of the studying she had done for herself. Often now, when I am singing, I think of her."

P. & A. photo

With Jack Dougherty, her fifth and last husband.

Another young man who was a close friend of hers then was Willis Goldbeck, now one of the most brilliant scenario writers in the motion picture industry. He had just begun his work under Rex Ingram at that time and he gives another glimpse of her in a letter I had from him shortly after she died.

"It would be impossible," he wrote, "for me to tell you all I owe to Barbara. She used to come into my shabby little office at the old Metro studio, and the moment I heard her footsteps in the hall I would begin to feel new life. Then she would sit down and talk over the problem I was wrestling with and her sure dramatic instinct always found the weak spots

or showed me the way out of a tangle. And she had the blessed gift of making your work seem worth the very best that was in you.

"Her mental energy was amazing and she was never too tired or too self absorbed to consider your difficulties as though they were her own. I am quite sure I should never have staggered through those first maddening attempts to write for the screen if it hadn't been for Bobby. How she had time to read and study as she did I don't know. But she did and, on top of the finest natural intellect I have ever encountered in a woman, she had a vast store of understanding gained from life. Barbara's weaknesses were all of the flesh. Her virtues were of the mind and spirit. We shan't see her like again."

Those are the honest opinions of two men who were not in love with her, except as every man was a little in love with Barbara, and who knew her well over a period of years.

IT was while she was working for Rex Ingram that the ghost of Reatha Watson appeared and was laid.

One afternoon Barbara appeared at my house.

"I promised you," she said, "that if anyone was going to print the story that I was once Reatha Watson, you should do it. Well, it's beginning to get around, so—I suppose I can't avoid it. Treat me as gently as you can. Mr. Ingram says if the story breaks now he won't let me play in Trifling Women—but maybe he doesn't mean it. Anyway, there's nothing I can do about it. Pasts are devilish things."

We softened the details of that past, however, and our publication of it in *Photoplay Magazine* stopped any sensational accounts from appearing elsewhere. We knew that eventually the facts must come out. But I have always been glad to think that I did Bobby the service of presenting them in the most favorable light possible.

Rex Ingram didn't make good his threat, and Trifling Women starred Barbara La Marr.

But she was by no means done with that "devilish past."

The one unfulfilled yearning of her heart was for children. If Barbara dined at a house where there were children, they were always kept up to see her, and often she would neglect the grown-up guests entirely.

In February of 1923 she made a trip to Texas to appear personally with one of her pictures. During a tour of Dallas she was taken to visit an orphan asylum. The rest of the official tour never took place. Barbara was in her element. One baby, a wide-eyed, yellow-haired boy of six months, especially appealed to her, and she romped with him for half an hour. When she turned to leave him, he stretched out his little arms and began to wail. It was too much for Barbara.

"He's mine," she said. "Can I have him?"

Two days later the papers were drawn up and signed and Barbara La Marr became the legal mother of Marvin Carville La Marr. She took him back to California with her and was a devoted mother to him.

Here we reach the high point of Barbara La Marr's life. Greater fame, more money, higher honors were still to come. But, so far as the woman herself is concerned, she was at her best then.

She was surrounded by friends who adored her and whom she helped and stimulated in their artistic pursuits. She had taken the responsibility of a child upon herself. No one, perhaps, will ever know just how much of the money she made and squandered so generously went at this time to help girls in Hollywood who were struggling for a foothold. There were always one or two of them living in her house. As an artist her work was startlingly fresh and vibrant with life. Her mode of life was still simple. No dissipation marred her existence at this time.

It was then, too, that she formed what was the most beautiful and unquestionably the most important of her many friendships. Paul Bern, famous as writer, director, editorial chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and a man of most brilliant mind and of the deepest culture, met her at a dinner party, took her home, and became from that day to the day of her death her closest friend.

A star overnight: with Douglas Fairbanks in The Three Musketeers.

P. & A. photo

Ben Deely, fourth of Barbara La Marr's husbands.

That friendship was important not only to these two brilliant people, but to the whole motion picture industry. For from it came all that was finest in Barbara's work and much of the literary progress which Paul Bern has introduced to the screen.

But, for some reason, from this time forward the trend for Barbara herself was downward.

Once again the wrong man entered the scene.

Barbara La Marr's last husband was Jack Dougherty.

There is nothing to be said particularly either for or against Jack. He was a motion picture cowboy at Universal. A big, good-looking, red-headed Irishman, with a great deal of virility and a sense of humor. It is betraying no secret to say that her friends and her family opposed this marriage consistently and bitterly.

HE loved Barbara with every ounce of his hot-headed, uncontrolled strength. Like others before him, that love bordered on insanity. From the time they first met he pursued her day and night. And Barbara must have loved him, after a fashion. More and more, as their association grew closer, she reverted to old ways. Confusion came back into her life.

Two pictures unwind for me in connection with this. One, of Barbara dancing with Jack Dougherty in a rather wild café which was a favorite with shopgirls and stenographers. She had on an orchid colored silk sweater and a sweeping hat of orchid tulle. One, of her as guest of honor at a dinner party given by Paul Bern. Her gown that night was of severe black velvet and there was a corsage of orchids on her shoulder. She was perfectly at home in both environments.

That she feared Jack Dougherty I know. On at least two occasions she called the Hollywood police station and asked them to send officers to her home on West Seventh Street.

"I'll kill you before I'll give you up," she told me he said to her.

AT last she decided to marry him. But she did not know whether she was free to marry. When she discovered that her marriage to Ben Deely had antedated Phil Ainsworth's final divorce decree, she decided that she had never been married to Deely at all, and that since Ainsworth had eventually been given an absolute divorce from her, she must now be legally a free woman.

Phil Ainsworth was in Los Angeles at that time. She saw him, they consulted a lawyer, and he advised her to have Phil go to San Francisco and file an annulment suit against Barbara's marriage to Deely. Phil was on parole from San Quentin at the time and was not supposed to leave Los Angeles. But he went. Two hours after he had filed the annulment suit he was arrested for breaking his parole and taken back to San Quentin. Barbara did her best to free him, but without success.

Now, at any rate, she thought she was free to go ahead and marry Jack.

There was a wild party one night. Barbara had been dancing, she had been drinking champagne. Halfway through the evening, Jack suggested to her that they run away and get married. That appealed to Barbara's sense of the dramatic. There were several conferences with her friends. One of them at least pleaded with her to wait until the following day. But Barbara was too excited to listen. A midnight wedding!

So, finally, she and Jack Dougherty, accompanied by her friend Paul Bern, left the party and made a wild dash for Santa Barbara.

It was a wild wedding. The clerk had to be dragged from his bed, a minister found. And there, in the dim light of a small, old-fashioned parlor, the too beautiful girl made her wedding vows for the fifth and last time.

The next morning, on May 9, 1923, the papers announced in headlines that the famous screen star, Barbara La Marr, was now Mrs. Jack Dougherty.

In June the motion picture company sailed for Rome, where Barbara was to make The Eternal City under the direction of George Fitzmaurice.

She spent three happy months in Italy, and came back to a welter of events and scandals and accusations which can be compared only to the Mad Hatter's famous tea party. Nor can the controversy as to whose wife she was, if anybody's, be compared for logic to anything but the well known conversation between that same Mad Hatter and the March Hare.

The closing chapter of Barbara La Marr's career will be told in next week's Liberty.

Little Solly DIES

The Story of a Gangster's Farewell

By WALTON GREEN

Pictures by DUDLEY SUMMERS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In two previous stories by Mr. Green the career of Little Solly, New York gangster, has been described up to the moment he was saved from assassination in a cabaret by his pal, Slim Hermann. Slim had just shot Swan Snyder and the narrative left him reproaching the girl, Sophy, for urging Snyder to kill Little Solly.]

THE principals in the shooting were the least disturbed persons in the cabaret. So unhurriedly had Slim Hermann returned to Sophy Kolof's table, so unconcernedly was he sipping at his glass of hot milk, that no one—least of all the worriedly whispering proprietor—connected him with the act.

"Did ye bump him?" asked Sophy nervously. She could not make out this studious looking, milk drinking, and murderous young man whom she had met but an hour before. "Did ye bump him?" she repeated sharply.

Slim did not answer. He picked up his light chamois gloves which he had dropped on the table, folded them neatly, and restored them to his pocket.

"What you wearing them things for in summer?" she demanded irritably.

A smile lurked in the corners of Mr. Hermann's very fine eyes. Otherwise his face maintained its aristocratic and professional woodenness.

"Lady," he said slowly, "one time I worked two seasons with a feller opening boxes. A real guy he was, and very particular about his hands. Taught me to wear gloves every minute, except in bed or taking a bath. You can believe it or not, lady—but I even wear 'em when I'm boxing," he finished somberly.

Sophy saw the light and smiled wanly.

"I see," she said sympathetically. "They got your fingers down at headquarters."

"They haven't—and they won't unless I go forcing it on them," he said tersely.

Sophy felt distinctly let down. Across the room sat Little Solly, surrounded by his friends, while the passion crazed youth she had sent to kill him lay dead or wounded in the hallway. And this imperturbably absentminded young man, this thin young devil with the bulging forehead and the exquisitely tapered and reposeful hands, had done it—had beaten her to it, read her unspoken purpose, and shot the man who should have shot Little Solly. So be it, thought Sophy, her Slavic fatalism uppermost for the moment.

"What did you say your name was?" she tried again. And then, without waiting for an answer: "I didn't know you was connected with that bunch over in the corner."

"No?" queried Slim mildly, while he lifted a summoning eyebrow toward the waiter. "Well, there's several things you don't know, Miss Kolof. F'r instance, you don't know when to lay off'n a right guy that ain't ever done you harm."

Sophy's face grew hard.

"He bumped a friend of mine."

"Meaning Midget Meyer? I've heard tell very different."

Slim paid the check, overtipping the waiter outrageously, as is the pride and practice of crookdom.

"They've taken him away in a taxi," volunteered the gratified waiter. "Not hurt bad—just drilled through the shoulder."

"I'm so glad," rejoined Slim brightly. "Who was it done the shooting?"

"Tall, thin guy, built something like you," returned the waiter importantly—"dropped his gun and got to the street before I could nab him. I was running for him with me bare hands, but he beat me to the door."

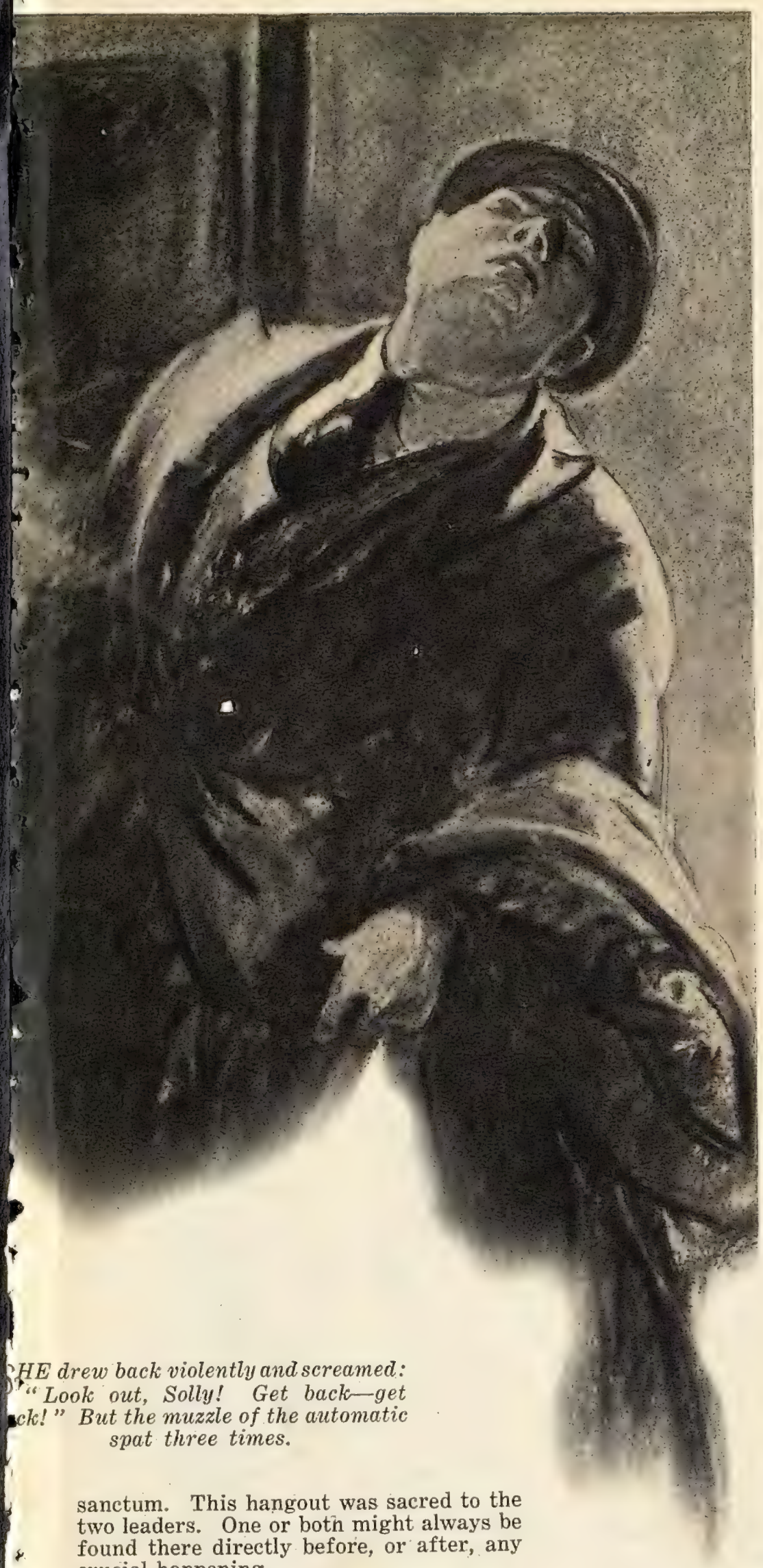
"How interesting," murmured Slim sympathetically. "Well, lady—let's be on our way. I'm taking you home, y' know."

"I didn't know," retorted Sophy; "but, seeing you're running the world tonight, it don't much matter what I say."

They went outside to hail a taxi. A patrolman sauntered up, whispered for a few moments through the identification hole in the barred door of the cabaret, swore nervously, and went his way. The joint was back on its routine, peaceful and unruffled, though a man had been shot there ten minutes before.

In the taxi Slim dropped his sardonic tone and tried earnestly to reason the girl out of her inveteracy toward Little Solly. No use. She was obdurate—persisting in her belief that Solly had countenanced, if he had not actually caused, the death of her lover.

Slim finally gave it up as a bad job and left her. He went downtown in a disturbed state of mind, and sought out Jack Chester. He located him in the little frequented Hester Street winery which served as an emergency



SHE drew back violently and screamed: "Look out, Solly! Get back—get back!" But the muzzle of the automatic spat three times.

sanctum. This hangout was sacred to the two leaders. One or both might always be found there directly before, or after, any crucial happening.

Chester was alone, siphoning off a pitcher of wine from a sixty gallon barrel which lay on its side.

"This dago red is all to the good after that phony champagne up to the cabaret," he announced.

"Yeah," agreed Slim absently. "Say, Jack—that girl's going to get Solly."

"T' hell she is. An' say—you done some job on that ginzo from across the bridge. But why—I'm askin' you—why didn't yer drill him for the marble slab while you was at it?"

"Didn't want to. He's nothing more'n the trigger hand for that damned Russian broad. It's her we gotta figure on."

"Huh, huh," agreed Jack. "But what can you do, when Solly won't hear nothin' against her? He won't even talk about it. It sure gets me how a tough guy like Solly can be such a umpshay over a second hand moll from Moscow."

"I might take her for a joy ride," suggested Slim mildly.

"If yer wantin' to go on one yerself, yer can. No denyin' it might save Solly. But he'd kill yer jest the same—kill yer inside of twelve hours. No—take it from me, he's too gone on that moll. Say, I happen to know he's give her fifty grand in his will—and her only waitin' to spit on him when they carries him out feet first some night. Can yer beat it?"

"We got to beat it," said Slim. But his tone lacked assurance.

"I can't figure out wot's got into Solly lately," continued Chester. "Seems like he wants to play a lone hand. Always using the boys on strong arm stuff, and turning down any amount of easy gin mill shakes I been lining up. If it keeps on like this, we might's well be runnin' separate rackets and be done with it," he finished, watching Slim's face narrowly to see if the seed had fallen on fertile soil.

But Slim was preoccupied with his cigarette case.

"I was over to Chi last month," Jack went on with gathering enthusiasm. "They do things right in that burg, take it from me.

"An' the coin them guys take down! Not just grands, but hunnerts of grands, and runnin' into the millions with some guys like Scarface Al—"

"Yeah," Slim broke in, "that's all right. But Scarface come from N'York himself and went out there an' showed 'em their own business. Anyhow, conditions isn't the same here. We ain't got the beer trade, for one thing. And the woman stuff ain't systematized in localities like it is in Chi. Which Solly wouldn't touch, anyway."

"An' why not?" demanded Jack. "Couldn't we run it like they does out there? Don't we stand in wid Fourteenth Street? Don't Walter McGurtry in the 'Steenth pretty near eat out o' Solly's hand? Wot's a ward leader for, I'd like to know? Why, we ain't half usin' that guy. An' at this very minute him an' Solly is up to Joe's hotsytotsy dropoff arrangin' to bust a fur strike wid a bunch of our guerrillas. Strong arm stuff that don't pay none too good anyhow, and that's full o' danger.

"Wot's the use of lumping up a lot o' poor, hard workin' wops, or gettin' maybe half a grand a head for putting the slug on a coupla strike leaders for keeps? Wot's the use of all that, when you can take down five to ten grand a week maybe, an' no risk at all, if yer list up a dozen high class cabarets an' maybe fifty or sixty of them swell West Side apartments?

"Say, listen—McGurtry himself was wisin' me on'y last week to get busy. He wants us for collectors—he takin' care of the flatties an' us payin' off the prohibition bunch. It's a cinch any way you look at it. But Solly he won't listen."

"No," agreed Slim noncommittally, "he won't have any business doings with the frails. You better lay off'n that." He paused to let this sink in, and then, "Say, Jack—who's covering Solly tonight?"

"Beek Malone took him up there, but Beek had orter go to Brooklyn later. Maybe you better slip up on the el and bring him home."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Hermann was drifting through the early morning shadows of East Fifty—— Street. He moved swiftly, but without appearing to do so, because in walking, as in all bodily motion, his instinctive economy of effort called into play only those limbs and muscles immediately needed. Most men walk with their arms and heads and shoulders, as well as with their feet. Slim walked with his legs and hips only. He was almost unnoticeable, especially in a crowd.

Unnoticeableness, in fact, was a cardinal principle of Mr. Hermann's life. It was an attribute which doubtless accounted for the fact that he was still at large while many a man who owed the state far less than he did was long since paying his score in some big gray house in the hills.

SLIM wafted himself smoothly into Joe's place. Now, why this model establishment was known as Joe's place—considering that it was owned by Walter McGurtry and was named the Uptown Taxi Emporium—no one seems to know. Nevertheless, Joe's place it was and is to all the underworld.

Half a dozen nighthawks hovered about the door, but it is doubtful if any one of them could have described Slim later on.

From the public garage on the main floor he descended to the automobile dropoff in the basement. His chief was not there—only the night shift of mechanics and painters who were obliterating engine numbers and "changing pads"—as the substitution of license plates is technically called—on the automobiles which had been stolen during the afternoon and evening.

A scholarly, middle aged painter gentleman wearing an eye shade and steel rimmed spectacles was changing the chorus girl yellow of a new sport roadster into a conservative Brewster green with the aid of a pneumatic painting gun and two quarts of the marvelous new quick-drying enamels. Slim regarded the procedure with absentminded approbation for a few minutes, and then descended another flight of stairs to the cutting plant in the subcellar.

More than twenty souls were at work here, although it was after 3 o'clock in the morning—mostly boys and girls of the neighborhood, ranging from ten to seventeen. Two adult foremen bossed the job and handed out the precious bottles of genuine liquor to the older children at the wall stand, who cut the stuff six ways with city water and government alcohol.

The younger children washed bottles, worked the hand corking machines, pasted on the excellent fake labels, and squeezed the tinfoil caps around the corks.

Three Italian women—who before prohibition scrubbed the midnight floors in office buildings—were intrusted with the more delicate task of wrapping the finished product in appropriately printed tissue paper and packing them in the cases which arrived—knocked down—from the box factory twice a week.

In a corner of the room, separated from the noise and bustle of commerce by a glass partition, sat Walter McGurtry, public garage owner by day, automobile fence and cutting plant proprietor by night—and ward leader of the famous old 'Steenth at all times. With McGurtry sat Little Solly.

"You can take it or leave it, Solly," McGurtry was saying. "Fleischbaum Brothers gotta have this strike broke. They're willing you should

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LITTLE SOLLY DIES
Continued from page sixty-nine]

play it either way. They're offering you a permanent legal partnership, with unlimited expense account and ten per cent of the net, you to give all your time and use your whole mob in protectin' them against the unfair competition of the Pelt Association crowd"—Mr. McGurtry had the grace to smile deprecatingly before he continued—"or they'll listen to your terms to handle this particular strike."

Little Solly uncrossed his sturdy bowlegs and exhaled a stiff shaft of cigarette smoke in decisive negation.

"Not goin' into no partnership in a business I don't know. Fur trade ain't on the level, anyway. I'll stick to me own racket wid de guys I kin trust. I been lookin' into this here strike. They's waited too long—stuff's getting into the papers. It'll cost twicet what it would of if I'd taken holt two weeks ago. You can tell them Fleischbaum muzzlers it'll cost 'em just twenty grand, results guaranteed. Five grand down before I put a man on the street, two grand for every striker that goes to Bellyview in the croaker's cart, an' balance w'en the strike's called off. They c'n take it or leave it."

"They'll take it—if I tell 'em to," McGurtry added pointedly.

"O' course," agreed Solly impassively. "An' two an' a half grand to you for the business."

"Five for the business," snapped McGurtry, the corners of his mouth stretching unpleasantly about the wet, chewed butt of his cigar. "I got to split three ways with the bunch in the station house—it's a tough precinct down there."

Solly stroked the great knife scar along his chin and reflected.

"O. K.," he said finally. "Five to you it is—providin' you take care of the dicks an' flatties. An' you better get Cap'n Albert transferred back from the Bronx—he's the best guy in this burg at gettin' out his reserves ten minutes too late. An' say—if you can find a rookie cop named Tom Salters—I dunno where he is now—an' put him on a beat near the factory, it'd help me some."

"Hm," the ward leader considered. "Guess you got a good hunch on transferring Albert—I'll see what I can do. But this young Salters feller don't listen so good. Ain't he the guy's been up fifteen or twenty times for sousing and beating up people? Sure he is. No—it'd look too bad."

"Suit yourself—I can get along widout him," said Little Solly indifferently, and departed. "Lemme know when you're all set."

THE strike was ended satisfactorily within two weeks. Solly and Chester netted nearly $11,000 after all expenses. This included an unlooked for but ineluctable demand from a new alderman who enriched himself by $2,000, but to the great injury of a promising political career, by committing the unpardonable sin of wildcatting—which is to say that he grafted beyond his own Brooklyn bailiwick and shook down Little Solly by threatening to join with a lady alderman who was trying to expose some unpleasant aspects of the strikebreaking.

Barring this setback, however, it was a clean-cut and successful piece of business for Solly. He suffered no arrests and but minor casualties among his own forces. And the brothers Fleischbaum—the despised "muzzlers" of Solly's characterization—paid promptly and cheerfully and unracially on the dot. Moreover, they spread far and wide beyond the borders of their own trade the virtues of Solly as a creator of business peace by force of arms—so much so that tempting business began to come across the bridge from Brooklyn.

All of which, while it gratified, did not appease Jack Chester. He was an older man than Little Solly, and indubitably he possessed a more modern type of business imagination. Even in the profession of crime he had learned to weigh the comparative factors of business risk, overhead and turnover—factors which the average criminal, however great his technical skill, seldom considers.

From a business point of view he was right and Solly was wrong. With the help of McGurtry and a few higher ups, they could easily have organized a highly profitable and thoroughly safe system of wholesale blackmail in the vice and liquor fields of the furtive Fifties. Chester could neither understand nor reconcile

SOLLY met Slim. They strolled down Broadway. At Sixty-seventh Street they encountered Captain Bill Henderson.

Solly's indifference to risk, his cold blooded readiness to kill or be killed, and his hot blooded contempt for the blackmailing of women. Jack had a good head—and no morals, even for a crook. Whereas Solly, humorless thug and murderer, was intensely ethical to the tips of his stubby little fingers.

SOLLY was, of course, a great romantic. The fact that he was born in Hester Street a thousand years after and a thousand miles away from his spiritual forebears did not alter the Saracenic makeup of him—Saracenic and Sicilian—with the best and the worst of each.

Solly had spoken English with his baby breath, and hated his parents for their inability to drop the Italian. He talked English—but never thought American. He was a throwback to his Mafiast forebears. His fisherman father from Palermo, peddling meat scraps in Rivington Street, became more Americanized after three years, and more submissive to authority, than did Solly in his whole fierce and humorless twenty-five years of life.

Had you told Little Solly that he was a criminal, he would have stared at you. His ethics were high, his sense of honor and obligation unimpeachable. To rob an enemy or to kill for a friend or for pay—that was the business of life. His loyalty was to family and to feud, to clan and to gang. Antisocial he was, of course, and revengeful and single minded and severely without sense of humor—which, as we noted at the outset, accounted largely for his distinguished career as a killer.

All these tendencies came from his Irredentist mother and not from his submissive and cop fearing father. Little Solly neither feared the police nor hated them; he simply blackjacked or shot them out of his way, as his ancestors had done with the plumed carabinieri of their brigand isle. Solly was cold blooded and mercenary and cruel and generous and tender and true. He was a murderer and blackmailer by tradition and heritage; but he delivered the goods and he was not mean. Also, he did not prey upon women. He was an incurable sentimentalist.

It was this combination of qualities that made Little Solly the greatest gangster of our day. The police had credited Solly with fully thirty killings before he himself died. And yet, all of them respected him and many of them liked him. Captain Bill Henderson went far out of his way to warn Solly against his enemies—though Solly had been a thorn in that genial Irishman's side for many a stormy year.

Solly was set apart, too, among his fellows. The thief puts much store upon the touch of Robin Hood—and extols out of reason the romantic qualities of courage and faithfulness. Orderly society mentally lumps together and judges by one standard all criminals. Not so with the criminals themselves. They have their own rigid standards of professional conduct.

The peterman or bandit regards the card sharp or automobile thief much as a justice of the Supreme Court regards an ambulance chasing shyster. The underworld condemns crimes of perversion and crimes of meanness and moral turpitude more bitterly than does the lawkeeping citizen himself. The self respecting thief laughs at the Lombrosian theory, and asks no indulgence of society on the score of degenerative atavism. He's a thief because he wants to be—not because he has to be.

BUT he is the first to admit that courage and loyalty are rare qualities in his brotherhood. One of the most thoughtful and ablest allround criminals in New York maintains that there are not two dozen living American crooks who are truly courageous and wholly loyal even to their own partners. This man spoke at the time of the Chapman hanging in Connecticut. Chapman himself he put at the head of the honor list—and Chapman's partner, Dutch Anderson. And then he named Little Solly of Hester Street—who was just beginning to shoot and knife his way into the upper brackets.

From all of which it may be seen that Little Solly and Jack Chester were sooner or later headed for a split. When one of two partners—be it murder or merchandise—wants only to make money and the other wants art for art's sake, why, it's all off.

The process was hastened in this instance by an amusing error on the part of a police officer which resulted in the death of Louis Finnusini. But we must go back a bit.

Three weeks after he got out of the hospital, Swan Snyder—now quite sober and wholly cured of his passion for Sophy, and with an admirably long headed lack of animosity toward the man who had shot him—sought out Slim Hermann and asked for a job. Slim referred him to Jack Chester.

Chester looked over the man's thoroughly mean record of petty thievery and short jail sentences, and decided that he wasn't much use for anything except cabaret shaking. So he sent him down to Thirty-fourth Street with a couple of good indorsements from local congressmen, and got him a job as a dry agent.

But the Swan didn't know when he was sitting pretty. His government tin hadn't been pinned to the back of his belt for three weeks before he began playing both ends against the middle. He not only held out on collections for Chester, but he started stooling for Buckner's office on the side and in another district. Just when Chester was finding this out, the government got him in a jam, and he went over to Washington—where he finally ratted most abominably and flagrantly rather than take a rap at Atlanta.

Naturally, it was thumbs down on Mr. Snyder. Solly was head and ears busy with the fur strike, and Chester—without saying anything to his partner—made the arrangements, but in his indirect way, as usual. Instead of using one of his own guerrillas, he hired the sousing rookie cop Tom Salters to do the job.

Salters didn't know Swan Snyder by sight, so Chester detailed Louis Finnusini to bring

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the Swan out of a certain cabaret and put the finger on him for the benefit of Salters, who would then pick a quarrel and kill him while resisting arrest—a simple device, and one by no means unknown to our protection of law and order.

Everything went as per schedule, except that Salters, who was in off duty plain clothes and rather more drunk than usual, mistook his man, and killed the excellent Louis instead of the worthless Snyder.

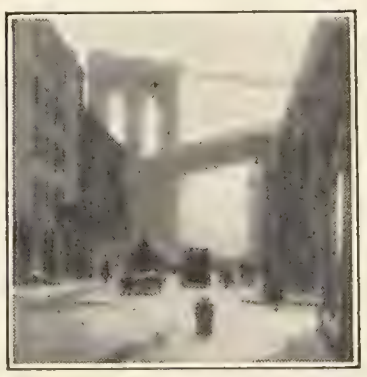
Now, it wasn't in any sense Chester's direct fault, but Solly never forgave him. Louis had been a most valuable man. The cop tried to laugh it off, but Solly refused to see the irony of it. One of his best men had been bumped by his own gang and that was all there was to it. Finally Solly lost his temper and actually went to McGurtry about it—with the result that the cop was had up on charges and very properly fined two weeks' pay.

THE partners were by now thoroughly out of accord. Solly would not listen to McGurtry and Chester, who were listing up cabarets and flats and organizing on paper a very creditable small scale replica of the Chicago system. And Chester would go along only reluctantly with Solly's plans to invade Brooklyn and bring about a better understanding between capital and labor.

This time Little Solly had been approached by a labor union which had offered him a flat $50,000 to win a strike for them. The employers, on the other hand—and again acting through McGurtry—were offering $30,000, which was ten thousand better than they had done in the fur strike, and no more overhead or risk involved.

Chester, completely sold on the vice and blackmail program, wanted to get out of the strong arm field altogether. Especially did he feel, and not without reason, that it was wiser to leave to the Brooklyn gangsters the work of supplying clinical material to their local hospitals.

But in any case, if Solly insisted on going in, he saw no reason for limiting their activities to either side in the industrial war. Both sides offered lump sums to win the strike, or an alternative of weekly retainers for protection. Why not take weekly retainers from both sides, use separate gangs of guerrillas, and string the thing out with perfunctory and equally distributed blackjacking for as long as the racket would stand it?



Little Solly, thoroughly scandalized and disillusioned to the quick, promptly closed with the union, ran the job by telephone from Manhattan, and collected his $50,000 at the end of a brilliant and bloody two weeks' campaign.

Jack Chester took his split and said nothing. But with equal promptness and characteristic secrecy he got in touch with the Brooklyn gang which had been done out of the business, and came to an understanding with them. If he could arrange the dethronement of Little Solly, Chester would be elevated to the overlordship of both boroughs. Nothing was said between Solly and Chester, but the partnership was at an end.

Now, in ordinary business, partners often part and go their ways in amity. Not so with the alliances of gangdom. When a partnership ends, a feud begins, and the paths of the rival leaders cannot run in peaceful parallels. Sooner or later they converge in death.

None should have known this better than Salvatore Maggioroni, for he had won his way by knife and pistol. He well knew that there are no such things as former gangsters, and that an ex-leader is a dead leader. But seemingly he chose to ignore this—just as he chose to ignore the implacable enmity of the Russian girl whom he loved.

In these last months Solly was not quite the Solly of old. It was not that he had lost grip, for he conducted his operations with all his oldtime thoroughness of preparation and brilliance of execution. But he had gradually withdrawn from personal physical participation. His leadership was that of the staff general—not that of the fighting company commander.

Solly was getting old, for a gangster. He was nearly twenty-five. He had more money than he knew what to do with, and he had long ago left Hester Street and moved uptown to a furnished apartment on West Eighty-first Street.

PROSPERITY had softened him, not mentally or spiritually, but in his body. He ate restaurant food and added a layer of fat to his already sturdy paunch. His curious sensitiveness about the great knife scar along his jawbone developed into an acute vanity, and he shaved his very black beard twice each day and carefully powdered the livid white of the scar. He patronized an expensive tailor, and sought to have his trousers cut so as to ameliorate the wishbone contours of his strong bowlegs. And he affected gaudy silken undershirts and drawers which were custom made to his stanch measure, and which he meticulously changed each day. But the tiled and built in bathtub in his apartment still suggested to him little more than it had in the Hester Street days of his adolescence, when his mother pressed the wine grape there.

His apartment was furnished with the dreadful and standardized lack of positive objectionability which characterizes some 10,000,000 American apartments. He made it worse—or better, if you like—with Sollyesque touches of sentimentalism.

On his dressing table stood a Coney Island snapshot of Sophy—preserved from the good old Midge Meyer days and framed in fearful gilt. Sophy would have thrown it down and smashed it under foot had she known he sported it. And framed in his living room he dis-

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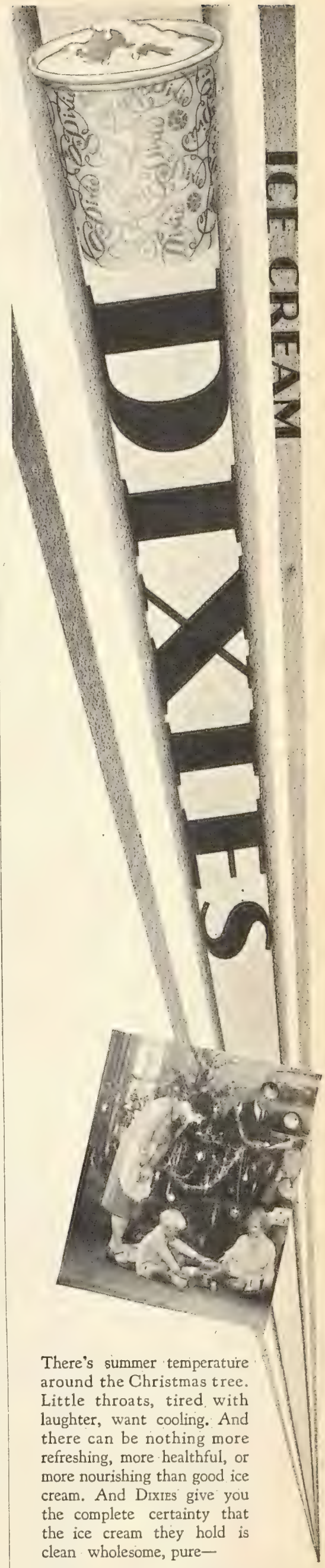

There's summer temperature around the Christmas tree. Little throats, tired with laughter, want cooling. And there can be nothing more refreshing, more healthful, or more nourishing than good ice cream. And DIXIES give you the complete certainty that the ice cream they hold is clean wholesome, pure—

Makers of only the highest standard ice cream are given the DIXIES franchise.

INDIVIDUAL
DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup
Easton, Pa.

How *to beat a* Cold

NO matter what soothing measures you employ to ease a cold, there is always one simple basic thing to do—*clear the system of the poisons of congestion by taking one or two heaping teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water.*

Don't stay "stuffed up." At the first sneeze take Sal Hepatica which clears out intestinal wastes and poisons promptly—*usually within 30 minutes*—and so prevents a cold from getting a start.

You may take Sal Hepatica at any time, but for the most prompt action it should be taken half an hour before any meal, preferably before breakfast. Its use helps to keep the body in perfect condition to battle the germs of not only colds and grippe, but many more of the minor ills of life.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, effervescent, pleasant to take and gentle in its action. By releasing the natural secretion of water in the intestines, Sal Hepatica corrects constipation and washes away the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica has the same health-giving salines for which the waters of the European Spas have long been noted and, like them, Sal Hepatica is effective in the treatment of indigestion, headaches, rheumatism, auto-intoxication and in many other troubles arising from faulty elimination.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, bubbling drink.

Keep well this winter—take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

Sal Hepatica

© 1928

[LITTLE SOLLY DIES Continued from page seventy-one]

played in simple vanity the first and most famous of his safety razor blade warnings—the blade sent him by a grateful Rivington Street merchant whose window it had graced and protected for six long years. Alongside this Solly had framed another blade—the one he had dropped on the body of the first man he had killed. And under the two blades were pasted—again with Sollyesque literalness—the handful of mortician's cards given him by the ironic undertaker's assistant.

Yes, Solly was a romantic. Softened a bit by prosperity. An older and a more sophisticated Solly—sadder in many things and wiser in all things save in the ways of women. Two things he never learned to understand—jokes and women.

IT was on a lovely spring day, perhaps a fortnight after the Brooklyn strike, that there came to Solly great joy in the form of a note from Sophy Kolof:

SOLLY—

This Slim Hermann, who is one real friend of yours, has been talking to me a lot and maybe I been getting you wrong. If you want to eat with me tonight maybe I'll be at the Red Gizard around seven.

From
SOPHY K.

Solly met Slim in the late afternoon at their uptown cabaret. He said nothing of the note from Sophy, keeping his own counsel, as usual. But all day he had walked upon air. Slim, quietly watchful, noted his suppressed elation, but could not fathom it.

They strolled down Broadway, Solly swinging dynamically along, Slim gauntly immobile and moving as if without motion, light overcoat in the crook of his arm, with the hand nestling close to the pistol butt beneath his armpit—his eyes dreamily and certainly encompassing every thing and every person within half a block. At Sixty-seventh Street they encountered Captain Bill Henderson. Solly had not seen him for over two years—not since his transfer uptown from the Clinton Street station.

With him was the ubiquitous *Star* man.

"Hello, Solly. How's tricks?" began the big captain, affably enough. "I hear tell you've been doin' pretty well across the bridge."

"Not so worse," murmured Solly deprecatingly.

The *Star* man scratched a match and cupped the flame for his cigarette.

"Tell him what you were telling me last night, cap'n," he mumbled through the smoke. The officer's face grew serious.

"Oh, yes; I almost forgot. Say, Solly, for once in your life you better listen. We got it pretty straight that some of your friends ain't so friendly as they used to be."

"Which ain't tellin' me nothin'," observed Solly.

"Have it your own way. But you gotta remember you been a killer, and it'll come back on you if you stay in this town. If you wanta go on living you better go west to some small town and settle down an' raise eggs an' honey and suchlike."

Little Solly heard the words, but their import made not a scratch upon his inner happiness.

"Aw, shucks, cap'n. I've cut out the worst o' the rough stuff, an' you know it jest's well's I do. All I want is to be let alone."

"Which you won't be, young feller, me lad," broke in the *Star* man blithely. "I've covered most of your doings the past five years, and I'm figuring there's just one more piece of copy in you—which'll be your own funeral," he finished pleasantly.

"That'll be your business—not mine," commented Solly, without the slightest thought of humor.

The *Star* man looked at the captain, and the captain looked long and professionally at Slim, and Slim looked long and professionally at the passers-by. Then the four men separated.

At Columbus Circle Solly turned to his companion.

"Leavin' you here, Slim," he said tersely. "Won't need you no more tonight."

Slim ventured one of his rare expostulations:

"Wish't you'd let me stick around awhile. Them geezers has likely heard somethin'."

IN the taxi Slim dropped his sardonic tone and tried to reason the girl out of her inveteracy toward Little Solly.

"Sure they has—the bulls is always hearing somethin'," Solly returned easily. "I'll see you at my place 'bout ten o'clock."

He walked decisively away.

Slim, too, walked decisively away, and in the opposite direction. But at half a block he turned and picked up his chief's trail. On that night and in that mood Little Solly would not have noticed if he had been followed by a regiment and a brass band.

The meeting on which Solly had set such high store did not work out any too well. Sophy seemed nervous and distrait. Twice she was called to the telephone. Also she was drinking more than was her habit in the old East Side days. The girl was conciliatory and unaloof enough—but with a curiously dishonest air of detachment which Solly found it impossible to penetrate. Somehow, she was not the same brutally frank, passionately honest Sophy of old.

But Solly was happy. She was telling him what for years he had yearned to hear—telling him that she at last believed him guiltless of the Midget's death; telling him that she now knew that he had always been her true friend, and that she was grateful for this, and would try to make it up to him for the many harshnesses of her misunderstanding. And Solly, on the verge of telling her that he had loved her these many years, nevertheless, in his diffidence, judged the time premature.

Even the worst fools of women usually know when men love them. Sophy Kolof was far from a fool, and Solly had loved her for years—which she truly and honestly didn't know. This is a small item, but it is as well to score it to her credit at this point.

SOLLY finished his chianti, Sophy gulped two final brandies, and they went to the street. Solly started to hail the driver of the first taxi on the stand.

"Oh, no," said Sophy hoarsely. "Let's take the big black one that's driving up."

The big black one swung to the curb, and Solly opened the door to let the girl enter. Halfway in, she drew back violently and screamed:

"Look out, Solly! Get back—get back!"

But the muzzle of the automatic was thrust past her from inside the cab, and spat three times. Sophy had changed her mind too late.

Solly never knew this, for he did not understand women, and all he heard in deep thankfulness were his Sophy's warning words. Then he slumped precipitately to the sidewalk and began to cough.

The taxicab drove away. Slim, too late for once, crossed the street from his watching place, and knelt with the girl beside his chief.

"Oh, Gawd," he breathed, "I spotted the wrong taxi. But you ain't hurt bad, Solly—you ain't hurt bad."

But Solly knew better. He moved his head wearily and happily in the hollow of the unworthy girl's arm, and his eyelids flickered uncertainly.

"If you got a razor blade wid you, Slim," he managed to whisper, "you better drop it on me."

Which was the first and only recorded joke of the grim little man's life.

THE END

Those Sagging FACE MUSCLES

By EILEEN BOURNE

NOT vanity but sanity is the ounce of prevention or the pound of correction with more and brighter beauty as the stake. Solomon, mid all his glory and his thousand better halves, did he happen in upon a morning session of facial uplift work, could not then have delivered himself of his well known philippic on vanity.

"For the luv o' Mike!" more likely would have been his first ejaculation. For it is not given to man, sage though he may be, to rise to great nobility of phrase in the presence of the female in pursuit of her age-old art.

"Keep it up, girls," would Solomon have added were he the wise one we suspect; "for I don't want the other boys around here to think I choose 'em for quantity and not for quality."

Anyway, the girls would have kept it up secretly, were they adjured to run along and get the house tidied up. That is, if they wanted to preserve their facial charm for their lord and master and that little world of their own for which women struggle to retain their bloom.

The surest way to correct sagging face muscles is to catch them young, treat them to massage and exercise, and tell them never to let go.

Just as exercise for the body keeps the muscles firm and the tissue nourished, so do exercises for the facial muscles strengthen them and support a better nourished tissue.

Easily 50 per cent of the value of a massage lies in the exercise that goes into it. Were you simply to put a layer or two of the finest nourishing cream or tissue builder on the face and let it remain there without any coöperative muscle stimulation it would be pure cosmetic waste. You must introduce something to tone the muscles and to stimulate the blood circulation in the skin. That something is exercise.

Slapping, patting, tapping are gradually taking the place of the old stroking form of massage by expert operators. It is believed now that the old order of massage did little more than move fat accumulations around to some other section of the face. Tapping, it is claimed, leaves the skin in its normal location.

Tapping is done by simply hitting the skin on both sides of the face a series of small blows; in other words, beating a tattoo on the face with the fingers of each hand. There is an exhilarating sensation after the performance and it increases the tone in the elastic or stretching tissue of the skin. It breaks up fat deposits and it builds up rotundity if needed and it nourishes the tissue.

There are a few simple exercises to correct sagging muscles of the face which were better done immediately before the tapping or slapping or patting work.

FIRST, open the mouth as wide as you can; close the right hand and lay the flat part of the fist directly under the chin; push upward with the fist. Resist with the jaw.

Now, remove the hand and thrust the lower jaw outward and downward, muscles held firm. Hold this position for five counts, then draw the muscles at the sides of the mouth up as though in a forced smile, holding the muscles at the sides of the mouth and under the chin as tense as possible.

Follow with this exercise: Blow hard as if to put out a candle far enough away to extinguish with difficulty.

Then there is the more forceful than elegant gum chewing motion to give tone to the lower face muscles that usually sag first.

Our face lifting lesson would be unfinished were a word not added about the imperative need of astringent properties. There is no occasion to be arrogant about ice or witch-hazel or a manufactured product as the best and only astringent to use. But the point to drive home is that an astringent of some kind should be in consistent use. However, we might say of cold water, which may be used along with your own favorite astringent, that not only has it astringent advantages, but it is a perfect skin tonic as well.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Where Is the Fat of Yesterday?

Have you noted how fast excess fat, with men and women, has disappeared in late years? Slender figures are the rule. Think what millions have gained in youth and beauty, health and vigor by that change.

A great factor has been a discovery made some 25 years ago. Medical research found a cause of excess fat. It lies in weakness of a gland which largely controls nutrition. Too much of the food goes to fat.

Modern physicians in treating obesity now feed that gland substance. And that is the main factor embodied in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola was perfected by a famous medical laboratory. Its chief factor is a gland food. People have used it for over 20 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus, year by year, the use has grown to very large proportions. In the past year alone it has doubled.

The results are seen everywhere. Excess fat has been banished to a large degree.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes, you know exactly why. No hard work, no starvation. Just take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which for over 20 years has brought new joys to so many. You owe that to yourself. Watch the gradual loss of fat. Enjoy the new energy that comes. You will be delighted. Don't wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

STOP HEAD COLDS

Don't shiver and shake, or let that cold of yours knock you out.

Rinex it . . . quick. Chills quit. Runny nose and sneezing stop.

Everybody raves about Rinex, and why not? All sorts of sniffles—weepy eyes, inflamed nostrils, catarrh, head colds, asthma—respond magically to Rinex.

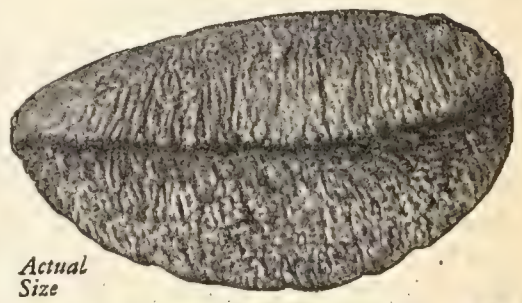
Try it! Sure, safe, easy to take—not habit forming. No bad after effects. Money back if not relieved. At all druggists. Pocket size 50c, home size $1.

DR. PLATT'S **Rinex** PRESCRIPTION

Clinical Laboratories Co., Inc.
8 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

I am enclosing 10c for Rinex sample.

Name.....
Address .....
Druggist's name.....
..... L-12



Actual Size

BRAZIL NUTS!

NEW crop imported KING COLE Brazil nuts, *Jumbo* size, direct from the banks of the Amazon to you. KING COLE Brites are washed clean of all foreign matter and polished to a uniformly bright, golden brown.

Our new improved sorting machines automatically reject the small sizes and nuts with imperfect centers, leaving only *Jumbo* nuts with perfect, solid, sweet meat (*see illustration*). KING COLE Brites are ideal for fudges, cake fillings and other delicious recipes.

Packed only in 3 lb. cartons. *Price $1.50,* postpaid. KING COLE Brites make ideal Xmas gifts. Put them on your list and send us the coupon now.

BENNETT DAY IMPORTING CO., Inc.
40 Worth St., New York City
"Packers of Quality Nuts for 46 Years"

King Cole BRITES
(BRAZILS)
MAIL THIS COUPON-TODAY

BENNETT DAY IMPORTING CO., Inc.
40 Worth St., New York
Gentlemen: Send 3 lb. box KING COLE Brazils postpaid. Enclosed is $1.50 (Cash, Money Order or Check Accepted).

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AND FALLING HAIR
Millions use Lucky Tiger for scalp troubles and Whyte-Fox for skin ailments. Both sold under Money-Back Guarantee. Barbers or druggists
LUCKY TIGER

Vox

Whatever You May Think—

SPOKANE, WASH.—Something must be done about prohibition. A nation cannot exist when people lose respect for law.

Would it not be better to follow the example of some of the older countries where moderate use of liquor is not unlawful, but drunkenness is a disgrace? If drinking were not a pleasant way of defying the law it would lose its novelty, and the only real and permanent cure, that of *education*, could be brought into play. —*A Twenty Year Old Steno.*

—of Prohibition as Law—

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Don't you see that the Constitution would soon become a scrap of paper if we allowed a minority to abolish prohibition? Respect for law? There wouldn't be any! If you didn't like a law you'd just break it—and somebody would start an agitation for its repeal because it was broken.—*Mrs. L. L. Albertson.*

—It Certainly Is—

LARAMIE, WYO.—I've been a quiet, peace loving man, as a rule, but your Vox Pop department is enough to make a clam open up and see red.

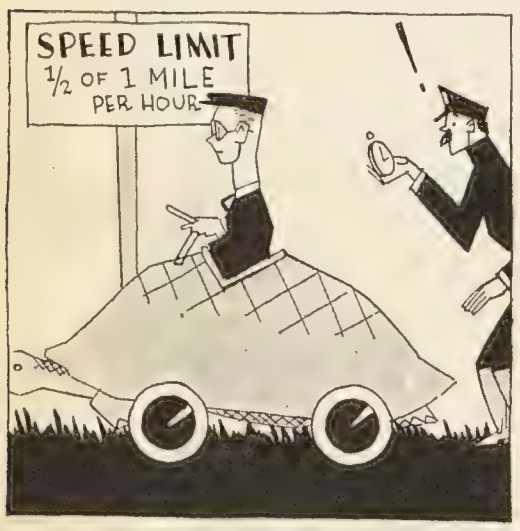
Why shouldn't each state regulate its liquor just as it sees fit? Is it true democracy for 50.001 per cent of the people to deny the right of drinking to the rest?—*A Wyoming Subscriber.*

—a Grand Thing—

SEATTLE, WASH.—Through the ages, everything invented by human beings has been more or less abused, and always will be.

That goes for alcohol as well as for tobacco, gunpowder, dynamite, firearms, and automobiles.

The prohibitionists state that a vast number of people were killed



annually by the liquor traffic. Even so, at least five times as many are yearly maimed and killed by reckless driving of automobiles.

Should the prohibitionists suggest a new amendment to our Constitution, limiting the speed of motor cars to one half of one mile per hour?—*T. M. A.*

—to Argue About

LYNCHBURG, VA.—In still one more field the old U. S. A. leads the world. Mrs. Mabel Macoid, in Vox Pop, branded every maker, giver, or drinker of beer as "a moral leper." So the United States is the largest leper colony on earth!!?—*Sane Modern Husband* (*also moral leper*).

Military Note

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Recently, in Vox Pop, there have been several hot air blasts from John Bulls in Canada, ridiculing the United States Army's operations in France during the war.

For the information of the Limeys who were saved from certain defeat by the entry of the United States into the war on the Allies' side, I will say this:

When the A. E. F. entered a campaign in France it went forward and not backward, like the British Army. The British Army wore out numerous pairs of shoes in its gallop through Belgium, in 1914, with the German Army trying to catch it.

This is from one who served two years overseas during the war, and was severely wounded.—*Paul G. Reibert.*

Where Do You Get That "Even as You and I" Stuff?

CLARENDON, VA.—Herewith an epitaph for the late lamented Alfred E. Smith:

HERE LIES AL SMITH
WRECKED BY THE WOMEN
AND THE BOOTLEGGERS
EVEN AS YOU AND I.

—*L. F. V.*

Utopia

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Most of your authors could produce finer literary effects than appear in LIBERTY, but they know their public, and what it wants.

When the people change their customs, when parents again become parents, when asinine youngsters cease to wear bell bottom pants and normal, good looking girls do not emerge from beauty parlors looking like red barns with corrugated iron roofs, we may again have literature fit to read, music fit to listen to, and picture shows fit for a decent woman to attend.—*W. L.*

For the Dumb Men

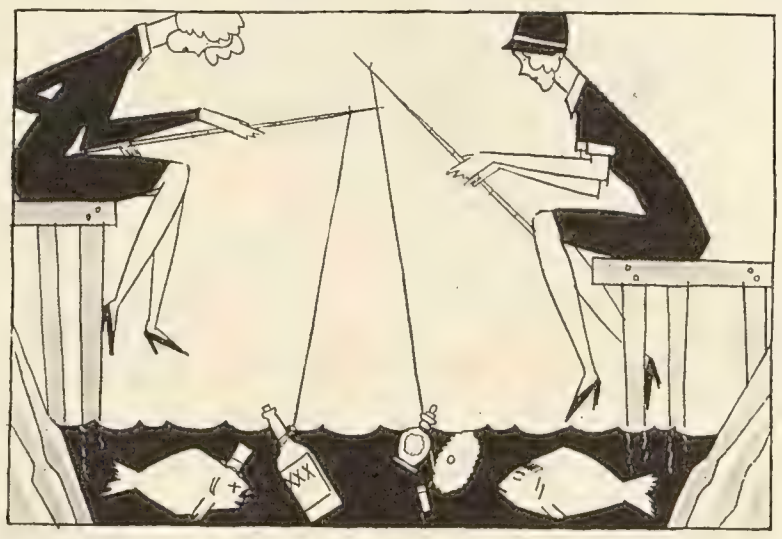
CANTON, OHIO—I just read that story by Gouverneur Morris, "P. D. F." Now isn't that just like a man (who knows nothing about it) to say that Frederick's mother had shrieked unnecessarily when he was born! "Ignorance is bliss." The poor fish! —*An Angry Mama.*

P. S. This is one for the dumb men.

A Fair Warning to Fish

ST. LOUIS, MO.—More power to Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, who wrote "Important Things." It was an unassuming but A-1 little story that gave a look into the chief business of nineteen girls out of twenty: the business of getting a man.

I noted that Julia, sitting fishing beside the sea of men, baited her



hook with a lipstick, a powder puff, and a bottle of perfume. And got her man. All sweet girls take note.

But in real life I've known several girls who baited their hooks with bottles of booze. And got their men. All girls not so sweet take note.—*Dick S.*

Florida News from Flushing, N. Y.

FLUSHING, N. Y.—Sid, Sid! My *dear* man! Your stories are fine but your inclinations surely ran away with your judgment in that Florida yarn, "Havana Succeeds Florida."

"Eighty thousand used Florida as a jumping-off place for Havana." Certainly. Five per cent to ten per cent of our winter visitors have always visited Havana ever since the railroad car ferry was put into service some fifteen years ago, and it's only surprising that more don't go, for Havana is a fine place.

As above a million visited Florida last winter, the 80,000 was the normal percentage. More power to 'em!

Havana is supplanting Florida? Not so, my dear sir. We entertained the largest number of visitors last winter that ever visited the state and the usual nineteen out of twenty spent the winter with us.

Hurricanes? Certainly. Ever since long before Cheops designed his pyramid. And they hit Cuba oftener than Florida.—*W. J. Schubert.*

And Speaking of Sid—

TAMPA, FLA.—The federal wind velocity records might be interesting to show Sid Sutherland that, with the exception of one month and just one time, the city of New York has a higher monthly wind record than the whole state of Florida.

I was born here and my hat hasn't been blown off yet. But I suppose even the Lord makes mistakes and Sid is one of them.—*W. R. Gunby.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Sidney Sutherland's recent contribution, "Havana Succeeds Florida," was my idea of a good article.

It brought out the idea that if zealous busybodies don't allow people to live as they like, people are going to take themselves elsewhere, where they can have freedom. I know myself, from a short residence in Florida, that it was indeed a paradise *before* the reformers got busy. —*Jack T.*

Heard You the First Time

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Say, you! "War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur, was damn good and these lunkheads who were always yelpin' must have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

We want MacArthur!
We want MacArthur!
We want MacArthur!

Give us another one.—*W. G. Cromer.*

Grace: Stop Writing

EL PASO, TEX.—That series, "Gasoline Gypsies," written by Grace Robinson, has been so dry and uninteresting—it's impossible to read it. Who cares whether she and Ester sleep under a bush or in a cabin at a camp ground, or how many flats they have? We all have the same experience when we travel in a car. We don't care whether or not she eats soft boiled eggs, or who cooks them.

She has put in too many trivial things that happen to us every day.

Tell her to stop writing and take in washing, to pay her way as she goes. She could hang it on top of the

car, to dry. That way she would be more of a success.—*Mrs. D. B. Brown.*

Grace: Keep Right On

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Gasoline Gypsies," by Grace Robinson, was *good!* Her account of that night with the Acoma Indians made me sit right on the edge of my chair.

Tell her to keep right on writing. Yes, give us "a year of Grace."—*Ned.*

Quien Sabe?

BERGENFIELD, N. J.—For every Vox Pop letter you print, I will bet you leave out 10,000. I have written at

Pop

least forty letters to you since you started, properly addressed and signed with true name. Not one has been used on the Vox Pop pages. This one I will neither sign nor date.

How you pick out the letters you do print is a mystery to those of your readers who, like myself, have never caught the eye of your picking machine.—*(No Signature.)*

That Wasn't Supposed to Be an Amused Expression

DAYTON, OHIO—Congratulations to Lil and the part she played on your wheelbarrow cover, "Three Times Around the Public Square." I voted for Al and I've been looking for the other girl who voted for him.

I noticed that Lil was still holding her head high, on that cover. From the amused expression on her face she was probably thinking, too, that for once the Protestant ministers and the bootleggers got together and agreed on one thing: that for the good of the prosperity of our country the Eighteenth Amendment should not be amended.—*A Democratic Girl.*

Telegram

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—
CAN YOU ARRANGE ANOTHER WAR QUESTION MARK IT WOULD FURNISH MATERIAL FOR SEQUEL TO WAR BUGS AND WOULD GIVE THE YMCA A CHANCE TO ATONE STOP.—*Thrift Stamp Patriot.*

Pretty Good Old World, Eh?

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—LIBERTY certainly is the best thing any company has, or ever will, put out. It is

like a bath to me. Once a week, whether I need it or not.—*A Liberty Boy.*

P. S. You can get both on Saturday night, too!

As One Writer to Another

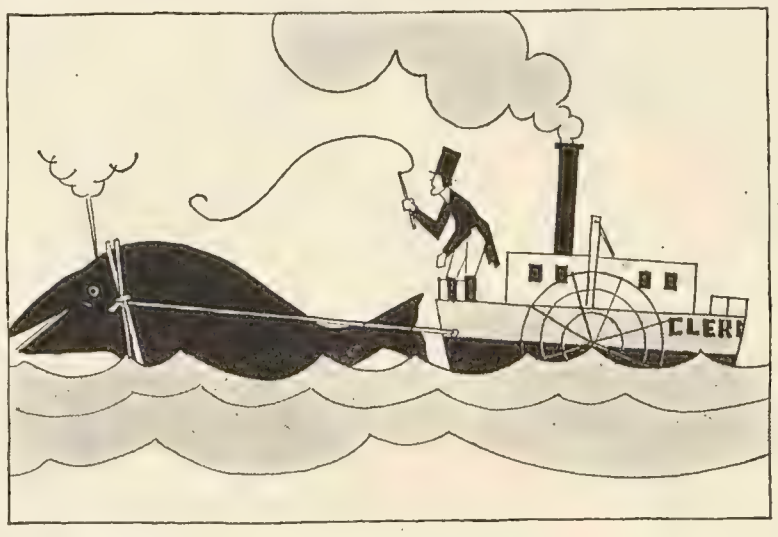
MISHAWAKA, IND.—Why all this razzing of Viña Delmar? The first of her new series of "Daily Tabloid" stories, "Man Hurls Self from 'L' Structure," does credit to its author.

O. Henry spoke to me from the pages of your magazine when I read that story. I'm for Delmar 100 per cent. She's a good kid. I'm a writer myself and I know the tough road a writer has.—*"Dixie Jim."*

Whale of an Explanation!

ALBANY, N. Y.—Say! Mr. Fulton, who invented the steamboat, was an optimist, wasn't he? I see, in "The Black Joke," by Robert W. Chambers, that Fulton's newly invented steamboat made the passage from Albany to New York in a little more than four days.

Whereupon, says Mr. Chambers—



and doubtless he got it from the newspapers of that period—Mr. Fulton planned to improve his boat, and "run her as a regular packet between Albany and New York, making the round trip in twelve hours."

Some improvement! My only explanation is that Mr. Fulton was planning to hitch that steamboat to a large, fast swimming, express whale. —*Tom.*

Enlightening Anna

BALTIMORE, MD.—I see that a woman signing herself Anna J. Quinn had a letter in Vox Pop in which she said: "In the Catholic Church one is forbidden to read the Bible. It is considered a mortal sin to read it."

Not only do Catholics read the Bible, but it is taught in every parochial school.

We are asked to read the Douay Version, since it includes the books of the Maccabees, which are not included in the King James Version. These books deal with the subject that is one of the differences between Catholic and non-Catholic religion, namely: "That it is a good and holy thing to pray for the dead."

Also, the Douay Version contains explanatory footnotes, without which the average reader of the Bible would be likely to place false interpretations upon same, for, taken as is, the Old Testament would turn some of the true confession types of magazines into "also rans."—*C. M. A.*

MARTINSBURG, W. VA.—Contest's closed! Anna J. Quinn is awarded the cut glass, hand embroidered fly swatter! Aren't Catholics permitted to read the Bible or have one? Do tell! Gosh, and here I am—twenty-four years old, free, white—had a Bible and belonged to the Roman Catholic Church all my life. Where has Anna been all my life, letting me live in mortal sin all this time!

Now, I ask you, shouldn't I wear horns and a tail? Only, first, have Anna's sweet self overhauled. There're bats in her belfry, a strain on her vertebræ, or what have you? —*A Business Lady.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Listen, Anna! If you are able to find (and I'm willing to pay your traveling expenses) *one* Catholic in all these United States who will uphold your statement that Catholics aren't allowed to read the Bible, I am ready and willing to buy you the finest dress that money can buy.

So watch your pen, Anna, and try and be a good girl—even if it hurts you!—*A 100% American (and not a K. K. K.).*

CHICAGO, ILL. — Whoever tried to teach Anna J. Quinn the Roman Catholic religion made a mess of it.—*A Roman Catholic.*

When Is a Marriage Not a Marriage?

DENVER, COLO.—I see a Vox Popper, F. J. Wilkins, made the statement that he has heard it preached in Catholic churches that all married non-Catholics are living in adultery and that they and their children are born out of wedlock.

No priest *ever* made that assertion in his life. Here is what some priest may really have said: "Any Christian who has been divorced and has remarried while the other party is still living is living in adultery."

Not only the Catholic Church, but many other churches, teach the same, and many ministers will not marry divorced people. They still remember, in this twentieth century, the words which Christ spoke: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."—*F. N. B.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I would like to put a certain Mr. Kelley on the right road.

He said, in a letter to Vox Pop, that he was married by a Protestant minister and, under the laws of the Catholic Church, he is living in adultery and all of his children are illegitimate.

The Catholic law is precisely this: Two Protestants or two non-Catholics married before a Protestant minister are truly married, just the same as two Catholics married before a Catholic priest.

But in the case of a Catholic and a Protestant marrying before a Protestant minister, the Catholic Church says that is no marriage. The same is the case with two Catholics, if married before a Protestant minister. —*A man to whom the Catholic Church was proven to be the true church.*

Miss Grimshaw Doesn't Skate

INDIO, CALIF.—After reading "The House of the Hatter," by Beatrice Grimshaw, I am moved to wonder to what stratum of intelligence LIBERTY is addressed.

Listen to Miss Grimshaw's great climax.

The villain is in his boat, about to throw a lighted explosive into the water to play havoc with the submerged diving suit within which he believes the hero to be hiding. The hero is actually swimming in the water alongside the boat.

The villain heaves the missile. The hero climbs aboard, grabbing the villain by knee and shoulder. The villain breaks loose and dives into the water. *After* all that he swims away from the boat and catches his bomb *before it hits the water!*

Come now, Beatrice! Just go out in your back yard with an ordinary nursery ball; throw it as far away as if it were a lighted bomb and then try to get under it before it hits the ground.

Try it on roller skates and see how near you can get to it. As for swimming through sea water—Ho ho!—*Pro Plausibility.*

Well, Maybe

NEW YORK, N. Y.—An extremely deft story, that one by Cosmo Hamilton called "Peter Piper's Pickle." He tickled the funny bone, that little English comedian who lost his pocketbook, with all his available fortune in it, on his honeymoon.

And you couldn't just see how the happy ending was to be achieved—his discovery that he'd given his pocketbook to his bride to carry—till the very last paragraphs.

I got a grin out of the contortions he went through to tap the pocket-

books of the three American college lads. I felt, though, that Peter missed a bet.

If, seated upon the floor, he had just lifted a foot and forced it upward and backward till one of his heels came to rest behind his neck, the while barking like a dog, and had, simultaneously, stretched out his hat, I'm sure that some of the long green would have fallen into that lid.

Try it yourself, Mr. Hamilton. You'd be surprised!—*Ted.*

What Other Skinny Man Wants To Put On Weight Quick?

George H. Bulkely Gains 33 Pounds and Tells How He Did It

Thousands Get Remarkable Benefit in Weight and Strength

You can thank Science for this, men! Here's the quickest, easiest way you've ever heard of to put on weight and build up the husky well-knit manly figure you've been craving.

It doesn't make any difference whether you've been thin and underweight for years or only for weeks, you can depend on this as the one sure way to put on pounds of needed flesh.

Just step into any drug store today and ask for McCoy's Tablets—then watch your skinny body begin to fill out. As your weight climbs note how your strength and vitality increases and your skin clears.

As proof of this take the case of George H. Bulkely, who says: "When I started taking McCoy's Tablets I weighed 119 pounds. Now I am on my last box and I weigh 152 pounds and never felt better in my life." And he's only one of the millions of satisfied users of McCoy's Tablets.

Give yourself a chance—look like the regular fellow you really are—thanks to the wonderful combination of weight-building properties in McCoy's Tablets, there's no reason why you can't.

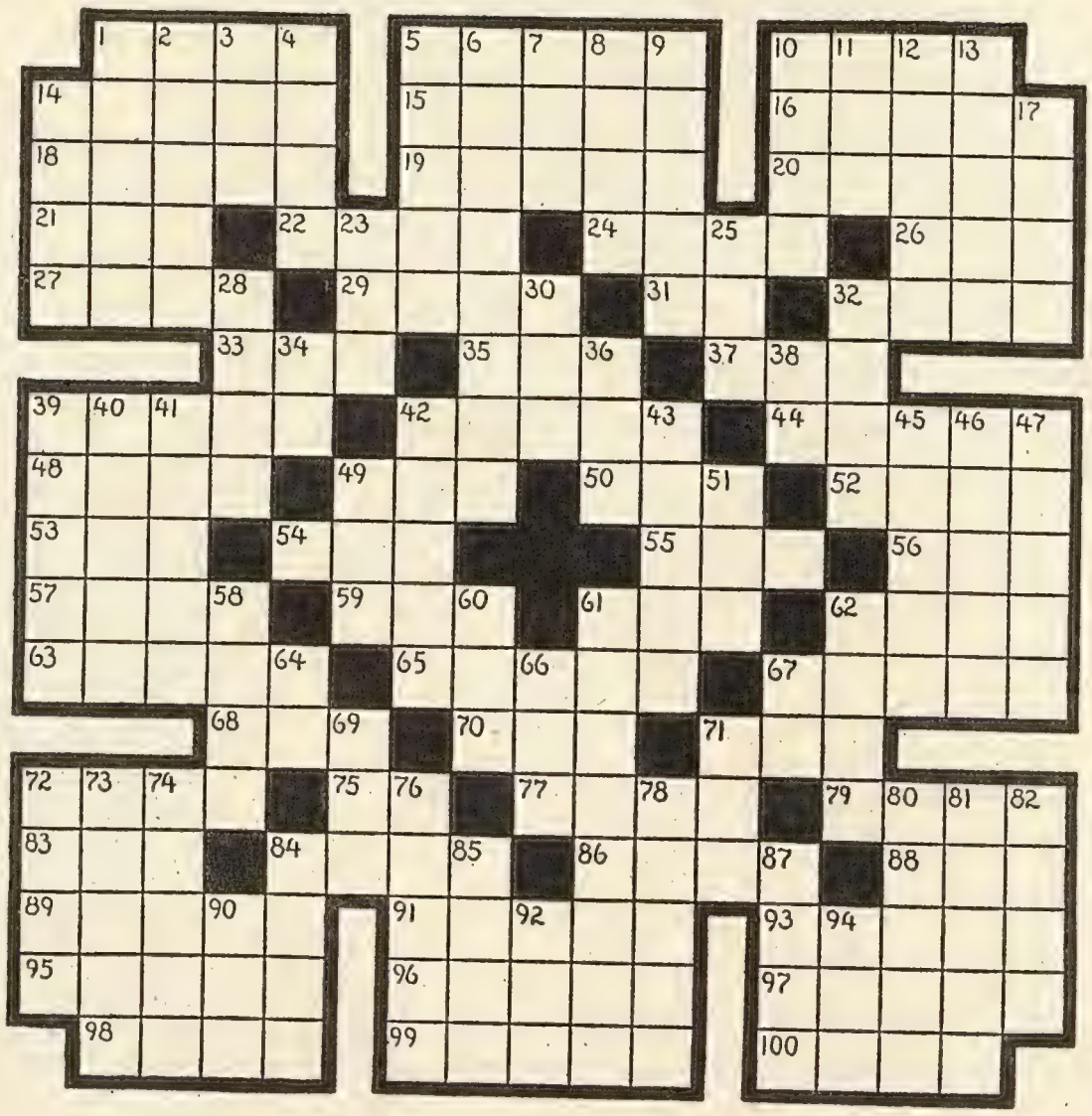
An Ironclad Guarantee of 5 Pounds in 30 Days or Money Back

McCoy takes all the risk. Read this ironclad guarantee: If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman does not gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.; also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

On this page—

An Easy Puzzle

With virtually no unfamiliar words or obscure definitions, this construction offers only mild cross word puzzle exercise for the average solver.

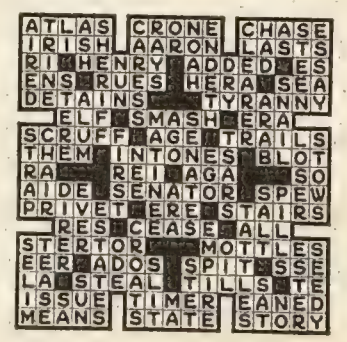


HORIZONTAL

1 Short news paragraph
5 Item of one's belongings
10 Sheep
14 Important; weighty
15 Sharp pointed weapon
16 Suffered illness
18 Cripples
19 A flower
20 Declare
21 Devoured
22 Affirm with confidence
24 Perceive at a distance
26 Measure of weight
27 Article of furniture
29 Insects
31 Toward
32 Copper coin
33 Corrode
35 Exclamation
37 Also
39 Scarcer
42 Act furtively
44 Ceremonials
48 Black
49 Owns
50 Reap
52 Tidy
53 Insect
54 Total
55 Crude
56 Past
57 Employments
59 Digit
61 Father
62 Employer
63 Whey of milk
65 Forest mentioned in As You Like It
67 Cubic meter
68 Margin
70 Fish
71 Extinct flightless bird
72 Speed contest
75 Exist
77 Murine animals
79 Possess
83 Commotion
84 Smell
86 Facts
88 Slack
89 Punctured
91 Clothed
93 Salt
95 Irregular (botany)
96 Love deeply
97 Organ of the body
98 Hinder
99 Smallest
100 To excrete

VERTICAL

1 Angry
2 Domesticates
3 Woman's name
4 Plateau
5 Species of poplar
6 Persons of great courage
7 Coin of Japan
8 Comfort
9 Appointment to meet
10 Comfortable
11 Humor
12 Exalt
13 Device to induce suppuration
14 Pleased
17 Small hollow
23 Large tub
25 Cooking utensil
28 Sharp
30 Pronoun
32 Piece of money
34 Measure of area
36 Old Dutch measure
38 Either
39 A puzzle
40 Use improperly
41 Man's name
42 Islands in the Pacific
43 Mohammedan Bible
45 Annoy
46 Keenly desirous
47 A shop
49 Mean dwelling
51 Small compact mass
58 Certain
60 Measure of work
61 Mockers
62 One of the United States
64 Note of the scale
66 Obstruct
67 Thus
69 Rabid
71 Joined
72 Ranted
73 Worship
74 French landscape painter
76 Ethical
78 Military student
80 Living
81 Weathercocks
82 Put forth, as effort
84 River in Germany
85 Went horseback
87 Capable
90 Compass point
92 Constrictor
94 To fit up

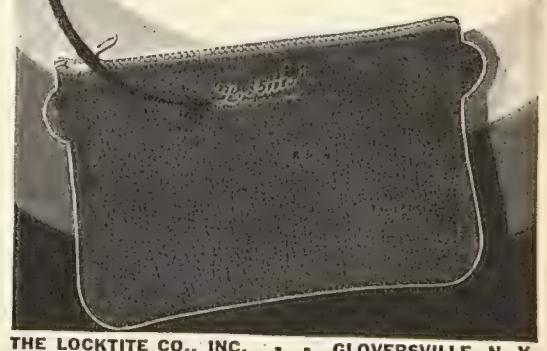


Answer to last week's easy puzzle

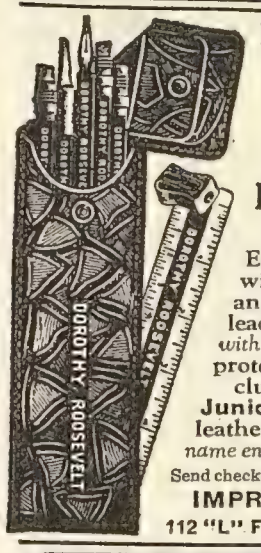
LOOK FOR THE NAME "Locktite" REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

On Tobacco Pouches and Cigarette Cases. Only genuine Locktites have Talon Hookless Fasteners.

$1.00 to $7.50.



THE LOCKTITE CO., INC. - - GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.



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Individual Name DE LUXE PENCIL SETS 1.00 Post Paid

Trademark Reg.

Embossed genuine leather case with coin pocket, a fine ruler and a colorful Assortment of lead pencils, every piece engraved with name in 18 Kt. Gold. A point protector and sharpener included—Supreme in its class.

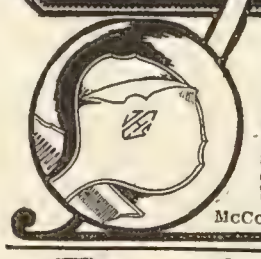
Junior Set—Embossed genuine leather case and 3 pencils, name engraved in 18 Kt. Gold. 50c

Send check, money order, cash or U.S. Postage

IMPRINT PENCIL CO., Inc.

112 "L" Fourth Ave., New York City

IRON GLUE



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Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes, Bottles.

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Used for over 75 years by Public Speakers and Singers. Sample FREE.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, BOSTON, MASS.

Cuticura Soap

restores the normal action of the pores by its wonderfully effective cleansing and purifying qualities.

Fifty Years of Service

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

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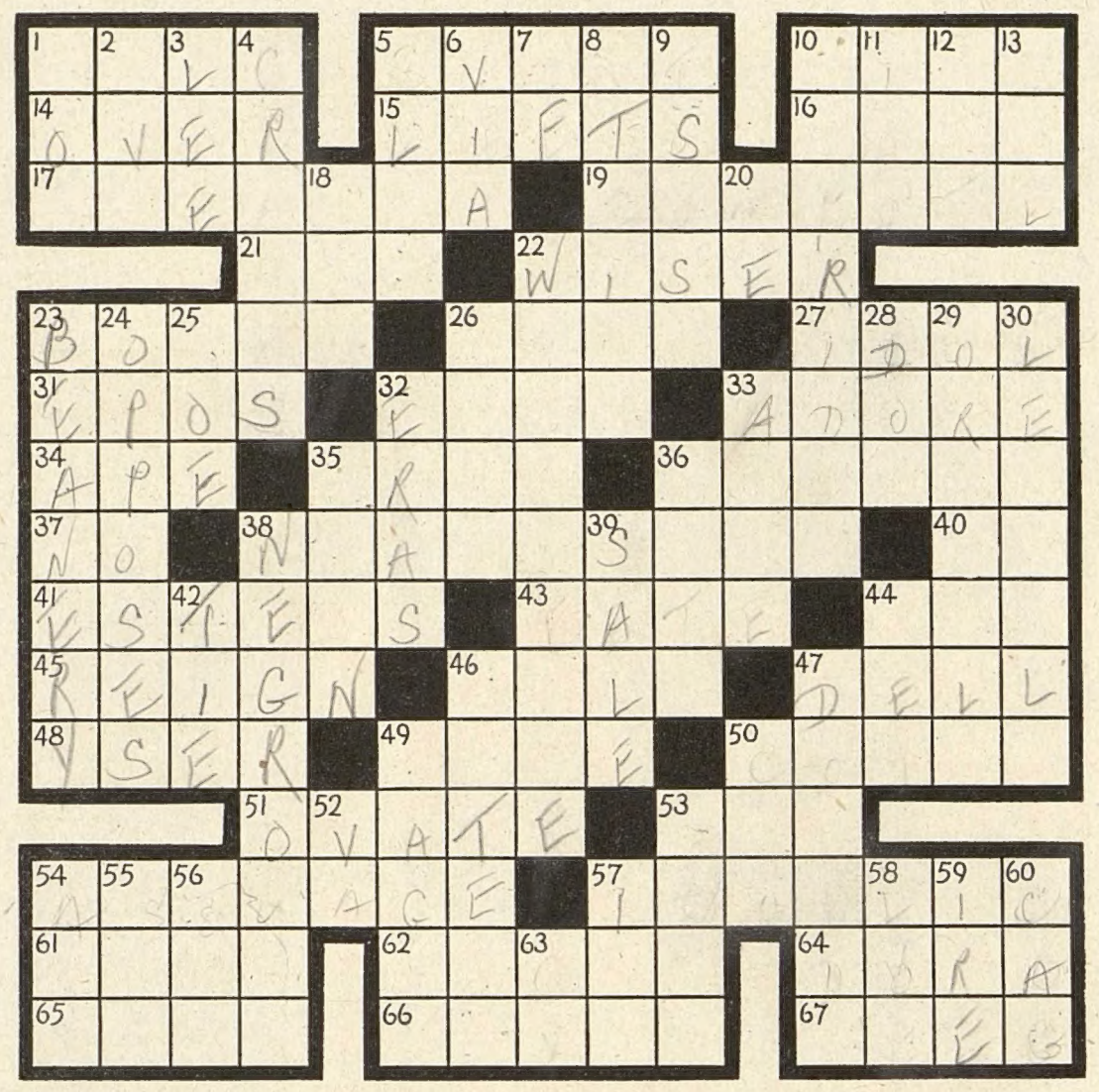
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

over here # A Difficult One

Unlike the puzzle on the opposite page, this one has been devised to provide real work for those who prefer unusual words and elusive definitions.

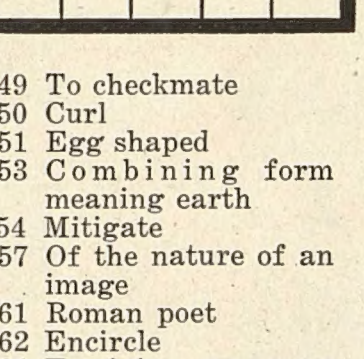


HORIZONTAL

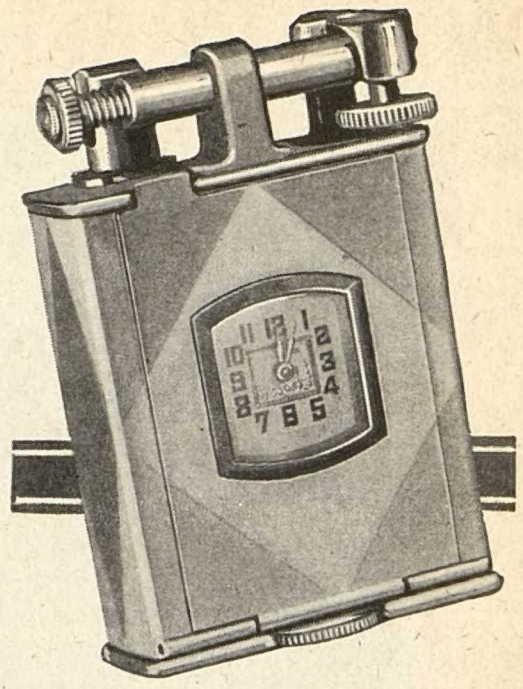
1 Pick handle (mining)
5 Information; notification
10 To flatter or wheedle (slang)
14 Over again
15 Layer of leather in the heel of a shoe (plural)
16 Charge, oversight, or management
17 Silver coin of early Anglo-Saxon coinage
19 Liqueur flavored with fruit or fruit kernels
21 Prefix denoting the latest subdivision of a period (geology)
22 More sagacious
23 Box with compartments used by printers
26 Silent
27 Image
31 Series of events of epical dignity
32 Feminine proper name
33 Worship
34 One of the Anthropoidea (zoology)
35 Clownish countryman
36 Stirrup bone of the ear
37 Not
38 Compound obtained by the action of nitrogen peroxide on unsaturated hydrocarbons
40 Form of to be
41 Compound ether (plural)
43 Festival
44 Poem
45 Hold sway
46 Flattened part of a moose's antler
47 Secluded valley
48 River in French Flanders
49 To checkmate
50 Curl
51 Egg shaped
53 Combining form meaning earth
54 Mitigate
57 Of the nature of an image
61 Roman poet
62 Encircle
64 Feminine proper name
65 Interdicts
66 British unit of weight
67 Make pretense

VERTICAL

1 Holds in control
2 Socket for the lower end of a millstone spindle
3 American Civil War general
4 Harsh, quick, ringing sound (plural)
5 Tenor violin or viola
6 By the way of
7 Islet off the south coast of France
8 Layers of tissue
9 City in Kansas
10 A family of marine fishes
11 Changeling left by fairies or goblins
12 Exist
13 Part of a turtle which is attached to the lower shell
18 Mark aimed at in the game of curling
20 Symbol for an element
22 Substitute
23 Restaurant of the cheaper class (colloquial)
24 Places in proximity
25 A mottled appearance in wood
26 Fix a vessel in place by cables and anchors
28 Cup for holding a diamond while it is being cut
29 Alloys used in making cheap jewelry (variant)
30 Disparages
32 Periods
33 In India; unsorted wheaten flour
35 Socket for the mouthpiece of a clarinet
36 Star in the constellation Pegasus
38 Members of a Bantu tribe of Africa
39 Auction
42 Bond
44 Noun suffix of diminutive force
46 Manifest
47 Makes neat, smart, or tidy
49 European thrush
50 Man's nickname
52 A brother of Odin (Norse mythology)
53 Expression of sarcastic scorn
54 Inspissated juice of ripe fruit
55 Woman's name
56 A tree
57 Bird of prey
58 Strong caustic alkaline solution
59 Anger
60 A rotating piece in machinery
63 Greek combining form meaning egg



Answer to last week's hard puzzle



for him— the gift unusual!

HERE'S the perfect solution to that puzzling question of what to give *him* this Christmas!

TIME-O-LITE

—the gift unusual—lighter and watch in one!

Every man wants a good lighter, every man needs a reliable time-teller. TIME-O-LITE is the handsomest, swankiest combination of both that you can buy...Beautiful, reliable, smart. And priced to come within range of the Christmas budget. If you want his Christmas to be a memorable one—give him this ideal "man's-man" gift!

TIME-O-LITE, only $10, packed in a beautiful Christmas presentation case, comes in sparkling chromium finish that will neither tarnish nor turn black! The Swiss, lever-movement watch is 6-jewel, sturdy, accurate. Or, for those who prefer it, there is a 15-jeweled TIME-O-LITE at $15.

GUARANTEE!

TIME-O-LITE, practical as well as good-looking, comes with an iron-clad money-back guarantee. If you are not fully satisfied with your purchase in every way, you can return it at our expense. Your money will be refunded within 10 days.

Clip this coupon and mail to:

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Enclosed is check, draft or money order* for which please send me at once one TIME-O-LITE.

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☐ *I prefer to pay the postman on delivery.

How to Avoid Fashion's Bores

By Bettina Bedwell

This brown broadcloth coat from Beer has a large collar of black marten, circular cuffs, and diamonds of cloth.

A longer jacket and ties at neck and waist give personality to this suit of mixed wool.

Paris, November 19.

AT the Ritz, Ciro's, or any other fashionable rendezvous in Paris today, you or I can look at the feminine world with no end of money to spend and the cream of the world's fashions from which to choose. And what can we learn? A mild survey reveals immediately a tendency toward the leveling process of communism, with results that are, at least, tedious.

About 75 per cent of the ladies who promenade up and down the corridor which is so famous seem to have dressed with the one idea of being as nearly as possible just like everybody else present. They apply to clothes the communist idea that if everybody has the same amount and kind of property, then everybody will be equal.

The result achieved is to multiply boredom to an unbearable quantity. These women, dressed in the *latest* creations, inspire a strong desire to scream when you have seen half a hundred costumed in a slightly varied version of the same outfit.

There are also among those present always certain women who go in for being different with a vengeance. The striking eccentricity of their clothes, which have at the same time a real relation to present-day styles, makes you feel sure that they are unique, and you thank your stars for that.

In between these exoteric and esoteric types of fashionable clothes is the golden mean of the grand chic—modes that have both taste and personality without being banal.

For the woman of moderate means moderation is the only path to chic. The difficulty about this advice is that it is so often misinterpreted to mean dressing just like everybody else. By so clothing yourself you become one of the bores of fashion, just as you do if your clothes are too striking.

The medium between these courses is to avoid eccentricity and to add individual details to the fashions of the day, thereby adding the inestimable quality of personality. Color, fabric, and cut can all and each be so varied from the ordinary as to be outstanding in a quiet, well bred way. And in the matter of the accessories there is no reason in the world for not acquiring a personal cachet. Avoiding the obvious is the method.

Suppose you are selecting a sports costume. You look around you first. If the majority of women are wearing sweaters with straight-around stripes, you choose diagonal or irregular ones, just as you avoid a sweater that is covered with wild, modernistic patterns. We illustrate a sweater that varies from the usual and that is very much in the current fashion. Lucien Lelong combines gray with irregular stripes of white and navy to make this sweater, while the sports tailleur with which it is worn is dark blue. Two wool flowers, one gray and one navy, are a smart accent, the string leather belt is another, and the felt hat in the three tones is still another.

To get the individual touch into the simple daytime coat and yet keep it from being bizarre is one of the hardest things to do, and for this reason I have chosen the coat from Beer, because this coat has the smart, trim lines of the day, and is at the same time individual. The flaring cuffs of self-toned brown broadcloth are an important item, as is the large flaring collar of black marten, and the diamonds of broadcloth set into the body of the coat are a third. The color combination of warm brown and black is one which is distinctive and which never becomes boring. Brighter color combinations are dangerous for the moderate wardrobe.

With gray fox trimming, this silver lamé coat from Lelong is a shining member of the evening mode.

Lelong makes a blue sports costume interesting by placing angled stripes around the body and sleeves.

OUR second photograph illustrates a practical suit that has all of the desirable qualities of fashion cleverness. It is from Louiseboulanger, who has made her fame because she has a particular talent for the costume that is unusual and wearable. She makes this suit of a new porous mixed woolen in brown with flecks of blue, and the blouse of blue jersey. The three-quarter length jacket which ties at neck and waistline, and the skirt which is tucked to form a yoke at the top make this the most interesting of simple costumes for the woman of taste.

It is in evening clothes that the line separating what is quickly too obvious and what will hold interest without being a give-away, is most difficult to draw.

A coat like the Lucien Lelong coat shown is an example of the sparkling type of evening garment that will stand repetition. The coat is made of silver lamé, with a slight flare and dip, trimmed with gray fox.

New DeVilbiss Pump Spray

Perfect spraying mechanism—will last a life-time. Priced from $5.00 up—The one illustrated below—

Style No. L 52

$10

The Debutante

The very breath of modernity. Can be had in several colors. Packed in a beautiful gift box

Style No. 513 illustrated—

$5

for your choicest gifts

Smart new perfume sprays by DeVilbiss

THE selection of a Christmas Gift for HER should not be a subject for experiment!

You can be sure of her pleasure and sure of their smartness, if, for your choicest Gifts, you select DeVilbiss Perfume Sprays.

Charming and useful, DeVilbiss creations are perfect in taste, and in the sentiment they convey. Some are designed this year to artistically reflect the most modern of new art trends.

The Sprays, Perfume Lights, and other DeVilbiss gifts are packaged in the modern mode, as intriguing as the contents.

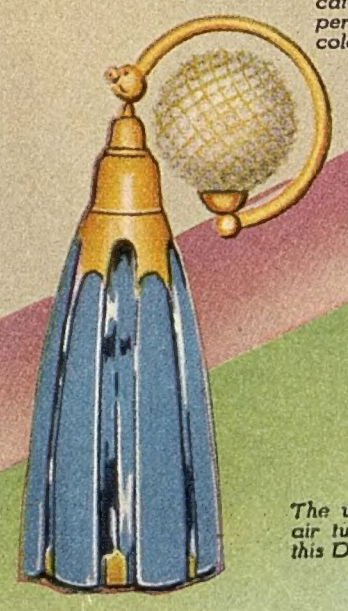
At Toilet Goods Counters everywhere you will find a varied assortment from which to make your selection. DeVilbiss gifts are priced from one dollar to as much as you wish to pay.

Le Moderne

A smart pressure on the delicate air cushion sprays the perfume. Several styles and colors. The one illustrated—

Style No. 411

$4



The uptilted bulb and curved air tube are new features of this DeVilbiss Spray.

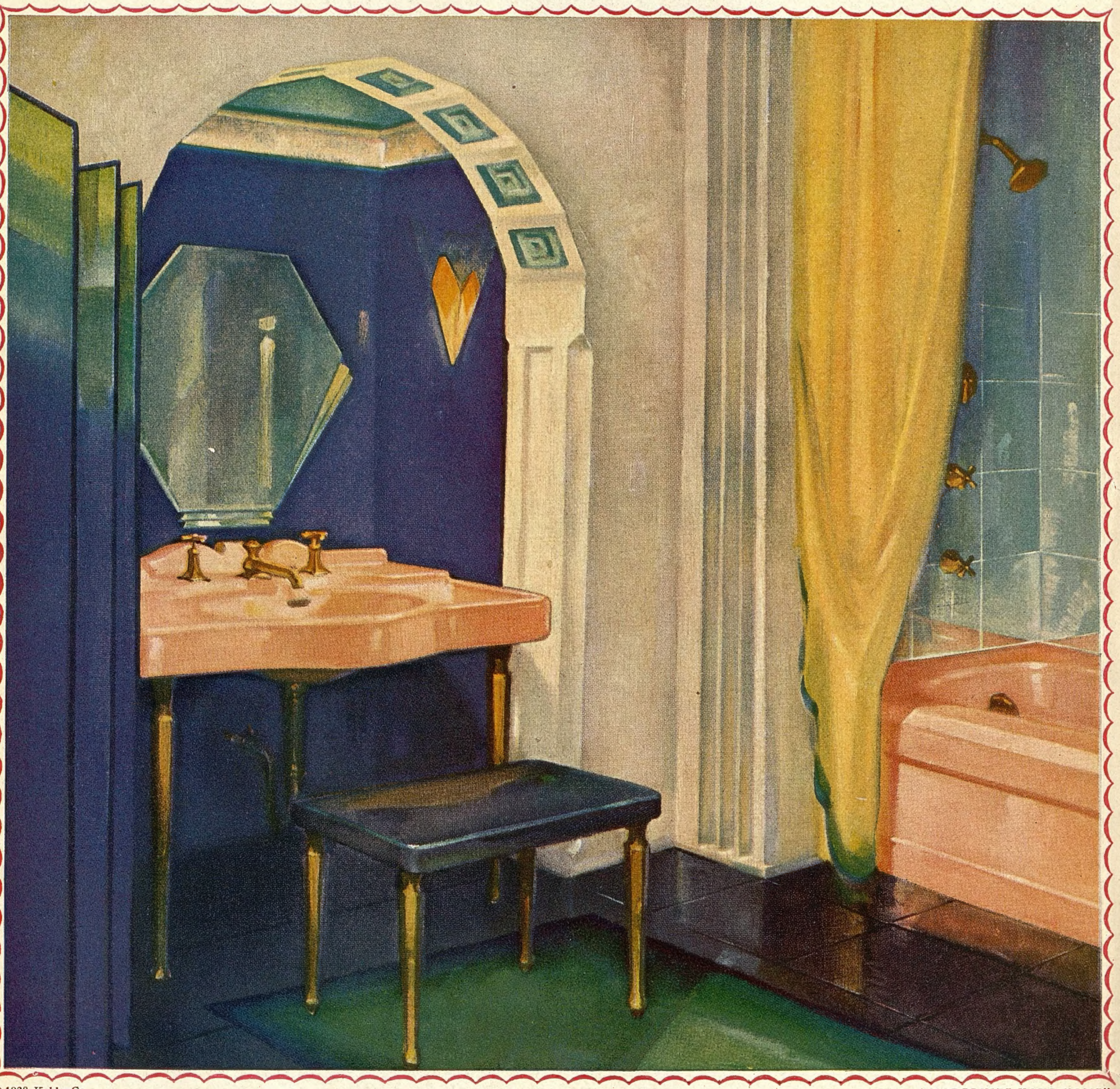
Style No. E 51 illustrated

$3

The DeVilbiss Company
Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

LONDON PARIS WINDSOR

COLOR is Beauty—and color means Kohler. *Never* have bathrooms been so lovely as those that Kohler Colorware is creating. . . . Here you see a gold-trimmed *Bellaires* lavatory and the very modern *Mayfair* bath in that satisfying Kohler color, *autumn brown*—warm, delicate; perfect key to a rich chromatic harmony. . . . Write Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis., for the book of Colorware.



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